FRANCISCAN COLLEGE
AUG
3
1874

THE

DUKE OF MONMOUTH.

Mistaken men, and patriots in their hearts;
Not wicked, but seduced by impious arts.

DRYDEN.

BY

GERALD GRIFFIN,

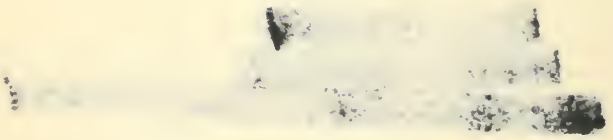
AUTHOR OF "TALES OF THE FIVE SENSES," ETC.

5554 823.79 G852 V6

NEW YORK:
D. & J. SADLIER & CO., 31 BARCLAY STREET

MONTREAL,—NOTRE DAME AND ST. FRANCE XAVIER STS.

5554



THE

DUKE OF MONMOUTH.

CHAPTER I.

In the Dene of Taunton, the loveliest region of that lovely western shire which has been maliciously, and, we sincerely hope, untruly slandered, as "remarkable for the fatness of its soil and the folly of its gentry," there stood, towards the close of the seventeenth century, a cottage occupied by a gentleman of Scottish birth, and bearing the name of Fullarton. He had followed, together with an only brother, the fortunes of the unfortunate Earl of Argyle, suspected of being implicated, as his father had been before him, in the projects of the now far-famed Covenanters. On the earl's flight to Holland, the Fullartons took opposite courses. Sidney, the elder, who was unmarried, a thorough Scottish Whig, full of the prejudices of his party, doubly indignant at the actual wrongs they had endured, and personally devoted to the earl, accompanied that nobleman to the Continent. The younger brother, encumbered with a sickly wife (with whom he had lived in happiness until their late misfortunes had impaired her health) and with

the cares of a family, could not so easily follow the same course; neither did he share so deeply as his brother in the antipathies and predilections of his party.

"Farewell, Gaspar!" said the latter, as he shook his brother's hand at parting; "take care of thy wife, and do not forget the earl. You shall hear from me when I reach Rotterdam, where, I'm told, many a stout liberty-man is keeping port these stormy times, in expectation of fairer weather. As to Arthur, it is just as well, and may be better, he should rest under his father's roof at present. The times may change before the Duke is fairly seated in Whitehall."

Gaspar Fullarton did but wait to see the ship set sail that bore his brother from the island, when he turned his course to the West of England, where a family of the name of Kingsly, relatives of his wife, resided in the thriving borough of Taunton. Even at that period, this celebrated vale was distinguished by the same luxuriance and fertility that still excite the admiration of the tourist; and the same salubrity and mildness of climate that continue to attract the footsteps of the languishing invalid. After passing the lonesome wilds of Salisbury, the family party began to enter upon a species of rural scenery new to most of its members. The luxury of a coach was in those days still beyond the reach of persons even higher in rank and fortune than the Fullartons. First came the sickly lady in a kind of litter, beside which rode the husband, a man already beginning to exhibit marks of age, accelerated perhaps by the anxiety and fatigue he had undergone in the service of his country and his patron. His son, a healthy mountain-bred young Scot, was continually galloping in advance of or loitering behind the party, to reconnoitre the road, or to address a query to some sleek-faced yeoman or rustic labourer, whose "z's," and "v's," and "ow's," "ooa's," were sorely perplexing to the north-

ern ear. At times he trotted up to communicate some newly-acquired piece of information to his sister, a fine young woman, apparently about his own age, who, satisfied with the quiet enjoyment of what she saw, or wrapped in interesting thoughts, rode close behind her parents. The whole group was followed by a waggon, conveying a female servant, and a quantity of household furniture, such as might not be immediately procured in the retreat to which they were about removing.

To the eye of the mountain-bred Scot, the display of fertility, of luxuriance, and of agricultural wealth, which the country soon presented far and near, had rather the character of a region of enchantment, such as he might have found in the gorgeous romances of the preceding century, than that of a soil made prolific by human husbandry. The numerous sheep-pens in the fields on either side the road, the thick woods that clambered to the very summit of the neighbouring heights, the hop-gardens, and extensive fields of grain that chequered the face of the surrounding lands; and diversity of scene through which the road conducted them, now winding up a height overarched with thickest verdure, now leading down on a small cluster of farm-houses close nestling in a woody hollow, now offering a wide view of some highly cultivated champaign, now running through a sharp and narrow defile,—all afforded a continual subject of admiration to Mr. Fullarton and his children, and of silent satisfaction to his wife, who was herself a native of the country into which they were advancing.

Although enlisted on the side of the Covenanters, it has been already intimated that the family of Gaspar Fullarton were somewhat elevated above that rank in which the gloomy enthusiasm of their sectarian leaders had the widest influence, and added perhaps as much to their real sufferings, as even the barbarous weapons of their enemies, or the treachery of the rulers against

whom they had arisen. They had, it is true, their share of political as well as of religious prejudices; (alas! how few are wholly free from either! and perhaps even the bosom of the reader who piques himself on being one of the few, entertains in a contemptuous indifference a still more fatal inmate.) They believed with justice of the Duke of York, that he was precipitate and despotic in his notions of government; but they believed also, without so much reason, that he was actually a blood-thirsty Hero, who took a kind of animal delight in the infliction of personal cruelties, and that his probable accession to the throne should be regarded as a national calamity as deeply to be feared as that of the most capricious of the Roman Cæsars. Their minds had been opened to such impressions partly by stories related of his government in Scotland, as unfounded, in all likelihood, as those which attributed to him the murder of Godfrey and the fire of London.

In the western shire in which they were now about to take up their residence, the Fullartons were destined to find similar sentiments prevailing far and wide. His share of a patrimonial inheritance, assisted by the fortune of his wife, and his acquaintance with the science of agriculture, had enabled Gaspar Fullarton at all times to maintain an easy competence, and even to afford his son and daughter an education more than adequate to their rank in life. The circumstance of the children being twins, added force to the interest which nature gave them in the hearts of the parents. The latter also had the satisfaction to observe, as their years advanced, that a strong similarity of disposition, and the mutual dependence occasioned by the narrowness of their domestic circle, gave rise to a more than usual esteem and tenderness between the brother and sister. Both were gay, generous, and good,—a hearty mountain lad and lass, who wore their prepossessions with a grace, and were as

good-humoured to all the world as they were warm in the cause which they believed to be that of their country, and to which their parents had sacrificed so much of peace and fortune.

It had been the earnest wish of Arthur Fullarton to accompany his uncle to the Continent, the place of refuge to so many names distinguished both in the good and bad report of either country. He was overruled, however, for the present, by the counsel of Sidney Fullarton, as well as by the wishes of his own family, who could with difficulty dispense with his assistance and protection in the present posture of affairs; and he was at last entirely silenced by the injunction of the fugitive earl himself, who knew the circumstances as well as he valued the attachment of the Fullartons.

CHAPTER II.

Towards nightfall, the two handsome steeples which grace the borough town of Taunton (the final destination of the travellers) began to appear above the trees. From the road which wound along a neighbouring height, the eye wandered with delight over fields of tillage or pasture land, extending far beyond the limits of distinctness, all bounded by close hedges or by ranks of stately trees, and spotted with clusters of farm-houses, country-seats, and groves of spreading wood, which gave warmth and richness to the prospect. Amid the whole, the gentle placid Tone pursued its winding course, its shining surface chequered with cots or lighters, sunk almost level with the waters by their lading of coal or other merchandise, or with the shadows of the majestic elms and oaks that grew along its banks.

It was market-day, and the travellers as they drew near the town were met by numerous groups of country people returning from the scene of rustic commerce. Sometimes one of those itinerant preachers, who at that time were diversifying the surface of the island with almost as many sects as there were individuals to preach them, rode by the party, casting on the sick lady as he passed a sidelong gaze, and darting a scowl of scrutiny from beneath his low-brimmed hat upon her vigorous and healthy relatives. Sometimes a troop of yeomanry, returning at their ease from exercise, overtook and passed them on their way to town. Sometimes a "varmer's" daughter, arrayed in all her best, and bearing on her arm a basket filled with minor articles of dress or of domestic luxury and use, went by them, not as now, in handsome cape of fur or bonnet of foreign plait displayed from the exaltation of a side-saddle, but modestly on foot, and with a new kerchief for her greatest finery. Nor did even all the comfortable yeomanry make their short journeys to market then, as in our own day, mounted on long-tailed steeds as sleek and plump as their riders, but were content to trudge thither in wooden shoes, and with an oaken cudgel for their own assistance on the way. Nor had the waggons which went by them yet reached the prodigious length of those enormous vehicles which may now be seen on market evenings conveying almost the whole population of some neighbouring hamlet to their several firesides; nor (to the disgrace of modern manners) were they so often under the necessity of keeping their horses off the reeling track of the half-inebriated clown, whose "zar'nat" exhibiting marks of the road almost as palpable as his wooden shoes, made it appear as if he desired to make use of both extremities in his journey homeward.

The streets were yet thronged with people and with various kinds of cattle, so that it was with some diffi-

culty they were enabled to reach the Three Crowns; an Inn where they proposed remaining for the night, and deferring until the following day the communicating of their arrival at the house of Captain Kingsly.

The landlord of the Three Crowns, a bustling active personage, not yet sufficiently independent to treat his customers with indifference, was soon busy in the accommodation of the new-comers. At first, when the horses stopped at his door, he had received the party with an officious and obsequious air; then hearing them ask for the residence of Captain Kingsly, he became morose on the sudden, and short and surly in his answers, as if they were about doing him an injury by passing his door; but then again, finding that they proposed remaining with him for the night, all his civility and officiousness returned upon him with redoubled vivacity. The females of the party were presently ushered into their bed-rooms, while a blazing fire, by no means unwelcome after the chill of the autumn evening, was lighted for the use of the whole group in a small private sitting-room.

"Thee be'st, I war'nd," said the landlord, addressing Gaspar Fullarton with an inquisitive smile, "the norad gemelman tha Capt'n be expectin theäze time back?"

Mr. Fullarton answered in the affirmative.

"Zo I thought, maester. Ye'll vind tha awld Cap'n at whim shower enough; bit Maester Harry be in Lunnun."

"Indeed! and does he soon return to Taunton?"

"Aw, eese, a b'lieve. Tha Cap'n can niver bear ta have en long out of iz zight. Here, Hester! why dwon't ye right tha vïër vor tha gennelman? Zit ye down, zir. Jimmy, ye meechin trubagully, why dwon't ye goo vooäth un zee ta tha hosses?"

The dwelling of Captain Kingsly, so entitled from his having held a commission in his younger days in the

Devonshire Militia, was one of the handsomest mansions in the town. Its owner had been always a staunch adherent of the royal party, and was accustomed to dwell, with more particularity than his hearer always thought essential, on all that had fallen under his own observation in the course of the great civil war. He now lived in retirement with an only son and a daughter, whose education had been since the death of Mrs. Kingsly (an event which occurred about eleven years before) a source to him of incessant torment and anxiety, more especially in all that regarded their future and undeviating adherence to the royal house, in whose service the most active portion of his youth had been employed. Loyalty, indeed, however eminent a virtue in itself, had become in Captain Kingsly's character a species of mental malady. It outgrew and swallowed up all other virtues and all other duties, until every faculty of his mind and every impulse of his heart became directed to the one absorbing predilection. "Thou shalt not speak ill of the king," was a precept which he not only strictly enforced within the circuit of his influence, but it almost seemed in his thought to supply the place of every other, and to comprise within itself a complete epitome of religion and morality.

On the morning after the Fullartons had arrived in Taunton, he had risen at an earlier hour than usual, in order to prepare for their earlier reception.

"What, Henry!" he exclaimed to his son, as the latter entered his room while he was dressing, after an absence of some weeks in the metropolis, "thou art welcome. Thou art just arrived in time to meet our friends from the North."

"What, sir! The Fullartons are come then?"

"Aye—so this note gives me to understand, and that we may expect some of them here ere this—so be prepared to receive them."

"I am delighted to hear they are arrived."

"Ay, but by your leave, sir, you must take your delight with a caveat along with it. You will please to ride your ecstacy in a martingale or so."

"Why, sir, has any misfortune——"

"Sir, who talked of misfortune? And yet there is misfortune too, but too long past to mend. Look ye, Harry, I have often told you that there is no quality—that is to say, no human or earthly quality—no quality whose scope and effect are bounded to this span of mortal life, that becomes the subject better than his loyalty. Loyalty is the flower, and, I may say, light and ornament—or, as it were, the crown of the subject; if there be nothing indecorous in saying that a subject may wear a crown—but I mean a crown metaphorical or figurative, such as trenches nothing (Heaven guard it should!) on the especial right and prerogative of his most gracious Majesty. But, in truth, loyalty is, as I have said and do maintain, the bond, and, as it were, tie—or as you may say, knot, which binds together the great frame of civil society, and, so to express it, preserves, as it were, the union—or, as you might say, the harmony of the state, inviolate."

"You have often impressed this upon me, sir," said Henry.

"As who should say, 'To what end this lecture upon loyalty now?' Attend and thou shalt learn. Give and take. Give thy attention, take the information thou requirest. These Fullartons, they are in affliction, and moreover, in some distant manner, connected by affinity with our family—therefore they must be suitably received and entertained. But while thou dealest with them as becomes a friend, remember who they are with whom thou dealest. They are not without a taint. All evil is disease—and disloyalty is evil—and disease is oft infectious, and therefore thou mayest become infected with

their disloyalty; which were to say, thou mayest become an alien to my house and my affection—not to speak of thy birthright. Mark me, Harry! they are Whigs—which is to say they are aught but what they should be—Dost thou conceive? They have openly favoured, if not borne arms for, the Scottish rebels—therefore beware—Do you mark me?"

"I trust, sir," said Henry Kingsly, there is no necessity for saying much to me on that subject. Your instructions, my general education, and my own reflections, have not left me without a motive for my allegiance. I honour my king, and love my country, and am at all times ready to peril life and limb for both. But, at the same time, sir, I must say that I have been too well tutored in my duties to fear that a courteous intercourse with half a dozen individuals, who happen to think differently, should lead me to forget them."

"Right nobly spoken, in truth. Thou art staunch—I see it in thee—my own glory revives in my posterity; the loyalty which I received unblemished from my fathers, unblemished I transmit to thee—receive it and maintain it. It was my highest grace, both in my days of action and retirement. Captain Kingsly was in the camp another word for Fidelity; yet there's a danger in this case which I almost fear to touch upon, for the thought of it revives disastrous recollections. Oh, my dear boy, I do not fear that either Gaspar Fullarton or his son will ever put thy principles in jeopardy. Man may meet man upon the ground of controversy on fair and even terms, there are no deluding and degrading tendernesses to sap the foundation of independence; even pride itself, for lack of better motive, will keep the pugnacious spirit up and save the reason from slipping in the mire of sloth and pleasure. But there is a Miss Fullarton, Harry; an accomplished, I am told, and estimable person: it is against her influence that I would

mainly caution thee. Remember—remember Cleopatra. I say no more—enough: the wisest have become as fools—the bravest as cowards—the best as villains—and the most loyal and true hearted have been led to embrace treason and rebellion by such means. Thou art not wiser than Solomon—nor braver than Julius Cæsar—nor better than the King of Israel—*Verbum sapientibus satis.* I am dumb. Reflect upon it. Disloyalty is worse than death or poverty."

"Sir," answered Henry, "all I can tell you once more is, that I love my country, and defy the Whigs to make me do otherwise."

"Give me thy hand; thou art thy father's son."

"That is a proposition, sir, which you too might defy the Whigs to controvert."

"None of your sneering, sir! Ah, Harry, would you think it?—I, even I, have known in my time what it is to undergo such influence as that against which I seek to caution thee."

"*You*, sir! Is it possible?—Did *you* ever do anything disloyal? Well, after that!——"

"Hut, tut! disloyal? What do you mean sir? No. But there was a circumstance, Harry—I have never spoken—I could hardly bear to think of it, but I mention it now for thy warning and instruction. It was in the time of the troubles, when, as you know, I had the honour to hold a subordinate command in the Devon Militia. Intelligence was secretly brought that a notorious Roundhead lay concealed in Farmer Swaffield's orchard, near the town of Chard. It was an advantageous position, well chosen, defended on one side by a quantity of close bramble and brushwood, on another by an extensive goose-pond, and on the two remaining by a quickset-hedge, sufficiently thick to prevent either him from getting out, or any one else from getting in. Report stated that he was provided with cutlass and

pistols for defence; a scout brought us intelligence of the nature of the ground, and our colonel, who knew me to be, like most young fellows in the ardour of early life, desirous of acquiring distinction by some perilous service, despatched me with six of the most undaunted of our troop, as a forlorn hope, to apprehend him dead or living. Of course I instantly obeyed. Your mother with whom I had then but lately become acquainted, lived in a pretty cottage about a musket shot from the high road. I feared not to die in the service of my king, but methought I could meet with greater resignation any fate that awaited me after having bid her farewell. Accordingly I divided my force, and sent three of the men before to form a causeway, by placing stepping-stones across the goose-pond, as the easiest mode of approaching to the gateway on that side, while I went to pay a flying visit to your mother. Would I could bury the remainder for ever in oblivion; The time flew by—I took the road again. On the way to the orchard I met two of my advanced guard, one of whom carried the third behind him with a kerchief to his face. Too soon I learned the cause of their return. While they were busy in forming the causeway, their horses and arms at a little distance, the enemy had suddenly darted from his cover, giving the next at hand a bloody nose, and seizing one of the horses, galloped off unmolested towards the woods; while they, seeing the uselessness, not to say danger of pursuit, returned homeward with the wounded. Often since have I thought of Actium and Marc Antony. Your poor mother never could forgive herself; and as for Will Benson, you see his nose is crooked to this day. O woman! woman!—But what's the news in London?"

"The best and happiest, sir, is, that the King is well and merry."

"Heaven keep him so! Heaven bless his merry heart!"

"And the next is, that a whisper prevails of his having some intention of recalling the young Duke of Monmouth from the continent."

"No—by your leave, no—no—I do not relish that so well. The Duke's a traitor—a convicted traitor: were he fifty kings' sons, he is a traitor—an Absolom who would have pushed his father off his seat. I'll have naught to say to him; a fellow without a spark of loyalty; he has got a taint—a taint—no, by your leave, had I been of the council, he should not have had my word for the recalling of the Duke. Was there anything else a-foot?"

"Lord Shaftesbury is dead in Amsterdam."

"Ah, the false knave! is that the end of all his shifts and tricks?—had he no corner to turn—no quip of his devilish cunning to escape the shaft of death? So all must look to fall who plot with the brain and rebel with the hand against their sovereign. Harry, be thou content to serve thy king and country, and seek no other earthly reward than the memory of duty faithfully discharged. Our times seem to promise trouble and turbulence enough—cling thou for ever to the standard of thy prince, be loyal like thy father."

"In the mean time, sir, would it not be well if I were to call upon the Fullartons?"

"By all means. It will be but courteous, and there is no better mode of keeping questionable characters at a distance than by marked and punctual civility. Familiarity is the parent and the child of rudeness; by failing in respect to others you teach them to use an equal liberty with you, and courtesy is due to all, for courtesy is love, and love is every body's right; but familiarity is only safely founded on esteem, which we must not bestow unless where it is deserved. But of this another time; I see thou art impatient of my counsel. Ah, for the good old times when youth gathered wisdom like

honey at the feet of age! Farewell! and remember my hint about the Fullartons—remember the goose-pond —remember Marc Antony, and Will Benson's bloody nose."

CHAPTER III.

The reader has been already slightly introduced to the family of Captain Kingsly of whom it will be necessary to furnish a somewhat more minute account. Of the earlier life of Mr. Kingsly an incident was related far and wide, which, without vouching for its authenticity, we shall faithfully and fearlessly record, regarding with indignation commensurate with his own blindness the contempt of the incredulous.

The young yeomanry captain had, said the gossips of Taunton, in his younger days been distinguished by other and less laudable characteristics of the cavaliers than their indomitable loyalty. In order to evince his dislike of their puritanical manners, he endeavoured, by the irregularity of his own life and conversation, to set the stamp of his individual condemnation as deeply as it was possible on theirs; and by this demeanour it almost appeared as if he thought the very virtues should be avoided which could be practised in common with a Roundhead.

His marriage, for a time occasioned something like a change in the extravagant habits to which this overwrought loyalty led. It was (of course) at an assembly, but not (of course) in Taunton, that Mr. Kingsly and his lady became first acquainted. Sarah Milman, as the latter was then called, was of good family, and not without fortune; but it was the opinion of many as

regarded both parties, that if the gold were put into one scale and the common sense in another, the former would far outweigh any stock of the latter which had fallen to the lot either of the one or the other. Those who pretend to be very wise, and to know a great deal about the matter, would have their youngers be very circumspect about the motives on which they enter on the duties of that condition which Mr. and Mrs. Kingsly contemplated at this period. They will have it, for instance, that a man's turning a pretty tune, or a lady's touching her musical instrument with a peculiar grace, are not always unerring indications that either possesses all the qualities essential for the proper management of a household, and that *festina lente* is a motto not to be despised in any case. If so much had been actually suggested to Captain Kingsly and to Mistress Milman, it is probable they would have said, they knew all that before ; such being the usual form of rejecting an advice against which no other objection can be raised. Captain Kingsly could see no reason to doubt of the perfections of one who could sing so sweet a madrigal as Sarah Milman ; and if the latter had been called upon truly to say what quality in Mr. Kingsly she had thought worthy of the honour which she intended him, she could not in conscience, at any rate, have omitted all mention of his slashed doublet and periwig. Whether each were possessed of the more solid qualities necessary to the due performance of the duties of their state, were points about which they did not seem to think it necessary to inquire.

There is no severe test, however, of the genuineness of a regard founded on such claims than the lapse of a little time. Sudden impulses of generosity are not the true marks of a disinterested affection. There is something in making a great sacrifice which flatters one's self-esteem ; but it is only the true and generous who are

capable of that incessant attention, and of those minute forbearances, which, while they tax our self-denial almost as heavily, do little to elevate us either in our own opinion or in that of others. For the first two or three months after their marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Kingsly saw no reason to alter the sanguine opinion each had formed of the other; but time brought out a secret that was before unknown to both. As they had discovered all the perfections at first sight, nothing now remained except to find out the faults, which began soon to be discerned in great abundance. Before a year elapsed it was too plain that both were doomed to strive with mutual disappointment; and as they made no secret of the fact, it was easy to see that the esteem on both sides was not so firmly rooted as they had supposed. An occurrence, however, which afterward became a standard narrative in the neighbourhood, contributed to save them from declining farther towards the opposite extreme. Again we stand not in the verity of the tale, but relate it faithfully as it is delivered.

Soon after the birth of Thomasine, or, as she was more commonly called, Tamsen Kingsly, it happened that a difference of opinion arose between the parents respecting the propriety of having her instructed in French; those worthy persons not reflecting on the little necessity there was of coming to a decision while it must yet be many months before she could utter the first syllable of her native tongue. The argument waxed warm; and the warmer it grew, the farther from coming to an amicable adjustment. At length Captain Kingsly went out of the house protesting that the first word of French he heard Tamsen speak he would disown her.

In the course of the day Will Benson came running in great fright to let him know that Mrs. Kingsly had been taken suddenly ill. After his departure, she too had been indulging sundry indignant thoughts on the

conversation, or rather altercation, which had passed. In the height of her injured feeling, she said in her own mind, that it would be well done to grow very sick, and even almost to die, on purpose to punish him. While she was engaged, however, with these romantic notions, the trouble and sin of carrying them into effect were unexpectedly saved her. A sudden faintness seized upon her frame. She started up alarmed—repented a thousand times her wicked thoughts, but in vain, for the indisposition continued to increase. Affrighted to excess, Mrs. Kingsly called her servants and sent one for the physician; while Will Benson was despatched to find her husband, in order that they might speedily exchange forgiveness.

This was more than he had calculated on. He hurried to the house, but the case was even worse than he expected to find it. There lay his young, and, as he lately thought, too talkative companion, a silent, lifeless form. The captain was distressed beyond what he could have expected. He had but an hour before, in his anger, had the impiety to lament the unhappy fate which bound him to a spouse so little calculated to promote his happiness, and now this sudden release from the tie against which he had rebelled seemed to fall upon him like a judgment. He accused himself aloud of his ingratitude, and for the first time in his life became acquainted with the taste of hopeless woe. During the following day and night, he remained by the bedside, refusing all consolation, and consuming his heart with self-reproach. When the body was about to be coffined, the unhappy husband advanced and placed upon one of the dead fingers a ring which he had purchased some months before as a present for his wife, but which the continual recurrence of topics of dissension had left him without the opportunity of appropriating as he intended. The strongly refracted lustre of the gem cast a gleam on the discoloured hand and on the sable decorations of the coffin,—a mournful smile at

human vanity! Its light fell too upon the eye of the undertaker's assistant, who stood waiting to shut out for ever from the dead the last ray that was to shine upon her from an earthly sun.

"Take it, Sarah," said the heart-broken widower, as he leaned upon the side of the coffin, and gazed on the cold inmate with a smile of anguish,—"take it from him who now repents that he has ever angered thee. It comes late, but it has long since been thine, and I hope thou wilt forgive, though thou canst not see nor thank me for it now. We were parted in our anger; it was a just stroke, and it is quite irreparable; yet it is some comfort to look upon thee as thou liest there so motionless, and to ask thee to forgive me, though thou never more canst answer word of mine. Shut down the coffin now, for I have taken my last farewell of happiness on earth."

There were few amongst the spectators who were not moved by the grief of the repentant husband. The doctor of the place, who was his friend and a worthy kind of man, remained with him during the night after the funeral, endeavouring as well as he could to moderate the excess of his affliction.

In the mean time, (so runs the tale,) the undertaker's man did not forget the glitter of the gem which was enclosed within the lady's coffin. He was, in addition to his occupation in the service of his employer, one of the greatest rogues in Taunton, and could hardly reconcile to his mind the idea of this valuable brilliant remaining for ever buried in the gloom of Mrs. Kingsly's sepulchre. *There*, it could be of no use whatever, and he knew of many to which it might be applied if he had it in his possession. Accordingly he communicated his ideas upon the subject to another ruffian like himself, who readily entered into a plot for plundering the grave. At midnight, having provided themselves with the necessary instruments, they proceeded, under favour of an interlunar

night, to the small churchyard within a quarter of a mile from town where the body had been interred. One kept watch outside the gate; while the other, with the assistance of the pickaxe and wrenches which they had brought, found little difficulty in disclosing the unconscious object of their search, and the envied ring was already glittering in the light of the dark-lantern which he carried beneath his cloak.

All now was silent, and, except where the lantern cast a shortened gleam, as dark as midnight, and a starless sky could make it. The undertaker's man, rogue as he was, had not yet arrived at that state of graceless indifference which Shakspeare ascribes to Macbeth when, desiring to depict the consummation of moral ruin, he makes his hero say that "he has almost forgot the taste of fears." Still busy at the grave, he began to hasten his work, urged on as much by supernatural terrors as by the fear of detection. He had never been before engaged in plunder of such a nature, and all the dread associations connected with the place and time began to crowd, in spite of all his efforts, on his mind. Grim faces began to stare upon him from the darkness, and awful sounds were mingled with the rushing of the midnight wind. He hurried with his task. The ring was now grown tight upon the finger, and he felt some difficulty in removing it. In his terror he used force instead of dexterity; but to his horror, instead of yielding to his efforts, the cold hand stirred in his. A low moan broke from the lips of the dead, and the robber stayed to hear no more. Leaving lamp and all behind, he scampered towards the town, followed by his comrade, who, though unable to ascertain the cause of his flight, conjectured that it was not without a motive.

In the mean time, poor Mrs. Kingsly, who had only fallen into what is commonly called a trance, became perfectly conscious. It may be imagined with what as-

tonishment she found herself seated by an open grave, wrapped in the garments of death, a lantern at her side, and the gusts of the night driving cold upon her frame. Scarcely yet alive, she arose from the ground on which she lay, and taking the lantern in her hand, endeavoured to find her way along the little path which crossed the burying-ground. By degrees, as her understanding became more awake, and some familiar objects presented themselves to her observation, a confused idea of the truth began to rush upon her mind. She remembered, but without distinctness, some circumstances of the quarrel with her husband, and of her subsequent illness, and the conclusion that she had been buried alive was readily inferred; but how she came thus disinterred at midnight, or whether in truth she were alive or dead, or sleeping or awake, or whether all that had passed and was passing before her mind, were not some hideous dream,—was more than she found herself yet competent to determine. Whether she woke or slept, however, the road was one which she remembered well, and she pursued her way to town, directing her steps by means of the light which the robbers had left behind them, and scaring out of their senses the few individuals whom she happened to meet upon the way.

It was now near one o'clock, and Captain Kingsly and his comforter (the physician already spoken of) were seated by a blazing sea-coal fire, with some wine and other refreshments on the table between them,—and the friend endeavouring from time to time to find arguments of consolation, and Mr. Kingsly combating every suggestion of peace with some new ground of sorrow.

"You should not speak," said the friend, as he sipped his wine, "so despondingly of your future life. You can form no judgment as to what happiness, even earthly happiness, Providence may have yet in store for you, provided you only exercise a little patience. It is not so

much on the number of our worldly blessings as on the state of our own minds that our real peace depends. How often do we find that a misfortune which, when contemplated as barely possible, seemed utterly intolerable, has, when actually encountered, become far easier and lighter than it was in fancy! Whenever I hear of some unhappy individual ungratefully and cowardly yielding to the temptations of despair, and flinging away the existence which he fancied for him was now grown bare of promise, I have said in my own mind, 'If that man had but waited one day longer, he might have found all his trouble at an end, and the good he coveted within his reach!'

Here he put the glass to his lips with a self-contented air.

"It is easy to theorise," said Kingsly, "where one has no experience."

"Nay, by your leave, Captain Kingsly," said the doctor, "not so wholly without experience neither. When poor Andromache, my first partner in the dance of life, departed from the set and left me single, I felt, as you do now, entirely hopeless, and doomed, as I supposed, to eke out the figure in solitary awkwardness, or retire altogether from the maze, to sit apart on the chair of loneliness, in the corner of affliction, behind the door of despondency. And yet nine months had not rolled by, when good Penelope even more than supplied to me the heavy loss I had sustained. Nor when Penelope herself in turn departed was my affliction less; nor when her place was filled again by my present excellent helpmate, was my satisfaction more. Say not, therefore, that I am a man whose patience has not been tried, nor that it is without cause I advise thee to look for comfort even out of the depths of woe."

"Thy counsel is in vain," said Kingsley; "for thou talkest of a kind of hope which is to me more hideous

than even my grief itself. I grant the duty and the necessity of patience, but it is not by persuading me I have little cause for dejection that thou canst hope to lighten it. It is by being resigned to my affliction, and not by underrating it, that I best can hope to avoid the crime of murmuring."

"Why true," said the friend, "that is as a man measures it in his understanding. Let every one deal with his enemy as he sees the fairest prospect of success *Quot homines, tot sententiæ*—

> Many men of many minds,
> Many birds of various kinds

This man's beard is yellow—t'other's black—the next is red, and so forth. So it is with the mind and disposition: we may arrive at the same end by different routes, and provided both be lawful, the variety is of little consequence. Wherefore it is of no importance whether thou consider thy calamity of great or trivial import, provided thou discover motive of adequate consolation."

"Once more," answered Captain Kingsly, "speak not to me of consolation. To be consoled is not my duty. I do not murmer, but thou canst not persuade me that I have reason to be happier than if Sarah had not died. And for my worldly hope, I tell thee there is none. I am not presumptuous enough to suppose that Providence will work a miracle in order to give me my desire, and in the course of nature it is impossible I can obtain it. Speak not of comfort, then, unless thou canst bid Sarah leave her grave to second thee."

At this moment, a low tapping was heard at the window of the room, and a mournful voice, whose accents were well known to both the watchers, said, in a soft tone,—

"Edward Kingsly—dear Edward, will you not open the door to your own Sarah?"

The faces of both speakers grew at least once and a half as long as usual. Their eyes seemed starting from their sockets, and their pale cheeks and chattering teeth declared the extremity of their affright. As for the doctor, he saw more Captain Kingslys than he had power to count. The latter, in the mean time, went to the hall-door; which he had no sooner opened, than the poor shivering lady entered, almost frozen to death and still bearing the lantern in her hand. At sight of her, the comforter, with a yell of despair, cast himself upon the ground, and creeping under the table, buried his face between his hands. It was not without some hesitation that even the husband recovered presence of mind sufficient to address her; nor did he feel altogether at his ease when this sepulchral figure approached with outstretched arms to greet him with an affectionate embrace. But what indeed were his astonishment and delight when he found that it was, in point of fact, his real living spouse who was thus unexpectedly restored to him! He deeply repented of all his past irregularities, and his want of generous reliance on that Providence which had thus evinced its power by taking away the happiness he had not deserved, and its mercy by restoring it. The heart which affliction might have only dejected was softened into gratitude by unexpected joy, and, from that time forward, his observant neighbours said that a considerable reformation was effected in the captain's habits of life. Nor does it appear that any further difference of opinion arose respecting the education of the young Kingslys, who, from the time of their mother's death (which occurred some years after,) continued to be instructed with almost equal attention beneath their father's care.

CHAPTER IV.

Henry Kingsly, frank, bold, and honourable, was intimate with his new friends almost as soon as he became known to them. Captain Kingsly also subdued his loyal prejudices so far as to receive them with kindness, and was active in assisting Gaspar Fullarton to accomplish his present wishes with regard to the settlement of the family in Taunton Dene. In less than a fortnight after their arrival he had procured for them a handsome cottage, situated (as has been already intimated) in one of the prettiest glades that opened on the banks of the Tone.

"Farewell, then, faction!" said Gaspar Fullarton in his own mind, as he stood at the door of his new dwelling, and gazed in admiration on the beautiful landscape which lay before it. "This valley, if it offer no path to distinction or to fortune, at least will afford to me a shelter against the fury of oppression, and to my children a walk in life secure, though humble, and free from the thorny perplexities that infest the track of the ambitious."

In the principal hope, however, which led him to select this part of the country as a residence, the aged Scot was doomed to suffer disappointment. The fatigue of the journey contributed more to accelerate the progress of Mrs. Fullarton's disease, than the air of her native valley to retard it; and within a few weeks after taking possession of the cottage, her family had to perform the duty of depositing her remains in the vault used by her relatives in a neighbouring church-yard.

It happened that Arthur Fullarton and Henry Kingsly were amongst those who, on the day of the funeral descended into the spacious family vault which was

destined to be the last home of all the loyal captain's race. While there, young Kingsly pointed out to Arthur a recess in which, he said, it was rumoured that a celebrated cavalier had lain concealed for a considerable time during the course of the civil wars, while a close and unavailing search was made for him throughout the neighbourhood. During the whole of that period he had stirred from his hiding-place only at midnight, when provisions were brought him by a little girl scarcely twelve years old, the only confidant to whom his secret was intrusted, and by whose means he was at length enabled to effect his escape to the Continent.

Arthur Fullarton could not at the time account to himself for the strange and deep effect which this story took upon his mind. He gazed long upon the place, ran over in his memory all that he had heard of the history of those eventful times, and fancied he beheld the little heroine of the tale in the act of making one of her nocturnal visits to the lurking-place of the cavalier, looking fearfully around, from time to time, lest some unfriendly eye might watch her steps, and shuddering as the night-blast suddenly shook the wavering boughs that overshadowed the place of tombs. In some months after, he related the incident to his sister, Aquila Fullarton; after which, as it often happens, having disburthened his mind of the story, it was soon forgotten.

Every day, however, brought fresh reason to believe that the troubled waters of those eventful times were yet far from being restored to a condition of permanent repose. From evident causes, although no longer mingling in the cares of party, the Fullartons continued to retain a strong sympathy with the opponents of the Court. The phantoms of the Popish Plot still danced before the eyes of the good people of the West; even the blood of the venerable Stafford had not wholly laid the evil spirit: they could still see plots and ramifica-

tions between the Stuarts and the court of Rome ; fire, slaughter, black bills, and Tewksbury mustard pills, still haunted the imaginations of the multitude ; nor were the Fullartons by any means exempt from the general prepossession.

Desirous, in common with many around him, to catch at any pretence which might favour the exclusion of the Duke of York from the throne to which he might look forward in the course of time, Gaspar Fullarton lent a ready ear to the rumour, about that time beginning to be circulated, respecting the legitimacy of the Duke of Monmouth. It was true the latter had no great claims either in his public or private character on the admiration of the Scot ! but anything seemed better than the Duke of York, invested with all the terrors which party had ascribed to him. It was on a market-day in Taunton, whither he had gone for the purpose of seeing some stock disposed of, that old Fullarton first heard the rumour spoken of.

"What say you, sir ?" he exclaimed to the individual (a comfortable looking grazier from the Parret side,) who happened to mention the circumstance in the parlour of the Three Crowns—a general rendezvous on market-days not only for the townsfolk, but for the neighbouring yeomen, who frequently stepped in to conclude their bargains or discuss the news over a glass of Taunton "yal." "How can ye think that such a story will go down? The King married to Lucy Walters ?"

"Ay, sir, they say it's downright sarten shower. So by consequence, there are to be two words to the crown o' these kingdoms, as they say ; but I say nothin one way or t'other, bein a man of naw porty nor faction, nuther Petitioner nor Abhorrer, Whig or Tory, Exclusionist or Non-exclusionist, seeing that in the way o' my business I have to commune with persons of every——"

The general murmer of surprise and pleasure cut short the grazier's speech : the news appeared to give universal satisfaction.

"The Duke of Monmouth the King's awn lawful zon !" said Masther Grimes, the verger——"I always thought there was zummat at tha bottom o' this affair. I had my awn thought about it, though I zed nothin to nobody. I can zee as var into a quern stone as most withers."

"As vor me," said Godfrey Bunn, a noisy baker, who seldom missed an opportunity of taking a share in any public tumult in the town, but was not equally remarkable for consistency, "it war iver my opinion tha Duke o' York has naw moor right ta be King ov England than I ta be Mayor o' Bedgwater ; an nif it war ta come to tha zwoord——"

"Husht ! neighbour," said another, "theaz-amy be'nt zafe words."

"I dwon't care a burn't crowst vor zafety ! I zay, an' I'll maintain it, it is ivery man's duty to support tha Duke o' Monmouth."

"Well," said his friend Setright, the pacific miller—"there's a time vor all things."

A few days after threw a damp upon the sanguine thoughts which had been excited by this agreeable piece of news. The King himself had come down to the council in order to extinguish at the outset a delusion so full of danger. He there formally and plainly contradicted the common rumour, and notwithstanding his well-known fondness and partiality for Monmouth, put a decided bar between him and the accomplishment of his ambitious schemes, by plainly declaring his illegitimacy.

It happened (no uncommon occurrence) that one side of the question only, and that of course the one most favourable to their own feelings and prejudices, was dis-

cussed in the household of Gaspar Fullarton. Every circumstance which could give plausibility to the rumour was there insisted on and enforced with eagerness by Arthur and his father. Aquila Fullarton, who was warmly interested in such discussions, partly from love of her native country, and partly also because they absorbed almost the whole attention of her brother, became thus convinced, not only that the Duke of York was all she had ever been led to believe him, but that the young Duke of Monmouth, his rival of long standing, was in point of law and right the actual heir to the crown. She heard her father and brother dwell on the story of the secret marriage of the King, the contract signed and deposited in a black box still in existence: but she heard nothing of those facts which tended to throw discredit on the tale; of the rumours respecting the character of Lucy Walters which made the idea of a marriage incredible, and of the solemn denial made by the King himself. Insensibly, therefore, she became wholly enlisted on the side of the exiled Duke, and shared in the wishes of the greater portion of the inhabitants of the Dene, that an opportunity might be ere long afforded of restoring him to his country and his inheritance. Such thoughts and such conversations were of course suppressed in the presence of the Kingslys, who, on their side, were equally sparing of their loyalty in the hearing of their Scottish friends.

It was in the same place in which he had heard the report of the King's marriage, and surrounded by a somewhat similar company, that old Fullarton heard it contradicted. For some time after a blank and defeated silence seemed to have tied up the tongues of the listeners. Master Grimes, the verger, was the first to speak.

"I say nothing, masters, but I have my private opinion on that matter. I can see summat at the bottom of

it. It is not every one has got a lynx's eyes. I say nothing."

For some time no further remark was made. On many of the company the declaration of the King seemed to have the same effect as a burst of thunder heard unexpectedly overhead.

"Well," exclaimed the baker, to whom it now seemed as if all had changed their minds, "tha King knows best."

He that's bound a must awbey,
Bit he that's vree can hirn away.

Passive obedience is tha subject's duty as laid down by act o' parliamat in zeventy-fower. There's a law an scripture vor't."

"It strikes me, masters," said Gaspar Fullarton, "that the question is not here so much, whether the power may be lawfully resisted, as, which is the lawful power? If the Duke of Monmouth be the King's legitimate son, there is no man here but will agree, that whatever the actual power may be, the lawful power is in him."

"Ye zay true—not one, Measter Fullarton," cried several voices.

"Cum what ool cum," said the baker, "we here in Taunton an tha West ool stan by the house an tha liberties o' tha nation."

"Talk o' the Duke o' York!" cried another; "I tell ye I zid a gemelman myzel, that was awver in Roäm whaur tha Pooäp da live, an I ha hired en zay vor zarten shower tha Pooäp has horns—ay, an a tail as long as a walkin-stick. A zeed it with iz awn eyes curlin out under his long gownd, vor all tha wordle like a black zarpent, at a zingin mass."

"Nooa, bit a did'n though?"

"Eese, a did, I tell ye; an I blieve en!"

CHAPTER V.

In a corner of the room in which the foregoing conversation passed, were some individuals who did not appear to take the average share of interest in what was going forward. At one table, sipping his glass of Taunton ale alone, and seeming desirous as much as possible to avoid observation, sat a person whose length of beard, and other peculiarities as well of person as of attire, announced the Jew. Those who watched him closely, however, could observe that he listened with an acute sharpness of attention whenever the conversation turned on the intentions of the Court or the claims of the exiled Duke; and that, when Gaspar Fullarton spoke in the manner above related, he turned his head sufficiently to cast a piercing backward glance over his shoulder at the speaker, and to peruse his figure and countenance with a keen and active eye.

At another table sat two persons who did not manifest even the same degree of furtive interest in what was passing. By the tight-fitting or nether garment of many hues, the waist-belt or girdle in which were inserted a short skene or knife, and the dark-green barrad-cap, it appeared that they were inhabitants of the neighbouring island. An ash-handled pike which stood near one of them added probability to the conjecture, and the style of their conversation put the case beyond dispute.

"Well, Shamus," said he who seemed the more authoritative of the two, addressing his companion in an under tone; now that we have our dinner ate an all, what are we to do next?"

"To pay for it, Morty, I'm thinkin."

"That's aisier said than done. How much have you?"

"Sarrow cross."

"An it's the same way with meself. We'll be skivered alive before we lave the place. What 'll we do at all?"

"How duv I know?"

"That's just the way with you, always. You're never any good for, thinkin of a ha'p'orth. How well you thought o' comin in an atin it."

"Why not, when I was hungry? What would you have a man to do?"

"I'll tell you what it is, Shamus; this won't thrive with us long; an if there bain't a stop put to it shortly 'twas betther for us we never left the bog o' Ballyhahill. This may be called seekin our fortune, but I'm sure 'tis very far short of findin it. How in the airthly world are we to manage now?"

"I'll tell you," answered Shamus. "Let us get up an walk out, an maybe they'd take no notice of uz."

"Never say it again. That's a good thought. Wait till I see the bottom o' this dhrop, an I'll be along with you."

They both arose, and with an unconcerned look and pace were walking quietly towards the door, when the landlord espied the movement.

"Ho! ho! come back and pay your bill, my friend!" he cried, laying his hand upon the arm of Shamus Delany; you have forgot to settle for the dinner."

"Settle?" repeated Shamus, looking over his shoulder with a stare of affected dulness and simplicity; "I couldn't ate any more, I'm obleest to you, sir."

"I don't wan't ye to eat more; I want ye to pay for what ye had."

"Pay, eroo? A' what talk it is?—what pay, man?"

"Come, come, friend—pay for the dinner."

"For my dinner! Pay for atin my dinner! Is that the way you keep open house? That's more than ever

I seen in Ballyhahill any way, bad as it is, where you might walk into any house in the counthry for nothin but the trouble o' liftin the latch, an ate your bellyfull without bein axed so much as to say 'thanky,' if you didn't like, yourself."

"Come, friend," said the host, "there's too much o' this nonsense—let's see the inside o' your purse."

"Morty," said Shamus, turning to his companion, "did you ever hear of so shabby an act as that?"

"Oh, 'tis disgraceful," answered Morty.

"Well, since you insist on payment," resumed Shamus, "let us know the cost."

The landlord gave him the bill, which the Irishman, with a polite obeisance, handed to Gaspar Fullarton.

"I'd thank your honour," he said, "since you seem a gentleman o' ciphers, if you'd let me know the contents o' that, in ordher that I may see it is correct."

Gaspar Fullarton, smiling good-humouredly, read the items of the account.

"Imprimis, two pounds of beef, four pence."

"I confess the beef—it was choice."

"Item, bread, a penny."

"You'd get a skiogh o' piatez for half the money in Ballyhahill."

"Item, ale for two, three-pence."

"I wouldn't give a mouthful of usquebaugh for a lake of it. I humbly thank your honour. "Well," he continued, folding the bill and depositing it in the pocket of his truis, "I admit the correctness o' the contents, an when I'm next comin back this way it is my design to pay the amount."

"That won't do," said the landlord; "you must pay the bill at once."

"Oh, but that's impossible, my friend; *must* is for the King, and not for you."

"How say you?"

"I haven't any money, man, I tell you."

"Well, your friend, I suppose, is purse-bearer?"

"He may bear a purse, but I declare 'tis a long time since there was anything in the inside of it."

"Then, what business had you and he to eat what you couldn't pay for?"

"A', d'ye hear this?—What business had we to ate our dinner? What would you do yourself if you were hungry? I'm surprised at your want o' sense."

"The sang-froid with which these answers were delivered created general laughter in the room, aided as they were in effect, by the disconcerted look of the landlord.

"I believe," said the latter, "that you are little better than you should be, the one and t'other of ye."

"Little bettber—Is it to us you are speaking?" exclaimed Morty, turning quickly round.

"Don't sthrike him, Morty!"

"Is it because jettlemen happen to have their pockets desolate of small change, that it should come to your turn to run us down! If our pockets be empty, our word is good for more than the amount o' that!"

"Morty, don't sthrike him!"

"Let me go, I tell you, Shamus! I'll do what I think proper. I hope I know how to conduct myself like a jettleman. Doesn't he desarve it, if I sthruck him itself?"

"What hurt, what hurt, if he does? Be quiet, an never mind him."

"Little bettber than we should be!—"

"Come, host," said Gaspar Fullarton, who had enjoyed the scene, you must let this pass. I'll take care you are no loser."

"May I beg to know your honour's name?" said Morty.

Old Fullarton informed him.

"Then, never mind," said Morty; I never'll sit by to hear that name ill spoken of, any way, while I'm in company. The jettleman is asy seen."

Gaspar Fullarton thanked him for the care he promised to take of his reputation, and then requested to know what were their views in coming so far from home without money.

"Why, then, sir," said Morty, "the raison we come without money was, because we hadn't it to bring with us, you may be sure."

"Then, why did you come at all?"

"Oh, then, that's the very question I'm axin meself an Shamus here a'most ever since I parted Ballyhahill; an not a word of answer he or I can give to it, exceptin, that we wor a pair o' fools."

"We're two poor boys, sir—" said Shamus

"Twins, sir—two twin brothers—" interposed Morty.

"That had father an mother, house an home, kilt an burnt about us by the ould thief Cromwell an the English——"

"Howl your whisht, man!" whispered Morty, drawing him aside and cautioning him in the ear—"you're desthroyin us. Don't give it out at all that we were ever fightin again the English. Don't you know, you fool, 'tis all English we're ta'kin to?" And he concluded this advice with a friendly nudge in the elbow.

"Tell it yourself, man," whispered Shamus.

"An so, sir," said Morty, striding before his brother with a superior air, "having nothin left at home, we all took it in our heads to go and seek our fortunes elsewhere. There was betther than a half a dozen of us brothers an sisthers an as we wor; so, afther the parents goin, we began to think o' Jack an his eleven brothers, an what loock they got seekin their fortunes abroad in foreign parts an pickin up oceans o' goold on every high road. So startin from the ould place always we wished

one another good-b'ye, after makin a match to meet again upon the same spot Aisther Sathurday four years; an all took different roads, exceptin Shamus an meself, as bein twins. That's what brought us to Taunton; an as for comin without money, I stated our raison for that before—namely, that we hadn't it. Eh' Shamus?"

"It's the thruth you're tellin, Morty."

"We're on the ould business now, sir, lookin for a masther. Although it's ourselves that says it, we might be worth our hire. Both of us understands the pike, elegant, besides dancin."

While the attention of the company was engaged by the singular history and no less singular dress and language of the two Irishmen, a shout was heard in the street, and presently the sound of a fife and drum announced the approach of a recruiting party. The window of the inn gave those who stood within a view of the proceedings outside. The clattering of bandeliers, and the novel appearance of the men, armed with the newly-invented fire-lock, instead of the tedious and awkward match-gun formerly in use, attracted around the party a considerable number of idlers.

"Who's for the Moors, my lads?" exclaimed a hale and bluff recruiting-sergeant. "Who's for the land where gold grows wild, and diamonds and rubies are to be had for the gathering?"

In answer to a question from Gaspar Fullarton, the landlord informed him that the party belonged to a regiment but lately come to town for the purpose of recruiting. It was under the command of the well-known Colonel Kirke, whose services at Tangiers in Morocco were matter of general notoriety. The regiment had suffered much from the tropical climate in which it had been stationed, and a large bounty was offered, but few recruits as yet could be induced to accept of it. The cruel character of the colonel, he said, tended still more to deter

them from enlisting under his command, than their dread of the climate in which he served. Of the proofs which the colonel had given of the disposition ascribed to him, the landlord related many horrible stories, reported to have occurred not only during his residence amongst the Moors, (of whose manners he had shown himself so apt a follower,) but even since his return to England. In the mean time the sergeant continued his alluring speeches.

"The country is hot, and it is troublesome stooping," said he, taking off his hat and arranging the feather with great nonchalance: "but for that, I tell ye, I might often have filled my pouch with emeralds and carbuncles as I walked the roads."

Here the two Irishmen joined the crowd around the speaker.

"Have you never heard of the Emperor of Morocco, my masters? or of the Mountains of the Moon, where you can have a waggon-load of green cheese at any time better than the choicest Stilton or Gloustershire, for the trouble of slicing it off?——"

"A', Shamus, d'ye hear that?" said Morty.

"A', don't mind him, man; 'tis only inveiglin he is."

"Or the Ivory Coast, where all the roads are paved with elephants' teeth, and the women can fill their aprons with combs and house wives as they walk along the water-side? Or the Gold Coast of Guinea, where yellow kings' heads are found in greater plenty than flints in a chalk-pit in the Dene?"

"There's no use in talkin, Shamus, but I'll list."

"A', howl, man! Is it to demain your family to go list you would?"

"Don't you hear where he's goin? to the Coast o' Guinea. An isn't that the very spot we're lookin for?"

CHAPTER VI.

While the sergeant continued his harangue, a superior officer mounted on a splendid charger, accompanied by a subaltern and half a dozen carbineers also on horseback, made his appearance before the windows of the inn.

"There now !" cried the landlord in an eager tone ; "now ye can zee the colonel."

A moment previous, the Jewish looking wayfarer already alluded to was about to steal unnoticed from the room, having already settled his account with the landlord, when, on this new interruption, he drew back and occupied a seat in a corner still more obscure and less exposed to observation than that in which he had taken up his place before. By this time nearly all the guests, except Gaspar Fullarton, had left the room. Colonel Kirke, with the officer in attendance, alighted at the inn door, and entering, called for writing materials, apparently with the view of arranging some account with the officer.

Gaspar Fullarton, who had heard much of Kirke even before the landlord made him acquainted with the stories in circulation respecting his character, surveyed the person and countenance of the new comer with a strong and yet repulsive interest. Neither was in any high degree consonant with his preconceived notion of the owner's character. He beheld before him a man somewhat over the middle size, and rather spare than otherwise ; his features not ill-looking, but marked by that expression of malign placidity which is no less characteristic of the genuine tyrant than all the ogre-like contortions and grimaces vulgarly associated with the idea of habitual cruelty. There was something like a

smile upon his lips ; but it was a smile that spoke not of benevolence at the heart, and held out no light of promise to the hope of the supplicant. His very courtesy, all easy as it was, seemed the refined dissimulation of a callous nature. There was a kind of sternness in his very courtliness of manner, a severity even in the smoothness and gentleness of his demeanour and discourse, that was more withering than the open violence of the unmasked and ruffian oppressor. At times too, it was said, he could be all the savage ; but it was only where the security of his position afforded a free scope to license. His hair was already tinged with grey, though in so slight a degree as to be scarcely perceptible. His complexion had much of the sallowness, but little of the langnor, usually acquired by long residence in tropical countries ; and as he stood glancing rapidly over the paper which he held in his hand, it might be judged, from the keenness and concentration of his look, that his mind in like manner had lost nothing of its activity beneath the enervating influence of an African sun.

Rumour had moreover assigned to him vices of the luxurious kind, the frequent concomitants of a cruel disposition, as the history of the generality of tyrants too clearly testifies. Yet all this was by no means ready to strike the beholder on a first acquaintance with the person and demeanour of the individual in question. There were many on whom the external show of calmness and placidity was calculated to make a favourable impression, and even old Fullarton wondered as he gazed upon him, if a person of so unruffled an exterior could indeed have been guilty or could even be capable of the atrocities which were ascribed to him by common fame.

While Kirke was yet engaged in looking over the account, the sergeant appeared at the open door, and saluting the former, said.

"An't please your honour, here's a fish at the hook."

"A flounder, I suppose."

"An Irish one, please your honour."

"Let me see him."

The sergeant withdrew.

In the mean time a sharp remonstratory dialogue was carried on between the two brothers already spoken of.

"A', Morty, man," said Shamus, plucking the former by the arm, "is it talkin o' listin you are in airnest?"

"Why, what hurt? Why wouldn't I?"

"A', man, think o' yourself. There never was one o' the name demained themselves so far as to go list for a soger. Remember the stock you sprung from. O murthur! I wondher how the thoughts of it could come into your mind! Whatever becomes of uz, let uz bear in mind that we were born gentlemen, any way."

"I'll tell you what it is, Shamus. That was all very well at home where our people an ourselves was known; but in foreign parts there's no one passes for a jettleman only them that has the mains, an that's what neither you nor I can boast of. I'm tired o' this genteel starvation. You wouldn't let us do a sthroke o' work in the way o' thrade, an now you wouldn't let me list, although 'tisn't half an hour since we had like to be starved together. Say no more. I bequeath you my share o' the gentility, since you make so much of it; an I'd sthrongly recommend you to slip it into your brogues, an folly my example."

"Me list!" exclaimed Shamus. "Ah, no, Morty; there's one o' the family anyway that has some regard for the name."

Here the sergeant returned to conduct Morty to the presence of Kirke.

"So, sir," said the latter, after surveying for some moments the person of the recruit, "you have a mind to serve the King?"

"I have, plase your honour."

"Well, what can you do for him?"

"I'll meet any man he'll name, fair play an a clear ground, skene, pike, or battle-axe, in airnest, if my cause be good, or o' purpose if he plases, for a thrial o' parts."

"Say you so?" cried Kirke. "Thou art ready at the tongue, at all events. Take him under your charge sergeant. What say you, sirrah?" he added, addressing Shamus, who had followed his brother at some distance and with a downcast air; "have you a mind to take a carbine and become a gentleman?"

"If I wasn't a gentleman already, sir," replied Shamus, "I might take your offer."

"Don't ax him, plase your honour," said Morty; "I'd just as live he didn't list. Luck goes single, they say. I'm sure we never had much of it while we were together.

"Well, settle with the sergeant as you will," cried Kirke as he left the inn.

"So, Morty, now you're listed," said Shamus, turning to his brother.

"I am, or next door to it, which is the same."

"Well, I say no more, but I'm sorry we're partin:—Go seek your fortune your way, an I'll seek mine my way. Maybe we'd meet again, an maybe we wouldn't. Let us remember anyway that we're to be upon the cross o' Ballyhahill upon last Aisther Saturday four years. So, good-b'ye till then!"

"Good-b'ye, Shamus!"

Embracing cordially, they parted, Morty following the sergeant.

The inn was presently cleared of all but the landlord who had stepped into an adjoining room, and the Jewish guest, who still remained in the parlour. The latter seized the opportunity of making his exit unperceived.

"What, hosht!" he said in a loud whisper; "mine coot sir, hosht!"

The landlord re-entered, surveying the Jew with a suspicious air.

"Can you tell me," said the latter, touching the landlord's arm in a familiar manner with the head of his cane, "where dosh that shentleman live—that Misther Fullarton?"

"Um!—You needn't ask. That gentleman is no bite, I can tell you; he's a Scotchman, an more than a match vor any Jew out o' Lummun."

"I know dat; but tell, vhere dosh he live?"

"Go ask himself," said the landlord in a surly tone, as he turned away. "I like none of you Jews, I promise thee: I have lost money to your brethren myself, ere now."

"Stay a bit!" cried the stranger, seizing him by the arm; "maybe I could say something in your ear would make you like me better."

"I defy thee!" cried the landlord: "I know your tribe too well."

"Maybe you know myself?"

"Know thee!"

The stranger gazed full in his face for some moments and then stooped over his shoulder, whispered him in the ear. The words seemed to operate like a charm on the mind of the listener; he started back and gazed on the speaker with the liveliest expression of astonishment and pleasure.

"What! thee!" he said,—"thee here in Taunton! Bee'st thee not afeerd? Hast thee vorgot so soon the land of Cock-an-Mwile?"*

"Hisht, hisht! I have now no time to answer questions. The times are changing fast, and thou shalt see it ere long, I promise thee: in a few days thou shalt

*Gaol.

know more. And now thou wilt give me the information I sought ?"

The landlord complied, and the stranger after laying the top of his staff against his lips in sign of secrecy took his departure from the inn.

"Well," exclaimed the landlord after he had a little recovered from his surprise, "there be some folks make no more of a halter than if it were a French cambric neckcloth. A change in the times, quoth-a? It will be a change indeed, when the very bell-wether of all the rantypole Petitioners in Zummerzet can walk the streets o' Tauton at noonday in the sight of the king's dragoons. Well, there are zome folks that are gallasmad : they hover about it as naatal as if they wor goin a sweetortin. If there bean't a match o' the kind in Taunton avore long, it on't be the fault of a body that I could name."

CHAPTER VII.

Gaspar Fullarton was destined to meet again with Colonel Kirke sooner than he had expected. As he left the inn in order to return to the cottage, the day began to change, and before he reached home, the rain and wind were driving fast across the Dene. Towards night, the storm increased, and the family, as they sat around their cheerful fireside, could hear from the public road, which ran by their dwelling at a moderate distance, the hurried gallop of a benighted horseman, or the rapid whirl of a wheeled vehicle making all speed upon its homeward journey. Old Fullarton entertained his children and young Kingsly, (who now spent more of his time than the loyal captain could have wished with his

new acquaintances,) by relating all that he had witnessed during the day, dwelling more especially on the description of Colonel Kirke, of whom there was no individual present but had heard enough to feel a kind of repulsive interest in what was said. While all were still engaged in the discussion which arose when the old Scot had ended, they were surprised to hear the tramp of horses coming down the little avenue leading from the public road, and soon after by the sound of voices close outside the windows.

"Have you found the door yet, Stephens?" was asked in an authoritative voice which could be heard distinctly from the parlour "Make haste and knock, for there is no travelling in such rain as this, more especially for a Barbary habit. I hope the good folks will not refuse us shelter.

A loud knock at the cottage door followed this speech. Taking a candle in his hand, Arthur Fullarton, at his father's desire, went himself to receive the travellers. The door had been already opened by Donald the old Scottish servant, and the light of Arthur's candle streaming out into the darkness, revealed in a partial manner two military figures, heavily cloaked and glistening with wet. One was still seated on horseback; the other stood at the door holding the reins of his charger. To their application for shelter until the storm should pass away, or, at least, abate so far as to allow them to continue their journey to the town without the risk of being thoroughly drenched, Arthur replied by inviting them to enter the cottage, while Donald, assisted by the military servant who attended on the strangers, should look to the comfort of the horses.

The strangers accepted the invitation with many polite acknowledgments and apologies. The wet cloaks were taken to the kitchen, and after having taken a little pains in re-adjusting their attire, the officers en-

tered the little parlour in which the family were expecting them. Gaspar Fullarton, who thought he had already recognised the voice which spoke without, had his surmise changed to certainty when he looked upon the travellers. They were Colonel Kirke, the subject of the conversation which had just been interrupted by his arrival, and the subaltern officer whom old Fullarton saw with him at the Three Crowns in Taunton.

The polite and easy address with which the colonel introduced himself to the farmer's fire-side circle, unconscious as he was of the prepossessions afloat against him, contributed in some degree to take off the edge of the prejudice under which he suffered. This was more especially the case with respect to Arthur, who, naturally frank and generous, was somewhat over hasty in judging for good or evil by external appearances.

The old Farmer reiterated his son's expressions of welcome, and felt himself called upon to say that his cottage could afford a sleeping chamber, in case they preferred spending a night beneath so humble a roof, to the venturing out again in so wild a storm. The proposal was accepted by Kirke without hesitation, and he had sufficient address, before half an hour had passed to render his new acquaintances and himself as much at ease as could be expected in the time, considering their simple rural manners, his own inauspicious fame, and the difference of rank, which was sufficient to occasion at first some slight restraint on the part of the younger members of the circle. The evening passed in conversation chiefly on the perils and adventures of the field, and Colonel Kirke contrived to recommend himself still further to the good opinion of Arthur Fullarton by the condescending manner in which he described the manners, customs, and climate of the kingdom of Fez. In that country he had served long, until King Charles, not thinking the town of Tangiers (part of the dowry of his

Lusitanian queen) worth preserving, ordered the works of the place to be blown up, and the garrison to be recalled to England. He described the towns, religion, arts, and commerce of the Moors—the splendid mosques and palaces of Old and New Fez, their mosaics, paintings, hospitals, baths and colleges, in such a manner as to interest all the listeners ; while he showed no less affability in answering the frequent questions of Arthur with respect to the practical science of the field. He had the dexterity likewise (for in him unfortunately it was nothing more,) to avoid the ostentatious show of condescension put on by some puffed-up children of rank, who, when they speak freely with an inferior, do so with an air as if they would say, 'See how humble I am ! I even stoop to speak with *you !*' What he did, he did as thoroughly as it could be done by one in whom the head alone, and not the heart was the directing principle.

In the course of the evening, Aquila, as if to terminate the animated discussions which had arisen on military affairs, being called on by her father to enliven the evening's entertainment with a song, accompanied herself in the following words :—

I.

Fan, fan the gay hearth and fling back the barr'd door ;
Strew, strew the fresh rushes around on our floor ;
And blithe be the welcome in every breast,
For a soldier—a soldier to-night is our guest.

II.

All honour to him who, when Danger afar
Had lighted for ruin his ominous star,
Left pleasure and country and kindred behind,
And sped to the shock on the wings of the wind.

III.

If we value the blessings that shine at our hearth—
The wife's smiling welcome, the infant's sweet mirth—

While they charm us at eve, let us think upon those
Who have bought with their blood our domestic repose.

IV.

Then share with the soldier your hearth and your home,
And warm be your greeting whene'er he shall come;
Let love light a welcome in every breast,
For a soldier—a soldier to-night is our guest.

At a late hour the family party separated, and early on the following morning their military guests took their departure. The acquaintance, however, thus accidentally commenced was not allowed so soon to terminate. Colonel Kirke became a frequent visitor at the cottage of the Fullartons, and every day recommended himself more strongly to the esteem of Arthur. His sister, however, who had more penetration, was not so easily led to alter the impression of his character which she had derived from common fame. There seemed even something peculiar and unaccountable in the repugnance and disrelish with which she regarded all his conduct and demeanour, and she acknowledged to her brother, with anxiety of mind, that she could not herself explain the nature of her feelings when in his company. It more resembled, she said, what she had been accustomed to read in ancient legends of the mysterious influence exerted over the minds of others by one who deals with evil spirits, than any feeling of dislike for which she could assign a natural cause.

"The very qualities which you admire in him," she said, "move my repugnance. His very calmness has to my mind an air of sedate malignity more horrible than all the furious cruelty of a savage. Even his smile, and the artful sycophancy of his looks and gestures, have something dry and heartless about them which would make rudeness and incivilty infinitely preferable. There is an appearance of insincerity in all that he says and

does, even when most he seeks to please, that seems to repel the very idea of cordiality, and makes you imagine you never see his mind as it really is."

"*Seems—imagine— an appearance—an air*" repeated Arthur, with a smile. "What a perfect picture you have just drawn, Aquila, of the effects of prejudice! Did you ever look in your own mind for the colouring you give to his demeanour? You have heard horrible stories of him—perhaps without a word of truth in them,—and by that light it is that you read his words and actions. As to his artificial manner, that is the fault of the circle in which he moves: you quarrel with him for having lived at court."

"It may be as you say," replied Aquila, "and I hope it is so; but I cannot grant you that it is necessary to be insincere in order to be courtly. I have seen some of higher place than his who knew how to be obliging and unaffected at the same time."

An incident which took place within a few days after the foregoing conversation, and which, with a scantier share of prudence, might have brought on disastrous consequences, obliged Arthur to acknowledge that his sister had taken the juster view of the character of their new acquaintance.

The two families, forming a small party, had gone on a short excursion to visit one of those old monastic ruins which now serve no other purpose than of beautifying a demesne, or affording a light to the researches of the architect or the antiquary. On their return, Arthur Fullarton accompanied the Kingslys to their house, leaving Aquila at the cottage gate to walk along the avenue without an escort. She had scarcely changed her attire when Colonel Kirke was announced.

He seemed gratified to find her alone, and talked much, but with an occasional air of absence, which made it appear to Aquila as if there were something on his

mind which he felt a difficulty in communicating. So far, as it afterwards appeared, she judged correctly.

With all his cunning, Kirke was deficient in real penetration of character. He knew the world well, he knew its ways, its maxims, its intrigues; he had even a degree of accurate insight into minds and hearts of a morbid or vicious temperament. He could trace in the countenance, the tone, or the demeanour, the workings, however laboriously concealed, of jealousy, of hate, of envy —of all the gloomy passions of the soul. But a pure and innocent heart was to him a fountain sealed—a book illegible. Where vice and passion ended, to his vitiated mind, dulness and insipidity began; and he could not imagine the absence of crime and selfishness without supposing weakness or folly in their stead.

It was thus that, with all his knowledge of the world, he had yet formed no true estimate of the character of his new acquaintances. He looked upon them as a simple rustic household, as plain in mind as they were unaffected in manners, and as deficient in natural sagacity as they were in worldly wisdom. Still, there was that about Aquila Fullarton, the unconscious, unlaboured dignity of a guileless mind, which, in spite of his efforts at contempt, raised her as far above him in the moral scale as she stood confessedly below him in the worldly. Frequently was he about to speak, and as frequently the calm collectedness of her manner compelled him to be silent. He quarrelled with himself for a weakness so new to him—he despised himself even for the slight remain of honest shame. What! should he, a courtier and disciple of the "merry monarch," allow himself to be disconcerted by the daughter of a country farmer? What jests might he not anticipate from the

—— ribald king and court,

amongst whom the greater portion of his time was spent

in London? There was, moreover, a degree of meanness in the reasoning used by Kirke on the occasion. It occurred to him that the proposal he designed to make, should Aquila actually reject it, might be perilous. She had a father and a brother—and here he paused. But he had sharpness enough to observe the affection which subsisted between the brother and sister, and he did not think that in any event the latter would deem it prudent on the whole to reveal what he desired to say to her.

Accordingly, he determined at all hazards not to miss the present opportunity of setting his doubts at rest. What passed at the interview was scarcely ever known to any besides the persons engaged; but it did not escape remark that Kirke was never again a guest at the cottage, and that no interchange of courtesy passed between him and the Fullartons during the remainder of his stay in Taunton. Some said that the offence had originated with Kirke; some with the Fullartons, and that at all events Arthur Fullarton it was who had signified to the colonel that his visits might in future be dispensed with. Others added, that Arthur's intimation to that effect had been accompanied with words, and they even hinted actions too, which by no means redounded to the glory of the Barbary colonel. Others doubted the addition, inasmuch as it was known that Arthur was as remarkable for steadiness and prudence as he was for resolution, and that it was more likely he should content himself with doing all that was necessary to secure the honour of his family without needlessly provoking a most formidable foe. Whatever degree of truth might be in those rumours, it was certain that on his return to Taunton, immediately after the interview, Kirke wore an aspect of tenfold malignity and superciliousness. He spoke little, and his countenance had a pale and mortified air, though still marked by the same expression of constrained placidity, and the revengeful smile that

seemed to say, "'Tis now *your* turn, but it may yet be mine."

Such, as Aquila afterwards acknowledged to her brother, was the expression which his features wore when, hurried beyond herself by natural indignation, she reproached his insolence, and taxed him with the base return he had made to her father and brother for the open hospitality and good-will with which they had received him. In the vehemence of her upbraiding, she had suffered all her previous judgment of his character to become more apparent than afterwards in her cooler moments she could have wished; for her habitual dread of Kirke was rather increased than diminished by this interview. All her reproaches he had received with his customary stoical calmness. A few words of menace only he had dropped; but they were shortly checked, and he listened to all that followed with the air of one whose purpose was too deeply seated to allow him to yield it vent in useless speech. Long after did Aquila Fullarton remember that settled smile of vengeance, and often and deeply did she regret the accident which had procured them so dangerous an acquaintance.

CHAPTER VIII.

In the mean time the public affairs began to assume an aspect which rendered all prudent persons no way desirous of adding to the number of their personal enemies. Disputes regarding the succession, the royal prerogative, and other topics of dissension, threatened every day to throw the nation into a state of confusion similar to that from which it had yet scarce well emerged. Kirke was recalled to London within a few weeks after the occur-

rence above mentioned, and the attention of both families was soon directed into another channel.

The Fullartons, as it has been already intimated, had not long resided in Taunton Dene, before a close intimacy arose between their family and that of Captain Kingsly: even the latter, who often rode or walked to the cottage, in order to pick up hints from the Scotsman's style of farming, was heard to speak of its inmates in terms of high esteem and friendship; his commendation, however, being generally followed by a deep sigh, as he recollected the only barrier which seemed to him to lie between them and human perfection. When any of the Kingslys were present, Gaspar Fullarton refrained from his customary morning invective against Lauderdale and the Duke of York; and in the hearing of the Fullartons, Captain Kingsly was moderate enough to restrain his usual panegyrics on the court. Before many months, the latter had even been known to check in some displeasure an over earnest denunciation of the Scottish Whigs by a zealous neighbour loyalist. So persuasive is friendship, and so easily oftentimes does the head yield when the heart has once been gained.

Apart from politics, which, when they happened to be agitated, absorbed all other interests, there were few circumstances which occasioned more general satisfaction in the neighbourhood than the rumour which now began to gain belief of an approaching union between Henry Kingsly and Aquila Fullarton. So entirely by this time had the thought of political differences given way to private esteem, that to young Kingsly the remembrance of them, as an obstacle, did not arise until he was reminded of them by his father.

"Bless thee, Harry!" he said, after a long pause, being somewhat stunned, notwithstanding all his admiration of the Fullartons, at the point-blank proposal of receiving the daughter of a Whig into his family, "thou

hast taken me somewhat by surprise: and yet—the Fullartons, indeed, are good and kind: but this is more than I anticipated. Mistress Fullarton is indeed, to all appearance, an excellent young woman—exceeding pleasant and amiable, so far as the surface goes—and a good daughter, too, if one could judge by outward show: and Gaspar Fullarton, too, if his good-nature be not all put on—a mere cloak to some private views—one would say, was a very estimable person. And Master Arthur, too—yes—yes—the family keep up a certain show of amiability, and I don't wonder a young person should be caught by it."

"Is there any ground, sir," said Henry, "to lead you to suspect that they are other than they seem?"

"No—no, sir;—did I say there were such grounds? I tell you, I like them, sir, well enough;—they are very obliging, whatever motive may lie at the bottom of it—and they have had the dexterity to procure themselves already a very good name in the neighbourhood. Yes—yes—they have got a speech and a manner that is, no doubt, exceeding dangerous to unsuspecting people; and if it be not all acting, as I confess it requires a great deal of penetration to see through it, it entitles them, no doubt, to a great deal of—of—deference—and—and—circumspection."

"They seem, sir," said Henry, who perceived the folly of arguing against such prejudices, "much altered in their sentiments since they became acquainted with our family.

"Ay, say you? that may be indeed—that may be, sure enough: but I tell thee, Harry, they yet have much to unlearn. Ah, I tell thee, there is more treason beneath old Gaspar's smile when he asks after the King's health, always next to my own, in a morning, than in all the loud fanatical raving of all the Whigs in Taunton. He looks through his half-closed lids into my

face, as if the honest zeal he discerned in my features, to him were matter of amusement. No—no—the more I think of it, the less my hope of any favourable change in the Fullartons; and though I like many things in them, yet if thou withdraw from this alliance and seek one in which there might be an unbroken harmony of thought in all things——"

"I am afraid, sir, it is now too late for that."

"Well—say no more—my blessing on thee!—only provide as thou canst against all possibility of future danger."

Young Kingsly hurried from the house. The morning was beautiful; the Tone ran smoothly along its banks, the winds were whist as sleep itself, the wild birds sang their morning carol to the spring. All seemed to promise joy and certain hope; and Henry, as he hastened along the fields, began to indulge in the happiest anticipations of the future. It is enough to say, that he was successful in his suit both to father and daughter. The marriage was fixed for the ensuing month; but, a week before the time appointed, an accidental circumstance occasioned its postponement to a more distant day.

About sunset, Aquila and her friend Tamsen Kingsly were seated at work on a rustic bench before the cottage windows; and while they were thus engaged, made the time pass pleasantly away by joining in a pastoral duet, which we will here transcribe as it was sung

AQUILA.

Dewy dimmet!* silent hour!
Welcome to our cottage bow'r!
See, along the lonely meadow
Ghost-like falls the lengthened shadow,

* Dimmet—the name given to the twilight in parts of the West of England.

While the sun with level shine
Turns the stream to rosy wine,
And from yonder busy town
Valeward hies the lazy clown.

BOTH.

Lovely dimmet! pleasing hour!
Welcome to our lonely bow'r!

TAMSEN.

Hark! along the dewy ground
Steals the sheep-bell's drowsy sound—
While the ploughman home returning
Sees his cheerful faggot burning,
And his dame with kindly smile
Meets him by the rustic stile,
While beneath the hawthorn mute
Swell's the peasant's merry flute.

BOTH.

Tuneful dimmet! mirthful hour!
Welcome to our cottage bow'r!

AQUILA.

Lass, from market homeward speed;
Traveller, urge thy lagging steed,
Fly the dark wood's lurking danger;
Churl, receive the 'nighted stranger—
He with merry song and jest
Will repay thy niggard feast,
And the eye of Heaven above
Smile upon the deed of love.

BOTH.

Dusky dimmet! dewy hour!
Welcome to our lonely bow'r!

TAMSEN.

Hour of beauty! hour of peace!
Hour when care and labour cease—
When around her hush'd dominion
Nature spreads her brooding pinion.
While a thousand angel eyes
Wake to watch us from the skies,
Till the reason centre there,
And the heart is moved to pray'r!

BOTH.

Lovely dimmet ! witching hour !
Welcome to our cottage bow'r !

While the young ladies were thus engaged, the sinking sun threw the lengthened shadow of a man along the sward on which they were standing. On turning, they observed a strange figure, which had passed the gate and was approaching the cottage. It was that of a Jew, well-favoured and of middle age, with a beard and hair as black as coal.

"Mine goot ladish," he said, taking off his hat with great respect, and bowing very low, "ish it Tone Cottage? Ish Mashter Gaspar Fullarton's?"

Aquila answered in the affirmative. .

"Here ish den," said the stranger, taking a packet from his bosom, "lettersh, mine fair shweet young lady, from Mashter Sidney Fullarton,—look you, for Mashter Gaspar his broder."

"Come in—come in," said Aquila eagerly, "and you shall see my father."

"Nay, I think you, mine goot young lady, I have not times; but if you have lettersh for Mashter Sidney Fullarton, or persons, let them be at Lyme on the seacoast at the full of the moon, and he shall find one ready to convey them."

He hurried away; while Aquila went in equal haste to place the letter in her father's hands. It was, as the stranger had stated, from Sidney Fullarton, and ran as follows:

"This will inform you that I am still in Holland, awaiting the time when it shall please Heaven to restore our injured patron to his lost inheritance, and our wretched country to her old estate of independence. In the mean-time we live well and merrily here, and our

circle of adventurers daily augmented by new-comers, driven abroad by their own discontent or the suspicion of their enemies. Argyle is well, and not less so the young Duke of Monmouth, who is here awaiting the turn of the tide which has wafted him so far seaward of his royal father's favour. The knave who takes this, commands a vessel, in which I should gladly hear that my nephew Arthur had embarked, for the space of one short month, in order that I might make him known to some of our noble friends. Let Arthur and you consider of it ; and if it can be, make me happy in your compliance. Let my sweet niece Aquila (whom with these words I tenderly embrace) be content for so brief a space to know that her good brother is in safe keeping. Farewell !"

"Sidney Fullarton."

This letter occasioned a strange turn in the posture of affairs. It was settled that Arthur should spend a month on the Continent, and that the marriage should be postponed till his return. In the mean time let us follow the bearer of the letter. On reaching a convenient spot on the road-side after leaving the ladies, he blew a small whistle, when two men in the dress of those fishermen who plied their trade on the southern coast appeared upon the road.

"Here," said he, plucking off his false beard and tossing it to one ; "that has served my turn for the present, so take it, and my gaberdine along with it—and now attend to my instructions. For at least one fortnight I must be absent, on some private business of the Duke, in the interior of the country. At the full of the moon you shall find me at the Cobb of Lyme, and be sure that you have all in order for immediate sailing. If you order this commission right, you are made men every soul."

Giving them the garments which he had used in his

former character, they hastily departed, and he pursued his way to Taunton, a total change effected in his appearance. Walking now erect, a man of middle age and respectable appearance, he entered the town, where none of these with whom as a Jew he had transacted business in the day could now recognize their customer. Knocking confidently at the door of a decent-looking house in one of the narrow streets leading to the church of St. Mary Magdalen, he demanded if Master Grimes the verger were within.

"My body is here, friend, whosoever thou art," cried the parish functionary, thrusting his head from an inner chamber as he heard the voice of a stranger asking for him, "but not so my office. The hour has passed for business; and though I be Master Grimes the verger in the morning, at such an hour as this I am but simple Master Grimes."

"Nay, Master," said the stranger, "this used not to be thy wont in answering a friend, and an old one too. Dost thou not remember Ephraim Dirges?"

The verger started forward.

"Ephraim!" he exclaimed, and then suddenly drew back to contemplate the person of the stranger with attention; "but Ephraim was killed at Tangiers, under Kirke."

"Thou art but an inconclusive reasoner," said the stranger, "not to know that if I had been slain at Tangiers, I could not now be conversing here with thee."

"Nay," said the verger, "there's sense in that, let thee be who thou wilt—but there are stranger changes than I can easily account for. Thou art tall and well-favoured; and Ephraim, when he and I were close companions, was a little mortal, without a tolerable feature in his face."

"Time—time, my friend," said the stranger,—"time will make wondrous changes."

"But will time turn red hair black?" said the verger.

"If not," replied the stranger, "remember how strong are the effects of climate. Consider how long I have been amongst the Moors, who are black to the finger-nails."

"Hum," said the verger, "there is something at the bottom of all this. I say nothing. Thou art a different Ephraim from him who broke the window of the vestry-room with a cricket-ball: but time, to be sure, and climate——"

"True, master verger, and therefore let me have the thing I came upon—a certificate of my birth, which thou mayest easily procure me by getting the proper persons to refer to the parish register. I am travelling further east; and there be rogues abroad, I would gladly be provided with the means of putting a stop to tedious questions. I know the hour is late, but I am willing," he added, producing two pieces of gold, "to make allowances for extra trouble."

"Well, Ephraim," said the verger, "since thou wilt have it thou art he,—and surely none have a better right to know whether thou art or no than thyself,—come hither in a quarter of an hour, and thou shalt have what thou requirest."

While this conversation was passing between the verger and his visitor, the latter was alluded to more than once in a discourse which passed at the Three Crowns amongst some fortuneless young men of the neighbourhood.

"Dost thou suppose, Andrews," said Caryl, a discarded apothecary's shopman from the neighbouring town of Chard, "that Garton Mowbray will be one with us in this trip to the Duke of Monmouth?"

"Is it certain then that this great man, who, as the Jew told us, is to make our fortunes only for allowing him to set whom he will to cut our throats, is no other than the exiled Duke of Monmouth?"

"He privately assured me of it. So I give thee a toast in a glass of Taunton ale. 'Here's to our Jew-captain, and success to his suit in the West?'"

"West and East, all points of the compass, I pledge thee with all my heart," said Andrews; "and just in time to have Mowbray join us, for I hear his exquisite sound outside."

At this moment a voice was heard singing in a loud tone in the hall without:

"Now the lusty spring is green,
Golden yellow, gaudy——

What, host! Are any of the gentlemen within?

Golden yellow, gaudy blue,
Daintily invite the view
Everywhere, on every green,
Roses blushing as they blow
And enticing men to pull
Lilies whiter——

In the parlour, say you?

Lilies whiter than the snow,
Woodbines of sweet honey full.

Good even, gentlemen; good even, both. What! where's your Jew seducer?"

"Do you desire a spice of his seduction also?"

"Why, I have been thinking of it, and I know not what else I have to do: I am as houseless a fellow as either of yourselves."

"Turn player with me," said Andrews, "and let us leave the Duke to play his own part without our assistance."

"Aye," said Caryl, "thou wouldst deal with poor Mowbray as thou didst with me,—coax him to quarrel with his friends for the sake of getting hissed and pelted

on a barn stage. Thou thinkest he would do rarely for the crook-backed tyrant?" And he ranted in a theatrical attitude:

> A thousand hearts are great within my bosom,
> Advance our standards! set upon our foes
> Our ancient word of honour, fair St. George,
> Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons!
> Upon them! Victory sits on our helms!

"What say you, Mowbray? The pavilion is in town and set up the sessions-house in the Castle-yard. What think you of turning Turk or emperor, or clown or vice?"

"I am for real adventures," answered Mowbray, "let who will be for fictitious ones."

"The crooked back tyrant!" exclaimed the player still regarding the second last speaker with a look of pity. "It is easy to see in what sort of school thou hast been educated. Better thou hadst never left thy gallipot and pestle, than live to spout Shakspeare to a gentleman."

"Shakspeare!" cried Mowbray; "thou a West-countryman, and run down Shakspeare?"

"Pish, sir, he did well enough 'to fill a pit in his time, but now we know that his works are fit for little better. His plays are little more than rubbish in the hands of the present generation, and before another half-century his very name will be forgotten. Read Dryden, sir—read Dryden; he will show you that Shakspeare was not fit to snuff a foot-light for the author of *The Duke of Guise*."

At this moment the door was partly opened, and a wild-looking head was thrust through the aperture.

"Bless all here!" exclaimed the new-comer.

This strange salutation, and spectral appearance of the head from which it proceeded, excited a general roar of laughter amongst the listeners.

"Ye're welcome to ye'r game, gentlemen—ye're welcome to ye'r game," said Shamus Delany, now fully open-

ing the door and entering the room. "It may be manners in these parts to laugh at a civil word; but I know a place where it wouldn't be wishin to ye for a dale ye show'd no betther."

"'Tis our Irish comrade," said Andrews; "we mustn't quarrel with him. Come in, come in, man, and sit down;—'twas a mistake. How could you suppose we should know you, when you only put your head into the room?"

"I'm sure," said Shamus, "it was the most knowledgable part of me."

He had hardly taken his seat, when the Jew, having once more resumed that character, made his appearance, followed by half a dozen individuals of much the same description as those already in the room. In the course of the evening some more dropped in from time to time, until the number appeared considerable.

"Gentlemen," said the Jew, "I have told you already the conditions on which your company is desired at the other side of the water. You know who is to be your master, and what prospects are held out to you. You have chosen your part: I hope you have no mind to change as yet?"

"No, no," cried Caryl; "we are Monmouth's to the death!"

"Well spoken, and readily. Then be on the Cobb of Lyme on the fifteenth, and you will find the means of joining him. I have some little commission to execute a little further on. In the mean while, let us sit at our ale and cake, like men at ease, and become friends at leisure."

CHAPTER IX.

On the following morning the emissary of the exiled Duke continued his journey on foot. About noon he reached the entrance of a handsome demesne, which, as the game-keeper informed him, bore the name of Pembroke-hall, the residence of a young gentleman of high family and fortune, but leading for some time past a somewhat secluded life. He had been left at an early age in possession of his large estates, and showed in the management of all his affairs an understanding worthy of grey hairs. Poor or wealthy, there was no one who had not something to say in praise of Edmund Pembroke. Firm without pride, and grave without severity, it was impossible to spend a day in his society without feeling for him a reverence mingled with love. If he detested levity, it was not for want of spirits, but because it was as impossible for him to indulge it as the oak to quiver like an aspen. On this morning he had risen, as usual, at an early hour, and became occupied till noon in the affairs of his dependants. He then retired, as was likewise his wont, to spend the remainder of the day alone.

"It is a different scene," thought he, as he entered the magnificent withdrawing-room, "from what I hoped it should be six years since; yet what especial privilege have I to murmur? I am not better nor more deserving than the millions who have been born to misery before, and the millions who shall be born to misery after me.—Six years!—is it possible that I have passed six years since then? And how easily I wear this disappointment now! and how very common-place and level are the feelings with which I dwell upon that event that once made resignation almost look impossible! Well time does wonders.—What's here? One of my pretty, doleful

fancies, while grief was fresh enough for whining, and not too fresh for rhyme. Why what a fellow was I to dabble in such stuff as this! — Pish! that's what comes of sitting in a lazy corner to gulp down melancholy thoughts. Let me see if I recollect the air. I hope no one will come and catch me after six year's time singing well-a-day still, after a runaway heroine. What a green willow scoundrel was I to think of ever penning such a howl!"

He took down a lute, and running a simple prelude, sang in a low voice the following verses :—

I.

Though lonely here by Avon's tide,
I waste my cheerless hours,
And see its silent waters glide
By thy forsaken bow'rs;
I'd rather bear the lasting pain
That breaks this heart of mine,
That pine beneath the golden chain
That guilt has flung o'er thine.

II.

In dreams I deem thee still mine own,
Unsullied and unchanged;
But morning shows the vision flown,
And thee again enstranged,
Oh! when from some unheeding tongue
I hear that once-loved name,
Then—then my inmost heart is wrung,
To think upon thy shame.

III.

How lonely, when I wake at dawn,
Each silent chamber now;
How joyless looks the sunny lawn,
How droops each weeping bough;
For though the noontide sun shine warm,
All cheerless fall his beams;
And lonesome now, without that form,
The gay veranda seems.

IV

With sinking heart and thoughtful pace,
I pass our garden door,
And 'mid the leafy stillness trace
Each haunt of rapture o'er.
The scents that rise, the flowers that blow,
The breeze that wanders free,
My altered sense can hardly know,—
All breathe of death and thee.

V.

Ah, once I thought that mind was fair,
And void of inward blame;
Old age, I said, and hoary hair,
Will find our hearts the same.
Now soon, oh soon, the church-yard lone
Shall hide those eares from me:
Ah! may that turf and cold grey stone
Rest lightly yet on thee!

VI.

But not with old affection's slight,
And love's forgotten day,
I charge thee in my song to-night,
Or pleasures past away.
No—pledged on yonder sacred sod,
Thy vows were heard above;
And thou wert falser to thy God,
Than even to Edmund's love.

"Well sung Master Pembroke. Well, a man under age may be excused for whining a little at being jilted; but if another now had penned such a ditty as this, how I could have rated him!—What, who sends this?"

A servant entered and handed him a packet.

"From the Duke of Albermarle," said the domestic. "The courier of his grace, who left the paper, said that your honour would be expected at Taunton early in the next week."

"What's here?" said Pembroke as he broke the seal. "'His Majesty commands—disaffection, dreaded in the West—in the absence of Sir W. B., that Mr. Pembroke

take the command of the militia to be immediately called out and exercised ;' and a brevet commission, as broad as the flag of a guild of trades ! With all my heart ! My poor militia majority has lain so long in a corner, that I almost forget the exercise.—Who's there ?"

"A stranger, sir," said a servant, "desires to speak with you in private."

"Not now, not now !" said Pembroke ; "I am busy about public matters, and have no time to spare for news in private."

"Dependant always," said the Jew, thrusting in his face at the half-open door, "on whom the private news be from."

"Thou art an impudent fellow, whoever thou art," said Pembroke ; and if his messenger's forwardness stand thy employer in any stead, he is surely blessed in thee. Come in then, and briefly tell what thou desirest."

The Jew looked at the servant, who retired at Pembroke's bidding, and produced a letter, which he delivered to the latter. At sight of the handwriting Pembroke turned deadly pale, and paused for some moments in order to suppress all symptoms of emotion.

"At what place," said he with sternness, "did you receive this letter ?"

"In Holland."

"At the house of James of Monmouth ?"

"Yes !" and the Jew watched as he answered in the affirmative the expression of the speaker's face, but there was no flying trace of selfish passion to be distinguished there : he saw only pity and a degree of shame beneath the severely set and motionless features.

"Art thou aware," said Pembroke, of what this contains ?"

"It was partly given me in the ear as well as in the hand," said the Jew, in case of failure in the carriage ;

for Lady H. was most desirous that if your honour should refuse, I might myself perform what she entreats."

"Since thou art in her confidence," said Edmund Pembroke, "I may well admit thee into mine in her regard. Here, friend, put up this letter, and go thy way in peace—since thou canst do what she desires, as well as others. I will read nothing of her letters while they are dated thus. To write to me from Monmouth's house! Out upon her, shameless and impenitent!"

"Sir," said the Jew, "I will be bold to say, if you will read the letter, you will find she is neither shameless nor impenitent."

"How comes she then, good friend, to write to me from Monmouth's house? Sunk as she is, if she had sent to me from the extremest corner of the earth, I still would fly to succour and befriend her: but where were the delicacy and feeling I once admired so much, when she wrote from Monmouth's house! Alas! where are they;—what a question is that! But I can be rational on any theme save this. I tell thee, friend, I will not read her letter; so go in peace and trouble me no more. I have, at one time, brooded upon this until my reason and my peace were both endangered, and I had well nigh become for ever useless to myself and to my species; and now that I am thank Heaven! the master of myself again, I will not suffer her to disturb and fool me for her pleasure."

"Come, come, sir," said the Jew, "you should not press too hard upon a penitent woman."

"Friend," replied Pembroke, "few who commit this crime repent of it. Be that as severe a sentence as it may, it is true as truth itself. If thou have children, therefore, be careful of their innocence, for real penitence is almost as rare. Lost innocence is lost for ever. The victim of shame may so far check her steps in the career of evil as to maintain the outward forms of world-

ly decency ; but it is only in one instance in a thousand that repentance reaches to the soul. If the writer of this letter were that one in a thousand, she would not date from James of Monmouth's house."

"Well," said the Jew, "surely thou knowest best. I would be but an intermeddler to say more. Give me an answer then, and I am gone."

Thus pressed, Pembroke paused for a time before he spoke. He turned to the window, and leaning his arm against the sash, and his forehead on his hand, looked out, for a long time motionless, upon the scene. Above the distant trees he was able to discern the turrets of W. Castle, where yet the family of the absent lady remained almost in ignorance of her condition. He called to mind the time when their acquaintance had commenced—when he knew her bright of heart, and gay as innocence and hope could make her—and he felt it almost impossible to believe that it could be from the same being he now received this wretched letter. What! she, the beautiful! the spirited! the warm-hearted! and who to him had once been all the world! Was it for her he heard a stranger pleading as for one almost unknown, and fallen to that state from which woman never more can rise on earth? The poorest peasant-girl who crossed those walks in his demesne, in the pursuit of her daily toil, held now a higher place than Lady H. When they were first acquainted, he had often congratulated himself on the liberty allowed to Lady H. in her education which made every excellence he had admired seem to flow freely from the will, and excluded all appearance of constraint and fear Now, how much he would have given that the freedom had been less and the safety more! The result of his reflections was, that he resolved to read the letter, and to send such verbal reply as might be of real service to the writer.

It was such an appeal as he had judged? the com-

plaint of a mind that was suffering intensely both from its remorse and degradation, but without the firmness to extricate itself from the thraldom which it seemed to feel acutely. Attaching little importance to words and feelings unaccompanied by acts, Pembroke persisted in returning his former answer.

"Let her leave the house of Monmouth," he said at the close, "and I will fly to serve her; but until that step be taken, all other news we hear of her are worse than none. Tell me truly, friend,—for I remember thee as one of old in Monmouth's confidence,—dost thou not think me right in saying, that by leaving this letter without reply, there is the surer hope that she may take the first essential step to her own release?"

The emissary was forced to answer in the affirmative.

"Then, say in her presence," resumed Pembroke, "all, or much as thou wilt of what thou hast now heard from me. Tell her that for her welfare I still would freely sacrifice my own—that I wait her orders ready to fly to their execution when they bear a different date—but that I never will communicate with Lady H. while she writes from the abode of James of Monmouth. And now you are at liberty to leave me, for I am busy on important matters."

The Jew departed, and Pembroke prepared to execute the commands he had received respecting the militia.

CHAPTER X.

At the appointed time Gaspar Fullarton accompanied his son as far as Lyme, from whence, according to the Jew's appointment, he was to take shipping to the con-

tinent. Before day on the morning of his departure, the wakeful old man stole into the chamber of the inn in which young Fullarton lay yet asleep and dreaming of war and conquest.

"To the breach! to the wall, my lads!" he muttered as he clenched his uncovered hand; and his face and hair, all damp with the agitation of his fancy, were pressed against the pillow.

"Ha! say you so? say you so?" exclaimed the father. "Nay, then, shame fall on the knave that flinches, and post him, say I, for a mere feather-bed hero!—Up, Arthur, up! or the town will be taken without thee. I can already see the topsails of your vessel shivering in the dawn. Arise, my boy, and let me see you to the shore."

Embracing each other, the father and son departed from the inn and hastened to the shore, where a small boat already awaited their arrival. In a few minutes the aged Scot beheld his son ascending the side of the small transport, and after tarrying to see her under weigh, retraced his lonely road to Taunton Dene.

While Arthur Fullarton continues his voyage, let us, in the briefest manner, place before the reader's eye those events of Monmouth's past career which had brought him to his present situation of disgrace and exile. Seldom does history present us with a more instructive example of that "vaulting ambition which o'erleaps itself."

It is well known that James Stuart, or Walters, or Barlow, or Sidney, or whatever name historians may choose to call him, was the reputed son of Charles, then himself an exile at the Hague,—and of Mistress Lucy Walters, or Barlow: that his mother, on receiving a pension of 400*l.* a year from Lords Ormond and Hyde, agreed to take him home to England, from whence both were ordered back by Cromwell; that she soon after

lost the favour of the young prince, and sank into an untimely grave.

Young James, on being taken from his mother, was conveyed by Lord Crofts to Paris, and there placed for the purposes of education under the care of the Oratorians, a celebrated religious society ; under whose care he remained until the downfall of the English Commonwealth had placed his reputed father on the throne of his ancestors.

From the seclusion, the regularity, the obscure tranquillity of a conventual life, young Monmouth—not yet, however, the possessor of that title—found himself suddenly transferred to the dazzling splendour of, perhaps, the gayest court in Christendom. To even the strongest minds such changes are severely trying,—and Monmouth's does not appear to have been one amongst the strong. On his arrival at court, one of the first steps required of him by his royal patron and reputed father, was a professed conformity to the doctrines of the Established Church. Whether the young aspirant experienced any struggles of conscience in making the sacrifice required of him, history does not inform us. It only lets us know that he obeyed ; that by the advice of Lords Bristol and Castlemaine, and contrary to that of the Queen-mother and of Clarendon, he received the title of Duke of Monmouth, and the hand of the young Countess of Buccleugh, the wealthiest heiress of the land from which she derived her fortune. His success at court was such as might be expected for a royal favourite, and one naturally endowed with all the popular graces of person and of mind. Brave, mild, handsome, and aspiring,—the original, in a word, of Dryden's inimitably beautiful description,—for him to seek applause was to obtain it. Already the scheme of procuring to the young adventurer the legitimate inheritance of the Stuarts suggested itself to the minds of courtly syco-

phants. Carlisle and Ashley are said to have whispered in the royal ear, that if he desired to acknowledge a private marriage with the mother of the Duke, it would be easy to find witnesses. The reply of Charles was decisive: He had rather "see him hanged at Tyburn."

It would be encroaching too far on the province of history to enter into all the details of his subsequent career: his intrigues at court—his drunken night-frolics in the streets of London, stained in one instance, with the guilt of a barbarous homicide—his services as leader of the English auxiliaries under Louis, the French king—his new intrigues to open a way to the succession, so oft renewed, and as often defeated by the vigilance of the Duke of York, and Charles's own sense of honesty—his campaign in Scotland—his subsequent connexion with the English Whigs, and, above all, with Shaftesbury—and the long tissue of intrigue, discomfiture, disgrace, offence, and pardon, and offence again, which ended in his present state of exile at the Hague—his desertion of the Duchess his wife, and of their children, and adding to the shame of public perfidy the guilt of private licentiousness,—are already familiar to the reader of English history.

Though often tempted, Monmouth had not yet entirely thrown himself into the hands of the exiles, who, with Argyle at their head, were watching in Rotterdam the turn of affairs at home. On the contrary, he seemed to keep aloof, and continued at the Hague, enjoying the hospitality of the Prince of Orange, who knew enough of Charles not to fear offending him by any attention which he might show to his banished son. Some of the exiles here had gathered about Monmouth, while the greater number still remained at Rotterdam.

A few days sail brought the voyagers within sight of the present residence of Monmouth. Sidney Fullarton

had come to the Hague to meet his nephew as he landed on the quay, and to conduct him to his own lodgings, at no great distance from the house of Monmouth, in which the exiles were accustomed to hold their meetings.

"Thou art arrived at a critical moment," he said, as they partook together of some refreshment which he had caused to be prepared with all possible haste. "To-day there is a council of the exiles held at Monmouth's house, where thou mayest see as many as are not in Rotterdam, and to-night they are invited to an entertainment at the palace, where you must make one of the number."

Without losing time, they went together to the dwelling of the Duke. It was a building of ordinary appearance, small in size, but containing at the time a great deal of intrigue and wretchedness. While Sidney Fullarton and his nephew were hastening toward the house of Monmouth, that nobleman and Lord Grey of Wark were occupied at *pall-mall* in a small enclosure in the rear of the building. The Duke was at this time in the very prime of youth, with a character of frankness on his handsome features that gave them striking brilliancy yet somewhat curtailed of their dignity by a certain air of boyish, if not feminine softness. He seemed ever ready for a laugh, and ever sending his mild eyes around as if to see that no one's jest should pass without his affable chorus. By this easiness of disposition, it happened that even those who made their fortunes and their measures dependent upon his, were accustomed to use a degree of freedom in their familiar conversation that did not always suit the station of the respective speakers.

The English nobleman who was occupied in the game with the Duke was very different in appearance from that adventurous prince. Though scarcely inferior in beauty of person, the character of Lord Grey's countenance was rather forbidding than attractive. His hair hung down in jetty curls upon his shoulders : his eyes were dark and

inquisitive in their expression, and his thin and sunken cheeks betrayed a bosom not unacquainted with suspicion and with care. Naturally gifted with talents of no ordinary kind, and with a quick and vivacious temperament, he had debased the first to sensual uses, and allowed the second to degenerate into a quality the least creditable in the eyes of the world that can attach to the manly character. Lord Grey, however, although suspected of some lack of personal courage, had been hitherto prudent enough to avoid affording his enemies any opportunity of pointing more than an insinuation at his fame in this respect. His habitual courtesy, his perfect self-command, and his ever ready talent, enabled him to observe a line of conduct free from positive reproach, and those who were most in his society were the very persons who least suspected his feeble point. He was, however, only a consummate actor, and while he laughed and jested amongst his dissolute companions, his breast was secretly tortured with the stings of conscience, and with the miserable fears of death. It was singular that a mind so much above the ordinary standard should share the vulgar subserviency to sensible impressions; yet it was certain that the nature of his fear resembled more the physical weakness of a woman or a child than that of a conscious coward and the form in which death appeared was not to him the least important circumstance attending it. His subtle gift of flattery recommended him to the vain and feeble-minded Monmouth, who was much censured by the more penetrating and experienced amongst the exiles for admitting such a person to his confidence.

"Well, my lord," said the Duke, throwing down the ball and mallet, "three defeats in one morning is enough for my stock of patience. Was not this about the hour when our friend Dare the broker was to return?"

"It is about the time," replied Lord Grey, "and I know the knave too well to doubt his punctuality. He

thoroughly understood the part your grace would have him act. He is a rogue who has suffered too much already in the cause to think now of playing either the sloven or the traitor. 'Tis pity he lacks gold!"

"Ah!" said the Duke, "and that is just the commodity with which we can least afford to furnish him."

"I have promised him a small mortgage," said Lord Grey, "upon my own estate, and he understands business well enough to be perfectly contented."

"The swallows, methinks," said the Duke, "do not flit so fast as they were wont. What say you, my Lord Grey, if, while we wait some favourable turn of affairs on the other side of the water, we take horse and weapon again, and fight for the Prince of Orange? Our steel will be eaten up with rust if we loiter in these flats."

"If your grace had not higher game in view," replied Lord Grey, "I should say 'arm and to horse' for anybody rather than lie thus inactive. But your grace will bear in mind that in the present juncture your life can scarce be called your own."

"How mean you, my lord?" exclaimed the Duke, a smile of evident pleasure breaking through the affected sternness with which he gazed upon his confidant.

"It is mine," replied the flatterer, "and Lord Argyle's, and Rumbold's, and Fletcher's, and Hackston's, and Fullarton, and Sir John Cochrane's,—in a word, it is the property of your country—of England, which looks to James of Monmouth for a more genuine restoration than that which placed his royal father in the palace of Whitehall—the restoration of her liberties."

"You say right, my lord," said Monmouth, looking down as if disappointed.

"And in those liberties," continued Grey, "the restoration of his own rights—of the inheritance from which he has been excluded by the force of intrigue and of chicane."

"Nay, my Lord Grey," replied the Duke, with evident satisfaction, struggling through his efforts to repress it,—"no more of that. I seek the people's welfare, not my own Remember that it is for their sakes not my own, I suffer present banishment. My gallant comrades in that unhappy effort were not the men who would have hazarded a nation's peace merely to place James of Monmouth on the throne. No, Grey, I am but a tool in the hands of the people of England. They seek what Hampden sought and died for, and they are welcome to my name and sword in such a cause. I seek, I ask no more. Let them draw me, use me, conquer with me, and when that is done, return me to the sheath of my obscurity, or fling me away as a thing no longer needed. If England be happy, Monmouth is content."

"These are not the sentiments," said Grey, "which diminish the probability of your grace's eventual success."

Again Monmouth smiled. "No, Grey," said he, "you are widely in error. It is not from me that my uncle of York has anything to fear. We dwell too near the tomb of Shaftesbury to indulge ambitious dreams No more of this; for I tell thee, one whisper of such treasonable designs would cost me the better portion of my friends both here and at home. I have myself renounced ambition. But there is one from whom the Duke has more to fear than from any other. You have an interest, my lord, in keeping secrets"

"I cannot guess," replied Lord Grey.

"What think you of our host?"

"How! The Prince himself!"

"But that the intimation comes from your grace, I should say it is wild beyond belief."

"Be assured I am right," said Monmouth. "He is playing a subtle game, and thinks I do not see the drift of it. What say you to his promising me some regi-

ments in case I should be wise enough to meditate a descent? This is in confidence! it was not directly said but strongly intimated, and it is easy to perceive with what intent."

Lord Grey looked astonished, and laid up this confidential intimation to be privately disseminated amongst the exiles at a fitting opportunity. While they were yet speaking, a door opened in the rear of the building, and the expected emissary made his appearance.

"You are welcome," said the Duke: "what dost thou bring from England?"

"I bring my life, and it please your grace,—I bring my life," he replied with the looks and gestures of one who had escaped some imminent danger. "If it had been any other than your grace's business—And I too—I—who am not like my Lord Grey, a very devourer of fire, who makes no more of a cannon-ball than if it were a school-boy's paper pellet——"

"Come, sir," said Monmouth, "we know you well enough, and remember that you were not so mealy tongued before King Charles with the paper of the Taunton petitioners in your hand. You must still remember that your name is Dare."

"Ah," said the broker, "I beseech your grace to spare me the remembrance. Never was pun so dearly bought as that."

"Nor truth more staunchly verified, I will say that for thee," replied the Duke: "Let us have your commands at once."

Without making any reply in words, Dare, (for it was indeed no other than the famous goldsmith of Taunton,) unscrewed a hollow cane which he carried in his hand, and took from the interior a roll of paper sealed, which he handed to the Duke in silence.

It was penned by some surviving accomplices in the former conspiracy, who resided still in London, and de-

clared their readiness as soon as ever Monmouth should set foot on any part of the English coast, to second his efforts by an insurrection in the metropolis itself. There were still, they said enough of the old party left to make the double plot successful.

While this was passing, Sidney Fullarton had conducted his nephew into that apartment in the Duke of Monmouth's residence, which was appointed for the meeting of the exiles. Having presented Arthur to a few of those who had already arrived, he led him to a corner from which they could observe the whole assembly, and where they might converse unheard.

"What man is that?" asked Arthur, "gathering his brows with so gloomy an air near the open window, and who looks as if he saw hostile weapons shining in the air without?"

"He is a genuine Covenanter! Hackston of Rathillet."

"Rathillet? he who refused to take a part in the slaying of Archbishop Sharp, lest it should be said he was instigated by motives of personal and private enmity?"

"The self-same dainty conspirator. And he whom you behold in the act of entering with those papers in his hand, is Mr. Fletcher, our countryman likewise, who would be a host in any cause were it not for his infirmity. He is fiercer than ten thousand furies in his angry moods—and they are not few. It were curious, but that it is lamentable, to observe how perfectly this one unhappy failing in the temper robs him of all the benefit of his noble qualities. He is a powerful reasoner; yet set the veriest dolt who can keep his temper against him in debate, and give that dolt the wrong side of the argument to boot, and ten to one he will put Fletcher down with the hearers. I have seen the very absurdities brought against him so deprive him of all

self-command as to leave him without power to show their folly. There is no man so wise, so learned, so brave, and so accomplished together, amongst the exiles, —none who joins such extensive reading to so profound a genius; yet all is useless to himself, and sometimes worse than useless to his friends, through mere defect of temper."

While he was speaking, Monmouth and Lord Grey made their appearance.

"Well, my lord," said Fletcher, "You are welcome. My Lord Argyle and myself have been proposing the getting up of private theatricals as the best means of passing the time. What think you of a 'A King and No King?' My Lord Grey, perhaps, will help us to a Captain Bessus."

"And Mr. Fletcher" retorted Grey with a frown, "would furnish us the gasconading half of Arbaces."

"And leave the other half—the real valour that redeems the gasconade, to you, my lord," said Fletcher, "that each may be fitted with what each is most in want of."

"Gentlemen," said Monmouth, "I have the satisfaction to tell you that we are likely to have better occupation soon in hand than that of mimicking those whose trade is mimickry. The tide is changing in the court at home."

The exiles listened with the deepest interest while he made them acquainted with the favourable intelligence he had received from England. To hear that the Duke of York was to be exiled from court—for in such light did every one regard his mission to Scotland—and that rumour spoke of an intention on the part of Charles to recall the Duke of Monmouth, was, in truth, for the exiles to say that all was about to go as the friends of the people wished it.

"I warrant you," said Hume, "This news from En-

gland has had something to do with the sudden increase of favour from the Prince of Orange. He has had his share of it, whoever was the bearer."

"Gentlemen," said Monmouth, "let me beseech your attention for some moments. I give you hearty joy of this intelligence, which is beyond all comparison the best that has followed us since we left home. There is every prospect now of fair play for the country and for ourselves. The King, my royal father, is yet young and healthy, and may live——"

"My Lord! my Lord of Monmouth!" said a voice outside the door.

"—and may live long enough to——" Monmouth was continuing without heeding the interruption, when the door flew open so suddenly that it seemed almost to have burst the lock.

"My Lord of Monmouth!"

"What, Helsham! Has anything befallen? Speak, sirs!—Has any misfortune——"

All the exiles arose alarmed; and Monmouth continued to gaze upon the Scot with a look of intense undefined anxiety. The latter meanwhile seemed collecting himself to deliver his news with suitable calmness.

"May it please your grace," he said at length, with a voice of which every sound was drunk in a thirsty stillness—"May it please your grace to pardon me for being the bearer of the saddest news that has filled your ears or mine for many a year——"

"Lady H.!" cried Monmouth, about to hurry from the chamber.

"Hold, my lord! she is well—at least I know of nothing to the contrary. Alas! my lord, forgive me for saying the blow is heavier far than any which could light upon your own immediate household. Your royal father, my lord——"

"What of him, Helsham? How is he?"

"As our hopes are—in his grave. The King, my lord, is dead!"

Monmouth sickened, reeled, and leaned on the shoulder of Lord Grey for aid. Universal dismay and consternation seized upon the circle. It was some moments before Monmouth could recover sufficient composure to inquire into the particulars of this blasting news. Half terrified for the consequences to himself, half smitten at the heart by natural anguish at the loss of a parent who even in his anger was a protector and a refuge, it was impossible for him to maintain even a moderate degree of self-command.

"But how, Helsham?—how?" he asked, his countenance deadly pale, and every limb trembling as if struck with palsy;—"the King was well last week."

"As many others were," said Helsham, "who now like him lie low. It is by this time public in the streets around us. The power that gives life to monarchs and to clowns can only say why it is thus—we know but that it is so. He died of an apopletic stroke, as the doctors called it, and with the Duke at his bedside, who now is James the Second."

"Nay, then, all England's up!" exclaimed an exile.

"Far from it. The new monarch and the commons draw together as if they never had a thought divided. So far as could be learned, no summer morning ever broke so fair as this new reign has done. Whether the weather will hold up or no, must take a longer head than mine to tell."

"My kind friends," said Monmouth, slowly recovering himself, but yet in utter dejection, "this news has altered all our destinies. I have but one advice to give you, and I give it from my heart. It was I who drew you here and filled you with those hopes that now are blasted. Forgive me for it, and disperse again to provide for your

own safety. There is no hope left for us, or England either. Go, gentleman—go you, my lords, and seek your own security. Forget the wretched Monmouth, who but one half-hour since thought he had already reached the point from which he might requite your services and love. My gratitude shall always follow you; I shall always bear in mind your zeal and honesty in the good cause, though now it be lost beyond all hope. Farewell, good friends! we cannot struggle against the Divinity which can baffle all our projects by strokes so sudden and so unforseen as this"

The grief of heart and energy of manner with which the unfortunate nobleman addressed his followers created a strong sensation in the assembly. All united in remonstrating with him on his extreme despondency. Affairs, they said, were by no means in so hopeless a condition as he seemed to take for granted.

"Trust me, my lords," said Fletcher with his impatient frown, "the Duke, though all at present seem to flow so calmly, will not suffer it to be so long. In some way or another he will be certain, by the help of his inborn love of despotism, to afford an opportunity hereafter to the friends of England to redeem what she has lost."

After some further arguments had been urged to the same purpose by other individuals, Monmouth began with the effeminate vacillation which was natural to him again to rally his spirits, and even to go beyond the rest in the energy of his reviving hopes. It was agreed to avoid coming to any decision on what was to be done until they should hear more certain news from home, and in the mean time to use all possible efforts in strengthening their limited force in Holland.

Another adverse stroke was dealt against the exiles before the sun went down. The Stadt-holder, alarmed at the events in England, and unwilling to incur the displeasure of the new monarch, took occasion to postpone

an intended entertainment at the palace, and even intimated to the Duke that it would be necessary for him and his followers to leave the city. This disagreeable announcement is said to have been softened at the time by promises of secret aid, which were not to be fulfilled.

CHAPTER XI.

In the mean time, a scene which had less relation to public affairs, but not less to Monmouth, was passing in another apartment of the building.

On the evening when the ship which bore young Fullarton arrived in Holland, Lady H. was in her chamber expecting the arrival of the messenger to whom she had intrusted her letter to Edmund Pembroke. Her wasted figure, and thin and sallow countenance, showed something of the anxiety with which she expected his arrival.

"It is the day," said she, "and about the hour, when he bade us to expect him. Run, Alice, to the window in the hall and see.—Nay, stay!" she exclaimed, laying her hand on the attendant's arm; "do not leave me, I cannot endure to be alone. I know not what to do, what remedy to seek for this continual terror that besets me. I wonder at Monmouth. Have not men likewise consciences as women have, that tell them of guilt incurred, of social duties disregarded, of nature outraged and contemned? Yet, while my wretched meals are haunted by incessant, unaccountable fears, Monmouth can jest and laugh as if he knew neither blame nor error."

"All men are so, and it please your ladyship," replied the attendant.

"Not all men—no, not all. I can remember one—

and would I could forget him !—whose mind was of a different mould. Hark ! is not that a foot upon the staircase? It is—'tis he !—now hope be my support and strength !"

The door opened, and Dare the broker appeared. Lady H. did not wait for him to speak, but with hands clasped, and a countenance that glowed with the fervour of her gratitude, exclaimed,

"Friend, thou are punctual to thy word, and a wretched woman thanks thee from her heart. In your hour of distress and need—for all must look in turn for such an hour—may Heaven remember your benevolence to me and be your friend, as you were mine in my calamity ! Have you spoke with Pembroke ?"

"Madam, I have."

"How looked he? How does Pembroke? worthy Pembroke !"

"In good truth, madam, the young gentleman, who was shown to me for Edmund Pembroke, is a well-looking young gentleman as ever my eyes alighted on. If fresh cheeks and well turned limbs, and a vigorous carriage of body, be signs of health, then he is in good health, and likely long to be so."

"I am very glad of it," said Lady H. ; "I hope he will live long in the enjoyment both of peace and health. Thou—" she paused for a long time as if expecting that the Jew would speak—"Thou gavest him my letter ?"

"I did."

"I thank thee heartily, for I have not another friend now whom I would dare address but Pembroke. What said he in reply ?"

She looked as if expecting that the broker would hand her a reply ; and it appeared as if the latter harped her thought aright, for he hastened to put an end to her suspense.

"Madam," said he, "you judge right that Master

Pembroke is your friend, for I have seldom heard the language of a truer and tenderer regard than he showed in speaking of your ladyship. It went sorely, madam, against his mind that your ladyship should have addressed him from his grace of Monmouth's house; and, to say a truth, it was upon that score he would vouchsafe no manner of written answer to your letter."

Lady H. seemed not in the least to have expected this. Accustomed as she had been to look on Pembroke as her very worshipper, the sense of her fall had seldom struck her with more acuteness than when reminded of it by him. She covered her face with her hands, and did not answer for some time.

"What were his words?" she said at length; "tell me exactly what he said, whatever it may have been."

"Why, madam," said the emissary, "for that I cannot charge my memory; but I know the burthen of the song was this, that he never would hold any communication with your ladyship while you remained in the house of the Duke of Monmouth."

"And this was all his answer?" said the lady in a disappointed tone.

"It was all—or all resolved itself into that," replied the broker; "and, in truth, it was so spoken that I think your ladyship will but lose your pains and time in seeking to alter his resolution."

"So much for Pembroke!" said Lady H. in a painful whisper, and after a long silence. "Have you seen—my father?"

"When I found, madam, that Mr. Pembroke would by no means execute your wishes, as conveyed in the letter, I undertook the task myself. Madam I have seen your noble parent."

"I envy thee thine eyes, that were so lately blessed with the sight of his indulgent looks. I can see by thy tone that he is well."

"He is."

"You found some means of letting him hear of his miserable child?"

"Madam, I put it in a train. When I drew near the house, into which I had observed him entering some time before, I looked out for some face or figure that had a look of ancient servitude about it. I did not wait long. An aged woman, in a dress that seemed to have descended to her from some grandame of Queen Bess's days, and supporting her old bones with a crutch-headed walking-cane, crossed me as I stood upon the path. I doffed my hat as she passed, and asked if the building I beheld were that of my Lord ——. She answered that it was, and seemed to wait my further speech. 'I could tell his lordship tidings,' said I, 'of a daughter of his whom I lately saw in Holland.' 'Alack! sir,' cried the poor old creature, trembling in every limb, and weeping as if she were about to fall to pieces from affliction at the sound; 'do you tell me of our child?' 'You knew the Lady H. then?' I inquired. 'Knew her!'—and she crossed her withered hands upon her breast—'she was my foster-child. A lonesome house it is since that bright angel left it! She was the light of all our eyes. There has no joy come within our gates since she departed. Even the very laughter that we hear at times, when my lord has visitors to make him merry, sounds just as weeping used before she went, That fatal—fatal day!' And then, madam, she let her old tongue loose in praise of your ladyship, and added more concerning his grace of Monmouth than I would be willing to say after her in his presence."

"But you gave her my commission?"

"Ay, and she pledged her word to see it done, although she shook her head when I talked of my lord being brought to cast all behind his shoulder again.—But, madam, some one knocks; I must ask your leave

to depart. Your ladyship knows how I may be found when I am needed."

"I thank thee," said Lady H. "most deeply thank thee, for thy zeal and kindness."

The broker departed, and Lady H. awaited the entrance of the new-comer. It was Monmouth, who came to make her acquainted with the intelligence which had just arrived, and with the commands of the Stadt-holder that they should leave the city.

CHAPTER XII.

The dismay of Lady H. can hardly be conceived when he informed her of the necessity for their speedy separation; that he must at once retire to Brussels, where the exiles were about to form a plan for the invasion of the English shores. She had penetration enough, however, to see that the arguments which terror first prompted her to use, were not those which would be most likely to alter the determination of the Duke. She made, therefore, for some time an effort to conceal them, while the young nobleman indulged in the most extravagant anticipations of success.

"Yes," he exclaimed, pacing rapidly to and fro in the apartment with gestures of delight; "these dreadful news, which rung, as I thought, the death-knell to our hopes, will have, after all, the effect of accelerating our success. We have plenty of friends both in the North and West, and all we now need wish for is a favourable wind, and some small addition to our funds. Argyle already has all that my poor trinkets could procure him – and——"

"Of course, Monmouth," said Lady H., "my jewels

are free to your use for any purpose you may desire.—But do I hear aright? Is it possible, that with a handful of friends, scarce sufficient to eke out a tolerable dinner-party, you think of shaking the throne of one of the greatest sovereigns on earth?"

"Consider, Lady H., how numerous are our friends at home."

"I do, my lord. I know that they are numerous—at least they were so once, and they may be so still, provided you do not forfeit their attachment by such rash and hasty measures as would make the chance of success not even the shadow of an excuse for the risk of general woe and ruin that would attend a failure."

"There is no danger of a failure," said the Duke impatiently.

"Monmouth," said Lady H., "I am no politician, but I know the West of England well. The yeomen are your friends; and they, poor things, might perhaps be easily embroiled in your quarrel. The gentry favour you likewise; but is not now that you will find them disposed to manifest their partiality, and without them what can you effect?"

"The gentry will be with us to a man," said Monmouth hastily. "But there is one expression, Lady H., in what you have said that gives me pain. You spoke of this as '*my quarrel!*' It is the quarrel of the English people, my sweet friend, not mine. It is the quarrel of right against wrong, of liberty against oppression."

"Clothe it with what names you will, my lord," said Lady H." "it is still an inciting of the governed against their governor—of a people against the king to whom they have professed a free allegiance; a measure so repugnant to the natural sense of right, that although tyranny will drive men at times to use it, they have never yet, in absence of the immediate provocation agreed to give it formal sanction. Even selfish prudence

would suggest delay at least. The new King as yet has not made himself your friend, by any manifest injustice. He is even by your own showing popular. Wonder not, my lord," continued Lady H., "that the alarm of my own breast should suddenly have given me light in affairs that are commonly esteemed too weighty for a woman's strength. Do you imagine for an instant the possibility of your falling into the hands of the Duke of York, or the King since such he has become? Do you think in such a case that you would have still to deal with a Charles Stuart? Believe me, if the chance should ever arrive, you would find the difference between a father and an uncle."

"My dear Lady H.," said Monmouth, "your tenderness makes you over apprehensive. It needs but the unfolding of our standard on the western coast to turn that transient gleam of popularity to lasting storm and gloom."

"To storm and gloom indeed, my lord," replied the lady with an excited air and manner, "but against whom to be directed? Alas! my lord, liberty and right are specious sounds; but, like all earthly blessings, they are often purchased at an expense that they never can repay. Think what it is, my lord, to embroil a state in civil war, to set the population of a country-side in arms against their rulers, and to bring bloodshed and distraction to the hamlet and the cottage hearth. It is not you, Monmouth, nor Argyle, nor Fletcher, nor any of those who are busy in the management of this maniac expedition, that are to be taken as unbiassed judges of the real merits of the case. The question belongs more nearly to the humble peasantry whom you seduce, who share all the danger of the attempt, yet must reap nothing of the glory of success, and on whom the ruin of failure must come down in all its weight. And were failure only to comprise the loss of what you seek, it might be tolerable;

but, my lord, the picture that presents itself to me is of a far more frightful nature ; for this thought of failure is inseparable in my mind from the very nature of your scheme. Turn which way I will, I find ruin still before me ;—a peasantry writhing beneath the lash of the offended and triumphant law—a powerful sovereign provoked—the country farther removed than ever from the accomplishment of its just desires. Thou, too, Monmouth——But dare I trust my thought upon a possibility so full of horror? Yet what can be imagined so disastrous, that a few brief months may not out-blacken it if you persist in such a scheme as this ?"

"This," said the Duke, "is the mere delirium of over-anxiety. Our plans are better laid than you believe."

"You must bear with me, my lord," said Lady H., "if I cannot but shudder at the idea that a few brief months—nay, weeks, if you should press your time of sailing, may see your fortunes at an end, and the name of Monmouth, from which great things are still expected, obscurely noted in the annals of his native land, as one of the many who have incurred the guilt and odium of rebellion, without redeeming them by the worldly splendour of success. But, Monmouth, these are not my only arguments against your project ; I have others that relate more nearly to ourselves. Is this your formal renunciation of ambition? You told me you had given up for ever those projects which had so nearly cost you dear. Will you violate your word? Will you abandon *me* to misery for a maniac's dream ?"

"Lady H.," said Monmouth mildly, "I did not think that selfish thoughts like these——"

"Alas ! my lord, such selfishness is now my lightest blame. You must not leave me, Monmouth, for there is something tells my mind that we should never meet again. Resign this idle hope, and keep the word you

gave.—Selfish ! Oh, Monmouth, is it selfishness, when I have not another friend on earth, when the door of my paternal home is closed against me, when my good name itself is lost ;—is it selfish to entreat that you, my last remaining one, for whom I have surrendered these, should not forsake me ?"

Even while she was speaking, Monmouth's attention seemed to be wandering to his more important designs.

"Dear Lady H.," he said, taking her hand, and still with the same mild accent as before, "why do you speak of being forsaken or abandoned ? They are shocking words which should never occur between us. I only wish that you should remain in private here until better times shall enable us to meet as hitherto."

"But I cannot, my lord,—I dare not live alone. I could bear anything better than the horrid thoughts that torment me when I am alone."

"What then ?" said Monmouth, expanding his hands with a remonstratory smile ; "I am all compliance. What must be done ? Our time in Brussels will be both brief and busy. Still less could fitting accommodations be afforded you in an armed transport such as we must use."

"I could bear anything, do anything rather than remain behind," said Lady H., in the strongest terror,— "the deck, the open field. Accommodations ! Oh, little do you know the mind that you address ! The time has long gone by when I could be delicate upon those points. The torment of the mind has taught me to care little for the body's ease."

"This is extremely distressing," said Monmouth with an air of gentle perplexity, "my time is short, and our friends are even at this instant expecting me to give some orders respecting the departure of our petty force. Dear Lady H., let me entreat you to consent to remain here until——"

"I cannot, Monmouth," said the lady with increasing vehemence. "I see that I am destined to be sacrificed, but I will not be a party to my own destruction. Oh! now I feel my ruin! Now, now my last plank in the storm is about to be torn from my grasp; but I will not yield it up while I have strength to hold it. If you are weary of me, Monmouth, why did you not leave me in my father's hall, where I was blest and innocent until we met? Say this is selfish if you will. I tell thee, Monmouth, that even with the dread of madness in my eyes which hourly haunts me in my loneliness, if I saw a hope of good to you from this, I would still dare all to know that you were the gainer; but you are now involving both in certain ruin."

"My dear, dear H.," said Monmouth, shaken in spite of himself, "I cannot bear to see you in this torture. If you insist upon it, then I must——"

"Upon my knees, I pray you to be wise. The men you act with, are men of desperate fortunes, who have nothing to lose by setting all upon a cast, and much to gain by even the least success."

"Nay, that indeed is true," said Monmouth, still perplexed. "Be quieted, be comforted, I beseech you. Pray rise; I cannot see you at my feet. I will send word by Helsham to our friends——"

He was interrupted by the sudden appearance at the door of the attendant he had named.

"Well, Helsham, what's the matter?"

"Mr. Fletcher, my lord——"

Fletcher, who suspected what occasioned the delay of Monmouth, here presented himself without waiting further announcement.

"My lord," said he in a stern voice, "you are waited for."

"Am I, Mr. Fletcher? I am sorry for it. I was about to send Helsham to inform our friends that I have

changed my mind about proceeding direct to Brussels. I see you are surprised, but——"

"Troth, my lord," said Fletcher with a short laugh, "few friends who have known your grace so well as I do can be much surprised at hearing that you have changed your mind."

"Mr. Fletcher," said the Duke in some confusion, yet preserving his mild urbanity of tone, "Lady H. has urged some reasons——"

"I judged as much, my lord," said Fletcher, advancing a few steps toward Lady H." who shrunk at his approach like a child in awe of a preceptor. "I wonder, madam," he said in a voice as stern as he could use, "that selfish feelings should lead you to forget what was owing to your country and the honour of his grace."

"Pray, Mr. Fletcher," said the Duke, "let us have no more of this. Perhaps, dear Lady H.," he added, taking her hand kindly, "It will be better, after all, that our friends should be satisfied. Let me beg of you to be composed till this business has been despatched. All other arrangements shall be concluded at our leisure. Be assured your happiness shall not be disregarded amid the general interests."

Lady H. returned his farewell with a chidden silent air, like one who despaired of succeeding against an influence so much stronger than her own. Following him with her eyes and with a heart that ached with the sense of its approaching desolation, she waited until the closing of the outer door had announced the departure of the Duke, before she changed the mournful and hopeless attitude in which he left her.

CHAPTER XIII.

In the mean time all was bustle in Taunton. The Fullartons had received a letter from Arthur, desiring that the marriage of his sister might no longer be deferred, as it was impossible for him now to return to Tone Cottage within any specific time. He feared to commit to writing the true reason of his continued absence, which was that he had engaged to accompany the Earl of Argyle in the intended expedition. Aquila, however, had the skill to draw the secret from the bearer of the letter without letting it reach another ear.

"Who gave you that letter, Donald!" she said privately to the servant who had brought it into the small parlour, having followed him as soon as she had learned the contents.

The domestic answered in his native dialect, that the man had given no name; but if his young lady wished to know more about him, she might find him lingering yet about the shrubbery on the left of the cottage.

It seemed as if the stranger (the same who had brought the former note from Sidney Fullarton) was expecting some step of the kind, for he smiled when he saw Aquila present herself at the cottage door, and made his obeisance with a degree of familiarity and significance that had something disagreeable.

"You were the bearer then," she said, "of this letter from my brother? He told you, doubtless, why he is not to return so soon as we expect him?"

The emissary laid his finger warily along his nose, and seemed to inquire by a glance at the house, and a familiar wink of the eye, whether there was any danger of their being overheard.

"Thou mayest speak freely," said Aquila; "there is not another ear in hearing beside our own."

"And yours, I know already," said the stranger, "are trustworthy. You will find herein," he added, drawing a sealed packet from his bosom, "a more minute account of his motives than I could undertake to furnish. If you will be guided by a friend's counsel, you will put that document—the paper—the husk of his communication. into the flames as soon as you have extracted the essence Else, if it fell into strange hands, it might light a fire of its own head that would take a river of blood to extinguish."

Started by such a prologue, Aquila broke the seal and read what follows. It had neither address nor signature, and was worded so as to mislead as much as possible any reader into whose hands it might accidentally fall, without being wholly incomprehensible to the party for whom it was intended.

"For A. said he knew well his sister would understand though others could not because he feared to write it. For all that were far away said they would go home *immediately* and take their places by force. The D. said he would first see what the E. could do in the North, and then try the merry island himself, just about where Mistress Aquila had her house. As for A. he could do no less than engage to follow the E., if he had as many fathers at home as King Priam had sons, and as many sisters to be married as Danaus had daughters; for the E. must be surely in the right, whoever is in the wrong. So he said he hoped the company would not wait for him, but that the marriage might take place accordingly."

With a beating heart Aquila traced the meaning of this portentous writing.

"I can understand it well," she said, trembling in every limb, as she concealed it carefully in her dress. "They have taken, or they are about to take, a fearful step. I hope it is a just one, and that Heaven will pros-

per it. At all events, I trust and hope," she added, raising her clasped hands and brimming eyes to heaven, "that my poor brother may be safe. I am not ashamed, whatever be thy opinion of my patriotism, of my zeal for public justice, to let thee see that the chief concern of my bosom is for him. He is my only one ; and when the natural course of time has removed our remaining parent, no other immediate relative shall be left to me on earth. Besides, we have always been companions until now ; and he loves me as himself, or far more dearly. I am not ashamed therefore to let thee hear my prayer again. On whatever side the tide of conquest turns, may Heaven preserve my brother !"

"Cry your heart easy, my bonny lass," said the stranger, while Aquila turned aside to let the current of feeling take its course, "and I will give you leave to call me the son of an acorn if I keep not an eye, so far as it lies in my way, to the safety of that same youth, since it concerns you so nearly. But fare you well at present, for I have much on hand, and take care to keep counsel for the sake of all."

He departed ; and Aquila, avoiding the sight of her father and Tamsen Kingsly, who happened to be in the cottage, retired to her chamber, where she endeavoured to put away from her person all appearance of disorder. Yet she did not return to the parlour until she prayed fervently on her knees that Heaven might defend her brother, whether he was acting aright or was seduced by error ;—at all events, to defend and restore him to his family in health and happiness, and to give victory to the righteous cause.

On returning to the parlour, she found Henry Kingsly, with her father and his sister. The first mentioned had been just made acquainted with the contents of Arthur Fullarton's letter, and all three united in urging Aquila to comply with the suggestion it contained respecting the

approaching marriage. Miss Fullarton would now have given a great deal to possess the ear of some friend in whom she might repose unlimited confidence, and whose counsel she might solicit without fear; but no such succour was within her reach. Her father whose health was already in a declining state, she feared to agitate by such alarming intelligence; and alas! both her betrothed and his sister were inaccessible loyalists, who would deem it criminal even to participate in a neutral manner in the preservation of a secret which threatened ruin and woe to all they most revered. So strongly did Aquila feel this difference of sentiment now that her brother was actually embarked in opposition to the ruling government, that had the influence arisen before her faith was plighted, it is doubtful, notwithstanding her real regard for Kingsly, whether it would not have placed his hopes in more than jeopardy: but the contract now was made, and it was too late even to think of prudence. She offered, therefore, but little objection to the entreaties of her friends, and the ceremony was fixed for a certain day in the month following. Aquila kept her secret, and in every breast but hers the happiest feelings were for a time indulged without restraint. It was in one of those tranquil domestic evenings that intervened between the receipt of Arthur's letter and the bridal morning, that Aquila sung the following lines, which were long afterwards recalled by some of the listeners with a feeling as if there had been something almost prophetic in their spirit.

I.

Sweet Taunton Dene! thy smiling fields
Once more with merry accents ring;
Once more reviving Nature yields
Her tribute to the smiling Spring.
The small birds in the woodland sing,
The ploughman turns the kindly green,
And Pleasure waves her restless wing
Among thy groves, sweet Taunton Dene!

II.

But peace abides with Him alone,
  Who rules with calm, resistless pow'r
Through all creation's boundless zone,
  From rolling sphere to garden flow'r ;
  Nor falls in Spring the welcome show'r
Unwill'd of Him, nor tempest blows,
  Nor wind within the fragrant bow'r
Can rend a leaf from summer rose.

III.

Sweet Taunton Dene ! Oh, long abide
  In thy fair vale delights like these !
And long may Tone's smooth waters glide
  By smiling cots and hearts at ease !
  Be thine the joys of rustic peace,
Each sound that haunts the woodland scene
  And blithe beneath the bowering trees,
The dance at eve, sweet Taunton Dene !

In the mean time, Kirke did not forget his residence in Taunton, nor the mortification which he had undergone beneath the roof of Gaspar Fullarton. His cool malignity, however, was content to await its day of vengeance, without wasting itself in premature efforts at injury which could only prove abortive. The storm which seemed gathering on the political horizon promised abundant opportunities of evil to a spirit like his, whose natural element appeared to be in the midst of tempest and disorder, and which, like those wretched beings who dwell on remote sea-coasts, sought its prey and spoil amid the wreck of social happiness and peace. He was satisfied for the present to bear the event in mind, and to keep an eye to the fortunes of the family while he pursued his ordinary course at a distance.

CHAPTER XIV.

The plot of the exiles began to thicken on the Continent. Those assembled in Rotterdam had not yet admitted the Duke of Monmouth to their confidence, and looked rather to the Earl of Argyle, who was present with them, as their leader in any enterprise which they might agree to undertake. Neither on the part of the leader or his followers, however, does there appear to have been much of that clearness of mind and cool wisdom essential to an undertaking of such magnitude as both contemplated. While many of the latter devoured with the credulity of fanaticism all the monstrosities of Titus Oates, and attributed the King's death to poison, the Earl himself was occupied in purchasing favourable predictions from astrologers on behalf of his design.

Upon the morning on which the Duke of Monmouth set out for Rotterdam, with the view of engaging the main body of the exiles in his favour, the Earl was closeted with two of those imposters; while the council of Twelve, to whom the conspirators entrusted the management of their affairs, were somewhat impatiently expecting his arrival. Those who witnessed the firmness of mind which the unhappy nobleman displayed during a portion of his subsequent fortunes, would scarcely have imagined that the same individual could take a part in such a scene.

The window-curtains were close drawn so as entirely to exclude the light of dawn already visible in the heavens outside. On a table in the centre of a small apartment, burned a single lamp, which furnished the only light by which the objects in the chamber were

made discernable. Beside it stood a large bowl, on the interior of which might be discerned a number of circles, consisting of the letters of the Greek alphabet, the signs of the zodiac, with various cabelistic figures, by a silken string descending from above, was suspended a small ring, of what metal it was difficult to determine, which now remained without vibration about the centre of the bowl, and somewhat lower than the rim.

On either side of the table two knavish-looking figures were busy in arranging all the forms of the projected mummery. At length one of the two went towards a door leading to an inner apartment, and said, in a loud whisper and in broken English :

"Hishes ! my lord ! all has been readies."

The door opened, and the Earl made his appearance.

"You are very slow," he said ; "the hour is almost past for our assembling, and I shall soon be waited for. Is all prepared ?"

"All is readies. Ask your quessins, an you shall have your answers."

"First, then, to be brief,—What is our chance of success if we should sail ?"

"Wit your pardon, you shall ask more certain quessin. You shall say what is issues,—Death or Vigtory."

"Put it as you will."

"It is very good. Now we shall see." (Both the knaves here advanced with many and profound obeisances towards the mysterious bowl.) "There—you see the ring has moved, and has hit upon *Nu*, whish is letters for *Nike*, whish in Greek is Vigtory—whish you shall conquer. It is best auguries. Propose your other quessins."

"Shall we direct our course for England or for Scotland ?"

The mummery was repeated for the solution of the

new querry. The ring now struck on a letter which seemed to puzzle the magician.

"I saw it strike Omicron," said the anxious and superstitious Earl: "that letter denotes neither land."

"It is very mush puzzles," said the former speaker; "what can it means? Oh, I have him by the tail! It is Scotland! for Omicron is small of Omega, as Scotland is small of England. Is very nice and mystics: Omicron is Scotland."

"Thou hast explained it right," said Argyle, whose secret prepossessions were favoured by this interpretation. Now, tell me under what sign we should set sail."

"With all hearts and souls. There! you see the ring has toush the sign Gemini which is for May. You shall sail then for Scotland, and you shall be very vigtories."

"It is very well," said the Earl with evident satisfaction; "you have served me very well. Take this purse —I may have an opportunity of rewarding you more liberally when your predictions have been fulfilled, as I have no doubt they shall be ere this year's corn is housed."

"Oh, my good lors, you are fary mush liberals; you will make us shames to trouble you when prophecies is come to passes."

"Remove your instrument as speedily as you can; for I must leave you, and I have reasons to keep this matter private. You will find the door ajar which leads to the rear of the house."

Saying this the Earl departed, and the two impostors proceeded to comply with his instructions.

"Always, Mynheer Showler," said the more loquacious of the two, "when peoples comes to you for magics and prophecies, you will finds out what they best likes, and then you will makes your prophecies. If you proph-

ecies well and pleasant for them, they will likes you fary mush, and pay you fary mush, whether your prophecies ever comes true or no."

This observation only produced a surly sound of assent or dissent, as it might be interpreted from his companion.

"Ah—there! You always grunts like hogs when I gives you my advices. But your grunts is foolishness. It will be wise for you if you grunt and remember sometimes."

"The Duke of Monmouth, I hear," said the more silent rogue, "arrived last night in Rotterdam."

"So mush best for us—I will go find him. He is bigger fool, if can be, than my Lors Argyles. I will strike other letters for him, and contrary of my lors; for it shall be England for him, and he will pay me betters. He has bought many charms and spells from me whish he wears upon his body, like one great goose or baboon, whish he is. It is no sins, but virtues, to cheat sush baboons. He has books of astrology, too, whish he thanked me for fary mush,—and fary mush pay me also, whish is best. He is one baboon Duke whish I will make fools of, and get more monies. And when I have made fools of two, then I will go and inform consuls and ambassadors, and have both taken up and hang for treasons, and get more monies too. Iss very deserving for a pair of fools.—Come, Mynheer Showler, we are fary mush business yet this morning, and is a pair of fary clever fellows. Is fary well our stars did not make us lors or dukes."

The Earl found the Council of Twelve already sitting, with their præses, Sir John Cochrane, in the chair. His plans were proposed, debated on, amended, and all but acceded to, when a messenger arrived from the Duke of Monmouth, requesting that he might be admitted to the council.

The incident produced no small degree of confusion. Argyle felt somewhat like a subaltern officer who, when on the point of achieving some notable piece of service, beholds the hard-won wreath of glory snatched from his brow by the arrival of his superior in command, and could with difficulty conceal his vexation. Others regarded the young Duke with suspicion, as a mere selfish aspirant to a throne which it was their aim to overturn for ever. The greater number again regarded the adhesion of Monmouth as a most desirable accession to the common cause, could he be induced sincerely to embrace the common interest. While it was yet warmly debated in what way his message should be answered, Monmouth, with the impatience natural to him, presented himself at the door of the council-chamber. This measure put an end to the discussion, and the door was opened.

The Duke entered, followed by Lord Grey, Dare the broker, and many others of his own more immediate party. It was one of those situations in which his handsome figure, and frank, engaging manner, appeared to most advantage.

"My lords," said he, "and gentlemen,—or let me sink the distinction in a nobler phrase—brothers and fellow-patriots, you must not call me an intruder. I am come to offer all—to ask for nothing. Look on me not as a claimant for rank or power—but as a poor recruit, desirous, ardently desirous, even to bear a musket and bandeliers in the cause of which you are met to treat."

There was a cordial expression of applause. Argyle gnawed his lip, but, conscious perhaps of his own imperfect motive, did not venture to offer any opposition. A debate arose, which speedily became warm, and even stormy. Rathillet, Fletcher, Cochrane, and some other of the more resolute republicans, were not dainty in confessing their suspicions of the Duke. His manner, how-

ever, never stood him so much in stead as when he was thus assailed. His placid smile, his mild and courteous tone, and his imperturbable good humour, could hardly fail to disarm even the distrustful, and were sure to engage the neutral in his favour. Accordingly, after much debating, it was resolved that Monmouth should be admitted to an equal share with Argyle in the command; that in the mean time he should solemnly bind himself not to assume the title of King without the advice of his associates; and if a measure so repugnant to their principles should be found advisable in order to add greater efficacy to their cause in England, that he should resign it as soon as the success of the expedition should render the retention of the title no longer necessary.

Argyle was still dissatisfied. His plan was already formed, his measures taken, and his superstitious assurance of success had already made him deaf to argument. His ship was fitted out and armed at Amsterdam. Was the whole scheme now to be baffled by new and fantastic counsels? He would hear nothing. Let them debate the matter as they would amongst them, he would not be of the council. At length a mode was found of satisfying him. It was proposed that the plans of Argyle should remain untouched, combining with them only a second enterprise under Monmouth, which latter was to have England for its object. The Earl should hold the rank of general of the army, with the usual powers accorded in free states; while Monmouth was to lead the English branch of the expedition, under the title of king or general, as it should be found expedient. To this arrangement the Scottish Earl accorded a slow assent, and consented to take his place at the board amongst the twelve.

Impatience, headlong zeal, fanaticism, and revenge, inspired the counsels that ensued. In order that all might be ready on their landing, a declaration of war

was drawn up against the Duke of York (as the exiles still persisted in calling James the Second). The inflammatory violence and falsehood which characterized this document are too well known to need description here. Fratricide, murder, arson—nothing was too bad for the monarch whom they sought to depose. It was he killed Godfrey—he that set London on fire—he that poisoned Charles. Like most productions originating in similar circumstances, the weakness of evidence was made up by vigour of assertion.

The exiles now proceeded with undiminished eagerness to debate of the manner and time of sailing.

"Let there be some order, my friends," said Monmouth, raising his hand to still the clamour of impatient voices—"let there be something like order in our debate, where there is so weighty a point at issue. My Lord Argyle, speak first—what way does your opinion lie?"

"In the name of providence, for instant sailing," said the Earl. "But, my lord, I hold it not so prudent that we should risk all upon a single die. Let me proceed to sea in the first instance, and by a stroke or two in the North open a way for your better reception in the West."

A murmur of applause announced the general assent to this proposal, which suited well enough with the desires of Monmouth himself. Fletcher alone appeared to withhold the common sign of acquiescence.

"What say you, Mr. Fletcher?" asked the Duke; "you are not wont to fall behind hand when the counsel is to arms."

"The more credit I may claim then," said Fletcher, "for my prudence in the present instance. I am wholly against the idea of an immediate invasion."

"It is a new thing," said Lord Grey with a smile, "to hear Mr. Fletcher's voice on the side of prudence."

"As new as it is, my lord," said Fletcher hastily, "to hear yours on that of temerity. But it is not with

you that I wish to measure argument. You, my lord duke, and you, my noble lord and countryman, will understand that I do not play Fabius for once in my life either through sloth or fear. But, my lord duke, forgive me for telling you that you start before the signal. You are somewhat early in the field. You wish to commence fighting before you have mustered your recruits. Take time, my lord, take time. Rest quietly here awhile; and trust me, before many months are past, James will strike a more powerful blow for us against himself, than can be dealt by any hand beside his own."

This counsel did not please the impatient spirit of men like the exiles, who had been feeding too long on hope to relish any further allowance of such lenten fare. It was perfect wisdom; but they were anxious for action, not for counsel. It was accordingly overruled without much difficulty, and Argyle set sail for his natal soil, leaving behind him the greater number of Monmouth's adherents, who felt delay an intolerable burthen after once the tocsin of invasion had been sounded.

Returning from the beach, after having lost the last glimpse of the sails that bore the adventurous Earl upon his course, Monmouth was met near his own house by one of the exiles whom he had left behind him at the Hague.

"What, Mr. Ferguson!" exclaimed the Duke, "arrived so soon?"

"Not too soon, my lord, for safety," answered Ferguson;—"or rather I should say, my liege, for I am glad to learn that the first step towards the open assertion of your rights has been taken in my absence."

"Hush! hush! Mr. Ferguson," said the Duke, "no more of that. Have you taken up the burthen of Lord Grey's old song? Be assured, the sound is as the croak of a raven in my ears. I tell you once again, I am the people's tool; I draw the sword for England's freedom,

not for my own advantage. How often must I repeat, that not for the crown of universal empire would I betray the trust the Commons have reposed in my integrity? We seek to destroy a form of government that experience has shown to be oppressive: what better shall be substituted in its place, the people must themselves determine. I am sorry you spoke of this, for it has deeply stirred me. I never will betray the people,—I had rather die a thousand deaths than be false to the people. Besides! have I not wholly laid aside ambition?—to what purpose, then, should I become a traitor? I tell thee, Ferguson, the blood I have seen flow, the calamity that I have seen diffused through failure even in the noblest cause, have taught me too severe a lesson to suppose that any selfish interest, at least, could lure me into a broil that was doubtful either in its rectitude or its feasibility. Could I think upon a crown, and not imagine that I beheld the golden rim smirched over with the blood of Sidney? What kind of music, think you, to the dance of my ambition, might be the sighs of Russell's widow, well remembered? Oh no! for James of Monmouth, it were better far to turn the earth with a spade in Holland, than seek to rule it in England on no higher motive. Thank Heaven, I have an humble heart! Thank Heaven, I am not at least tormented with ambition! Kingdom or republic, it is one to me; let who will be Rex or Lord Protector, it is enough for me to have done my duty by the people."

"Yet I doubt, my lord," said Ferguson, "whether you will find the people in the West prepared for this hoodwinked kind of combat, where no man knows for what or under whom he fights. Besides, I promise you, no small portion of their discontent is owing to the common belief that your grace's claim to the throne has been unjustly set aside in favour of its present occupier, and the order of succession violated."

"What said you, Ferguson? What! has that story got abroad again?"

"Ay, and found listeners and believers too, my lord, I promise you."

"Is it possible?"

"Your grace will find it fast-rooted and wide-spreading on your landing. So general has been already the stir which it created, that orders have been issued for arming the militia in the West, and the Duke of Albemarle was as busy as nothing to do could make him."

"'Tis very strange!" said Monmouth: "I thought that story had been quite forgotten. But keep thy counsel, Ferguson; for the lightest breath of what thou hast suggested would destroy me with our friends here, who place their principle, as they call it, (and surely they are right,) beyond all other considerations whatsoever. As to myself, be assured, the less you refer to this subject in my presence, the better you will please me."

"From Heaven descended Know Thyself," said Ferguson in his own mind, as he saw the Duke hurry away in the direction of his residence. "I must know what influences are likely to work upon him between this and morning. If I could set a watch——"

CHAPTER XV.

At the same instant he was accosted by the voice of Shamus Delaney, who, it may be remembered, was amongst the recruits whom Dare had raised at Taunton.

"Well, Misther Ferguson, what's wantin? Here I am for you now."

"That's right, Delaney. Do you see that house?"

"Do I see it? Have I e'er an eye in my head?"

"Very well. That is the residence of the Duke of Monmouth. You are to stand here until I send for you; and let me know exactly the appearance of every one whom you may happen to see pass in or out."

"It's asy work," said Delaney; "it's money asily airned. There's little fatague in usin the eyesighth. There's one, any way," he added after Ferguson had taken his departure: "a little girl with a brown cloak gone in the front gate. I must keep an account o' that. —Oh, then, Morty, I wondher what you're doing this way. Near a year now since we parted. He's gone among the blackamoors, I suppose. Well, all is one colour in the grave. Sure, if we're livin, we're all to meet upon the cross o' Ballyhahill Asither Sathurday four years from the day we started, the whole of us. Murther alive! only I'm thinkin what *keogh* we'll have! an all our fortunes made, like jettlemen an laydees! As for meself, I mane to go in a coach, with sarvants behind an before, an a chest o' goold upon the sate overright me. Well, I'll see 'em all there before me gathered, Kitty an the whole of 'em, an they wandherin who in the world it is that's comin up the road from Shanagoolden.—Stay! there's a dog snuffin about the gate as if he wanted to get in. I wondher must I have an account o' that for Misther Ferguson. He's off again.—Well, then, I won't alight awhile, I'll be so grand; and there they'll gather about me in the most abject state o' poverty, an poor Morty with a wooden leg an two stumps of arms. So I'll just spake to 'em, an then I'll hould my tongue an listen to their stories; an they'll begin tellin me o' all their misfortunes, an what brought 'em to that state o' beggary; an then I'll relate how I got on myself,—how I was made an officer the first goin off, an afther in coorse o' time ruz to be a general an got oceans o' looty An then I'll come out o' the coach, an I'll ordher the sarvants to bring down the chest o' geold; an if they don't

be quick, I'll hit 'em a slap of a rod ; or, whether or no, I'll give 'em a touch, just to show. An then I'll begin sharin the bags o' money; an I'll give Kitty a big bag for a *potion* to marry elegant ; an——"

He had proceeded so far, when the current of his bounty towards his poorer relatives was cut short by the opening of a window overhead. On looking up, he saw a female figure in the act of beckoning to him from above.

"Hist, friend, hist !"

"I'm hishtin as fast as I can. What is it you want o' me ?"

"Could you convey a message to the convent in the next street ?"

"I couldn't stir out o' this. I'm here upon business."

"You shall be rewarded."

"I couldn't do it, I tell you. What's the use o' talkin."

"'Tis for a lady."

"Eh ?"

"A lady who would both thank and reward you for the service."

"Well, if I thought it wouldn't keep me very long——"

"'Tis but to leave this letter at the gate. No answer is required."

"Throw it down. Could I depind upon you, if you plase, while I'd be goin, to keep an account what people goes in or out o' the gate, an their appearance ?"

"I will take care to watch for you."

"I depind my life upon you now. I might as well not to show my face if I hadn't a right account again I'm sent for."

"Well, was there any body since ?" he asked, as he hastened to his post after he had executed the commands of Alice.

"Not one."

"So much the betther. The fewer, the asier counted, an the asier remembered."

It was only when the attempt was made to put the county militia under arms that a conjecture might be made as to the real extent to which disaffection had proceeded in the West of England. It was with the utmost difficulty that Pembroke could muster even a small portion of the yeomanry under his command. Almost all were furnished with excuses. One was disabled with rheumatism; another had a fall and put his shoulder out; a third pleaded some equally unanswerable cause of objection; and even those who obeyed the summons performed their part with so much reluctance and so much heartlessness of spirit, that Pembroke foresaw there would be the utmost difficulty in obtaining even the outward show of their assistance.

It was remarked for many days before that appointed for the bridal, that old Fullarton and Captain Kingsly had never met and discoursed together with so little apparent cordiality as when the time drew near which was to connect their families by even a closer tie than that of friendship. The common rumours in the neighbourhood had for several days past been working upon the minds of both. The name of Argyle had revived the early sympathies and long-dormant prepossessions of the former, while the whisper of rebellion added all the zest of alarm to the loyal vigour and activity of Captain Kingsly. It was with the utmost difficulty that he refrained on many occasions from breaking out into open declamation against all Whigs, both Scottish and English; and it was by an effort scarce less remarkable that old Fullarton could abstain from an explicit declaration of his sentiments respecting James the Second. As it was, and with all their self-restraint, enough passed between them to account for the evident coolness which

had arisen. It was on the very evening previous to the intended bridal that a discussion arose which had nearly terminated fatally to the hopes of all who were interested in the approaching union.

"Is it not strange," said Gaspar to his daughter, as they sat together in the little cottage-parlour expecting the arrival of some guests who were to spend the evening with them,—"Is it not strange that Arthur should not have given us his reasons for being absent at such a time as this?"

"Perhaps he had good reasons for suppressing them sir," replied Aquila. "You know he might be actuated by many motives which it would not be quite safe to commit to writing."

"That's true," replied her father. "I hope Sidney will not lead him into anything rash. I am growing old, Aquila, and less a friend to this way of asserting right by force of arms. It is not a light thing to throw a whole country-side into commotion for every caprice. 'Tis a brief world. Enough for men to take arms when their country is assailed by foreign foes. Grey hairs and black think differently of this."

"So they do, sir; for Arthur would say, in such a case the world would never have had a Tell or a Doria."

'Well, patience is good, and peace. I don't like arguing; and when I was of his age, I thought as he does. Whose is that knock?"

Before Miss Fullarton could reply, the door was opened, and a neighbouring farmer whose circumstances raised him sufficiently above the level of his rank to be received in a somewhat higher circle of society, hastened—indeed almost burst into the room where Gaspar sat.

"Here's a king!" he exclaimed with an excited air; "here's work! here's news! I suppose we shall have the Pope himself amongst us shortly."

"Why, what's the matter, neighbour Raikes?"

"Matter! Enough, I think. It is a good long while since we had an ambassador to the Pope. Here's a king, truly!"

"Is it possible?" said Gaspar Fullarton.

"Is my name Raikes? I tell you he has sent an ambassador off to the Pope already. What think you of that? Well, time will tell who's right."

Though not sharing in all the violent prejudices of the farmer, Gaspar Fullarton entertained a sufficient portion of them to feel indignation at what he conceived a pregnant indication of the designs of the new monarch.

"Well, Captain Kingsly, what say you now of our new sovereign? How think you will he keep his pledge of toleration?"

Captain Kingsly and his son Henry had just made their appearance. The latter presently left the room with Aquila and his sister, and the three politicians were left to confront each other without a mediator. Perceiving symptoms of hostility against the throne in the countenances of his two companions, the old cavalier put himself upon the defensive, and placing both hands on his walking-cane, he closed his lips hard and thrust out his chin with a look of resolute defiance.

"Tell me, sir," said the farmer, striding up to him with his hands behind his coatskirts and affecting an air of calmness, "do you know what mass is?"

"I do," said Captain Kingsly through his teeth.

"Do you know that it is against the law?"

"I do."

"Do you know that it was invented by the Pope?"

"I don't."

"Well, did you hear that the King has broke the law by going to hear it in full state? Eh?"

"I didn't."

"Read there." And he produced from beneath his skirts a newspaper, in which, after some cleansing of spectacles, and a little assistance from the index finger of the farmer, he found the obnoxious fact detailed with unequivocal distinctness. Upon this a discussion arose, which ran to such a height that it overtopped the Captain's patience.

"My worthy friend Fullarton," said he, "and you, Mr. What's-your-name—for I have forgotton it, I have but one remark to make upon all this; and that is, that I would I had known the sentiments of the family a little better before I had proceeded so far with a certain business."

"It may not be too late to act upon the knowledge yet," said Gaspar.

"And better late than never—with all my heart," exclaimed the Captain.

"Come, come, gentlemen," said Farmer Raikes, alarmed at the lengths to which he saw the discussion about to proceed; "I'm sure I wish my tongue had been in my pocket when I thought of starting any subject that I thought would create a difference between friends. I meant for to say what I did as much by the way of a talk as anything else. Bless me! what's the use of getting downright earnest about it? I thought it might be much as it is sometimes between me and my wife, who can't agree at all, not upon no point whatsomever. Whatever side I take, she's sure to be directly the revarse; and you may be sure we do have precious rows together, sometimes, she and I, consarning our opinions; but when the debate is at an end, we go to supper as if nothing had happened. No one can say that I ever yet laid a hand to she for her sentiments—and that's what I call toleration."

At these friendly instances, the old people consented to lay aside their anger; and it was agreed that no-

thing should be said to their youngers of what had taken place.

On the following morning, Colonel Pembroke, accompanied by a few horsemen, alighted at the door of the Three Crowns, in the parlour of which a company was assembled, of whom several individuals are already known to our readers.

"Ye will bear in mind, my good friends," said Master Smallwood the grazier, who happened to figure at the moment in his usual capacity of spokesman, "that I speak nothing of my own head. I speak only of what I have heard in the way of common conversation; and the rumour is, that they are at it, this very instant we are talking here, hammer and tongs, tooth and nail, in the North, and no trifling matter to decide."

"Is it possible?" asked mine host. "And, good Mr. Smallwood, is it the young Duke of Monmouth, now, who is at the bottom—or rather at the head, as one may say, of all this?"

"Hut! tut! not he; it is all the doing of my Lord Argyle, who was about to be hanged some years ago for refusing to take the test against the Covenant. At least so runs the rumour—whether truly or otherwise I cannot say, of course, except as the wind of common rumour reaches me. I only catch it as it blows upon my walk, and can neither judge of the merits or the fact of the case, being only, as it were, the mouthpiece of——"

"We should rejoice to hear it, every man," said Godfrey Bunn. "My Lord Argyle is a staunch friend of Monmouth; and if it were to come to the trial here in Taunton——"

"Hush! hush! friend Godfrey," said the miller, plucking him by the coat; "you should remember that walls have ears."

"I don't care who has ears, Master Setright, nor tongues to boot, without meaning any offence to yours

I care not who hears me say it, I am a friend to Monmouth and the Commons; and if it were to come to the——"

"There's a time for all things—there's a time for all things," said the miller.

"They say likewise," resumed the grazier, "that there are one or two Fullartons concerned in the affair. I did not hear that they had any relatives in Taunton, but—" laying his finger along his nose, and winking folios of meaning, "we all know whose name begins with an F., and who it is that has got a son and a brother on their travels. Tone Cottage is a pretty dwelling. I say nothing—nothing either to blame or to approve. I am a man of no party whatsoever, having to commune in the way of my business with persons of every——"

"Here comes Master Grimes," said the landlord; "here's a man who will give us some idea as to what is like to be the end on't. Master Grimes is never at a loss; there is nothing too dark for him."

"So, so," said Grimes, when he heard the story repeated by Smallwood, who was delighted at the opportunity of once more engrossing the attention of the circle. "Well, I say nothing, but I have my private opinion upon the matter. It appears, I dare say, perplexing enough to some folks; but I'll tell you what it is, my masters,—as sure as I tap this snuff-box with my finger, there's something at the bottom of all this."

So saying, he took a pinch of snuff with great solemnity, while the rest of the company looked at him in silent admiration.

"Maybe I know nothing?" he resumed. "Maybe a rogue didn't call on me two months ago, and let on that he was my old friend Ephraim Dirges, and cozen me out of a parish certificate, that he might carry on, he knew best what himself, about the country? Oh no, I have never an eye in my head. I can't see what's going for-

ward, one way or another. Well, 'tis no matter; time will tell."

"If the Fullartons be in it," said Godfry, "I shall think the better of the name as long as I live to hear it. Let Monmouth only show himself upon our shores, and——"

The sound of a distant trumpet cut short the speaker's declaration of allegiance.

"'Tis Master Pembroke," said the landlord, "and his yeomanry. Marry, my masters, you must whistle on a lower key while the muster is going on here, for I'm told the gaol at Chard is full of malcontents."

"It is nothing to those," said Smallwood, "who take care to mind their business and keep out of politics. I give thanks that I am not of any party."

"Passive obedience," said Godfrey Bunn, "is law of the land, as laid down in Seventy-four by Act of Parliament."

At this moment Pembroke, accompanied by Captain Kingsly, entered the inn. By that singular instinct which every one must have observed who has ever noticed the movements of the popular mind, the idea was already widely diffused, that Monmouth and his friends intended an immediate invasion, although it was but a week since Monmouth himself in the strictest privacy and in a foreign land, had finally resolved upon the measure.

"Well, Captain Kingsly," said Pembroke, as they entered together a private room which commanded a view of the street, "you have heard the common rumour about Monmouth?"

"Ay, sir," said Captain Kingsly, "it has reached me. Now is the time to try men's faith. Now is the time to know the sterling loyalist, from the hollow-hearted knave, who sits by his hearth at evening, and enjoys the King's protection, without caring a fig whether the throne be pushed aside to-morrow to make room for the wooden

stool of a republican president. Well, let it pass. *Ruat cælum,* as they say, I cling to one plank in the storm—I always stand by the King. The throne is my cynosure, in whatever seas I steer. The King's cause is my cause —the King's politics are my politics—and the King's religion is my religion."

"The King's religion, Captain !" said Pembroke with a smile. "You forget that, in one point at least, Bran's brother is not Bran."

"I care not for that," said Captain Kingsly, planting his walking-cane perpendicularly on the ground, in order to express inflexibility of purpose. "Bran's brother is in Bran's seat, and that is enough for me. The King can do no wrong, is to me one of the most glorious axioms of our noble constitution. Though the man be dead and gone, the thing is not. The King is not mortal ; and whatever suits the head is even too good for the little finger, of which such poor clowns as I are but as the dust that collects beneath the nail."

"If you let your loyalty carry you so far, Captain," said Pembroke, "I doubt whether the singleness of your principle will relieve you from the imputation of inconsistency. But to speak of other matters—touching this levy. If there be any truth in the rumour of invasion, I would we had some regiments of the line in the West. I am sorry to say that I do not find your spirit altogether general among the yeomanry."

At this instant Henry Kingsly entered the room, with an expression of haste and some impatience on his countenance.

"Well, sir," he exclaimed, addressing himself to Captain Kingsly, "I am here at your command, although you have chosen rather an awkward moment for the summons. Do you forget, sir, that we are waited for ?"

"Oh ! oh ! my thoughtless head !" said Captain Kings-

ly. "True, Harry, true enough. And yet there were times on earth, and a people once upon its surface, with whom the rumours of danger to the state would have far outweighed all questions of domestic weal. But, alas! *quid* not *imminuit dies?* Mr. Pembroke, you will excuse us for a short time. You may judge how truly I said my King had place of everything with me, when I tell you, that in the alarm of this rumour I had forgotten for the moment that it was the morning of my son's intended bridal. But *macte virtute!* fare you well, and speed well!"

For some time after they had left the room, Pembroke remained musing at the difference between his own fortunes and those of the young person who had just taken his departure.

"He stands not nearer," he said, "to the accomplishment of his earthly hopes than I did once; but his are founded on a surer basis. For him, the fairy vision will not melt away as it did from me, when I deemed that I already held it in my grasp. Why is it, miserable world! that we see thy gift allotted with a hand so partial?—that of two individuals who, to all external seeming, are equal in their merits and their blame—gifted with the same keen sense of enjoyment, the same quick feeling of affliction, the same fervent aspirations after happiness,—prosperity shall haunt the one in all his undertakings, and misfortune dog the other to the very threshold of the grave? Will philosophy read the riddle to the broken heart? No, no—the enigma, we know, is on the earth, but we must look for the solution under it."

At this instant an unusual bustle appeared to take place amongst the crowd who filled the street. Several figures were seen hastening to and fro, as if seeking and conveying some portentuous intelligence. While he watched their movements, the door of his apartment was

flung open, and three or four officers of the yeomanry entered with looks of confusion and alarm.

"Strange news in town, Colonel!" cried the first; "they say the Duke of Monmouth is landed in Lyme-Regis!"

"Pooh—pooh!"

"And with an overwhelming force," cried the second.

"The Duke of Monmouth," cried a third, bursting into the apartment with outstretched arms, "is on his march from Lyme with twenty thousand men!"

"So—so," said Pembroke calmly.

"Colonel Pembroke! Colonel Pembroke!"

"Here! Who calls me?"

"The Prince of Orange and the Duke of Monmouth," exclaimed a new comer with a still wilder expression of alarm, "are both on the march to Chard; and there have come news that Lord Argyle is in possession of Edinburgh Castle."

"It is reasonable good progress in the time," said Pembroke; "but I would we had some means of learning what quantity of actual fire has given rise to all this smoke."

He had scarcely spoken, when an express, covered with dust and sweat, alighted at the inn-door, and was shown into the room where Pembroke stood.

"From his Grace of Albemarle, for Colonel Pembroke."

The despatch, which Pembroke hastily read, confirmed the account of Monmouth's landing; but none, as might be supposed, of the formidable circumstances with which rumour had embellished it.

"Gentlemen," said Pembroke, folding the despatch —"to arms and to horse at once! It is true that this unhappy nobleman is once more a rebel, and in arms at Lyme; but nothing that you have heard besides has

any truth.—Watson," he said to an orderly, "go instantly and summons Mr. Kingsly to join his troop. Let him hear the news, and let all be on horseback in half-an-hour."

By this time the news had become general, and an immense multitude had assembled in the neighbourhood of the inn.

"Fellow-countrymen and fellow-subjects," said Pembroke, addressing the crowd who thronged around him as he prepared to ride away, "I bequeath you at parting an advice which you will do well to follow. Rebellion is at your doors; as you are false or loyal, so shall you be blest or curst in the event. The spring is smiling now in the lovely dene of Taunton; but if you be not true to the land that feeds you, there are many amongst you whose lips shall never taste the autumn harvest. The soil is thirsty now for the showers of heaven; but if you be traitors to your mother-land, I foresee the day when it shall drink as deep of its children's blood as it ever did of summer dew. Be not fooled by the suggestions of this rebel Duke, who sought to push his own father from his seat, and now dreams that you will aid him to destroy himself and you. Your hearths are peaceful—keep them so; and I trust that He, who was appointed kings to govern and subjects to obey, will preserve you from the horrors of a civil war. Bear in mind that this Monmouth has before now played false both to the one side and the other. He talks of freedom, but he has ambition at his heart; England is on his lips, but every movement of his soul is for himself; he prates of religion, but it is talking mildly of Monmouth to say that his practice is not answerable to his profession. Be not you his dupes; and when we meet again, I trust that merry Taunton may be as clear from crime as from its certain consequences."

He rode away; and the crowd, without any symptom

either of applause or disaffection, turned to converse each with the other on the approaching crisis.

"He's a clean spoken, well-favoured gentleman, at all events," said some women who stood near.

"If all be as he said," exclaimed a farmer, "the less we have to do with Monmouth here in Taunton, the better for ourselves, my masters."

"Every tale has two sides to it," replied a neighbour: "I would we had the other half of the story."

CHAPTER XVI.

On this morning Aquila was of all the party the one who seemed least to enter into the spirit of the scene. Her daily increasing anxiety with respect to the enterprise in which she knew Arthur to be engaged, absorbed her thoughts to a degree which rendered her own immediate interests a source of irksomeness and care. We have already spoken of the peculiar circumstances in early life which had given a more than ordinary depth and earnestness to the natural affection that existed between the brother and sister. Their secluded life, and the similarity of their education, had for a long time prevented their forming or seeking any attachments beyond the threshold of their highland residence. Nor did they feel the privation. Both, in addition to more solid acquirements, had become gradually conversant in the better literature of the day, and proficient in its customary accomplishments; nor did the strictness of their father's practice extend to the length of prohibiting their mingling on those rare occasions, when the opportunity was offered, in the innocent amusements of their neighbourhood. Both likewise were endowed, in a degree which

was only qualified by difference of sex, with qualities still higher than those already enumerated,—with habitual strength of mind and natural integrity of feeling. If in the delineation of their characters any distinction might be made, it was, that Aquila had more of the imaginative, and Arthur more of the contemplative quality; and that the strong natural passions which in Arthur were subdued by the vigour of a mind that was full of force and depth, were far more discernible through the general demeanour of his sister. Aquila could with readier discernment point out the traits of nature, of energy, and of feeling, which placed the poets of the preceding century, with all their coarseness and irregularity of style, so far above her own literary contemporaries; while Arthur could argue more ably on the causes of the degeneracy. There was indeed one quality in which no distinction could be traced: that was the strong yet gentle affection with which either was regarded by the other. In their childhood, Arthur was, of course, the champion and the escort of his sister in all their wanderings. He carried her books at morning to the school at which she received her education, and was punctual in the performance of the same duty at evening when they returned together to their father's highland lodge. His hoe and spade were the only ones that were permitted to loosen the soil and clear the walks of her flower-garden. If one were sick, the other watched or read by the patient's bed. If Arthur, after a reprimand from his father, retired in deep dejection to his sleeping-room, Aquila was the friendly counsellor ever ready with her whispered word of consolation to draw his attention away from the cause of uneasiness, or the prudent ambassadress who conveyed his petition for forgiveness and returned with words of comfort from the seat of authority. If Aquila fell into similar disgrace with Mrs. Fullarton, Arthur was equally ready with his irresistible logic, and still more irresistible

powers of persuasion, to procure for his sister a similar act of grace. In this manner the childhood of both had passed away, and thus were they prepared for the vicissitudes which, in stormy times like these, it would be oversanguine to hope would leave their tranquility unmolested. Since the broker Dare had made Aquila acquainted with the projected enterprise, and with the resolution of her brother to cast his lot for life or death with that of the banished Earl, the recollection of their early happiness had come back upon her mind with a force which gave acuteness to her suspense. This feeling she endured with the greater difficulty, as there appeared no probable mode of hearing for a considerable time any certain intelligence respecting the progress of the expedition, and the personal fate of Arthur must in all likelihood remain secret until the whole contest was decided either for success or failure.

With such thoughts preying on her mind, it was not wonderful that Aquila viewed the approaching ceremony with feelings different from those which governed the conduct of her friends. Pale as if from restlessness, and with the absent manner of one whose soul is burthened with secret uneasiness, she appeared to her friend Tamsen, who was the first to enter her apartment, more like a mourner than a bride.

"They say," said Aquila, "that when calamity is about to fall, something like a presentiment of it will often take possession of the intended victim's mind, and he will feel depressed and mournful, without being able to assign a cause. Heaven grant it be not so with me! but do what I will—say what I will—employ myself as I will—there is a sense of some approaching evil haunting me that all the efforts of my reason cannot dissipate."

"Beware of such thoughts," said Tamsen; if overconfidence be dangerous, so is too much fear. Thou

couldst not dally with more dangerous play-fellows than the thoughts thou has described: they may assist in weaning us from folly, but they are too apt to generate despair."

"I have considered all that, and more," said Aquila, "and still I cannot shake them off. Asleep or awake, I am haunted by horrid fancies that only sink the deeper in my soul the more they are disturbed. Last night I thought I was at the altar-foot with Henry, and that the clergyman was about pronouncing the nuptial benediction, when happening to look up as he took my hand in his, I beheld, instead of Henry Kingsly's frank and open features, the ghastly and malignant countenance of Kirke."

"Is it possible, Aquila, that you can be so weak as to regard a dream? I warn you to beware of indulging such weaknesses. Laugh, play, be merry, sing, and dance; and if such nonsense knocks at the door of your fancy again, don't be at home for it. Do you remember the country girl near Wilton, that married a rogue who was her aversion just because the fellow had the cunning to bribe a fortune-teller to say that he was to be her husband? Come, come, put on a merrier face."

"Perhaps, after all," said Aquila, "my cause of fear is not entirely fanciful. You have heard those rumours in the neighbourhood."

"I have heard, but give them little credit," said her friend.

"Incredulity may be on the wrong side there, as it is elsewhere," replied Aquilla. "Others believe them; and I see no reason to be quite at peace."

"Why," said Miss Kingsly, "even granting they were true, I do not see the necessity for any great alarm. What could you apprehend from even their absolute fulfilment?"

"Your brother holds a commission in the yeomanry."

"And what of that?" said Tamsen, laughing. "The yeomanry, I assure you, is a very harmless kind of service. It is true that there is sometimes danger from the stone throwing varlets at a village fair, and more than once, the wife or daughter of the absent hero may look out in vain for his return from a late drill, until the dinner is either cold or overdone; but any more serious dangers than these, I believe, fall seldom in the way of our rural warriors."

"It was not for my Hector that is to be, I feared," said Miss Fullarton: "but you seem to forget, Tamsen how little of *our* sympathy he could have in such a service."

"And why?" replied Miss Kingsly, blushing deeply.

"You know that my Lord Argyle is both our relative and ancient patron."

"But I know that James the Second is your king."

"He is *your* king, Tamsen."

"Aquila, you astonish me! These are dangerous words."

"They are no less true," said Miss Fullarton. "That the will of Providence has placed me in his country, is no reason why I should forget my own; and I would be an ingrate indeed, if I should overlook the interests of our early benefactor, in favour of one who assisted to play the tyrant in my native land, and who moreover in his own is no better than an usurper."

"An usurper, Aquila!"

"Yes. I said he was *your* king, but are you so sure of that? By the laws of your country, the son inherits before the brother. I have heard of a law in Ireland, and in some ancient Continental states, by which the right of succession is made to depend upon priority of years; but that, I thought, was long exploded."

Miss Kingsly regarded her friend for a few moments in silence.

"Aquila," she said at length, in a calm reproving tone, "we had better say no more of this."

"But it may be very necessary, my friend Tamsen, to say more of this. You form to your own mind a scheme of right, by which you dream in vain that others will be actuated. Do you ever imagine the possibility of Henry and Arthur meeting armed on opposite sides in any tumult which the times may bring about?"

"It is unfortunate for you, Aquila, since you will indulge your fancy, that it should take the gloomy side of events in its course. I cannot imagine the possibility of that which is impossible. Your brother Arthur understands too well his obligations to render any such conjecture probable: he will take a clearer view, Aquila, of what his real duties are."

"The ideas of duty and King James are so nearly associated in your own mind, Tamsen, that you imagine it must be so with others. But as Arthur is not yet at least his subject, he may think otherwise; and it may be as I say, that Henry and he may both hold different sides in some future struggle for what both may conceive a just and honest right. In such a case, is there not more than sufficient ground for the uneasiness with which you charge me? Our families have hitherto been as one house: Is it not painful to think that the time may be at hand, from whatever cause it may arise or on whichever side the fault may be, when they may even cease to be acquaintances,—nay, when it may be a crime in me to receive my nearest relative beneath our roof?"

At these words Miss Kingsly turned to her friend and said with tears—

"Aquila, I am glad, after all, that we have had this conversation; for since we have proceeded so far in developing each other's sentiments, it may be an advantage that they should be thoroughly understood. Can He who said '*Thou shalt not speak evil of the King*,'

approve of those who draw the sword against him? Judge, you who know me, with what feelings I hear you suppose a case in which your brother could join the ranks of those who were in arms against our sovereign."

"You read the text too close to the letter," said Aquila. "Go a step farther, and it will be virtue to see one's country overrun by foreign enemies without raising an arm in defence of all that is held most dear and sacred. But these subjects," she added, "are too cumbrous for my woman's wits: better leave them to the men, whom they concern more nearly, and who have abler heads to weigh them."

"Believe me," said Miss Kingsly, "there are none whom it concerns more nearly than ourselves; and you will do well, Aquila, to consider well and early in what way you are to use whatever influence you may possess in your own household. If such events as you describe should happen amongst us, beware how either by word or deed you incite your brother to become a rebel. At present, a false sense of right misleads you, and the gaudy watchword 'liberty,' flatters your imagination; but when the storm has burst, and defeat and failure have overtaken the cause you favour, the naked truth will haunt your mind in all its horrible reality. It is with the clearest impression of what awaits you in such a case that I repeat my warning: Beware how you urge your brother to become a rebel."

"You have sounded your alarm upon the deepest chord in my bosom," replied Aquila. "At all events, Tumsen, let who will be king, you and I must still continue sisters."

Without making any answer in words, Miss Kingsly flung herself upon Aquila's neck, and the young friends compensated to their hearts for whatever sharpness had arisen in the course of the dialogue by tears and affec-

tionate embraces. The voice of her father in an adjoining room at length recalled Aquila to her task of preparation.

"And all this," said the latter, as her friend assisted at her toilet, "has arisen from my unlucky forebodings, which, after all, I hope may prove as foundless as a nervous dream. Do you really believe then," she continued, "that such feelings as I have described are never real presentiments of what is to follow?"

"I believe and know," said Tamsen, "that it is always criminal to be guided by them, either in our thoughts or conduct. But such folly does not bear talking of. Up and dress, and you will soon forget it."

Aquila was silent, and the preparations for the ceremony of the morning proceeded without interruption. Some of their fair neighbours who were invited to the wedding brought flowers to scatter on the pathway leading to the church. The peasantry of the surrounding cottages and hamlets, with branches of trees in their hands, and dressed in their best attire, were loitering about the pathways near the dwelling of the Fullartons, partly through friendship for the family, and partly with the view of augmenting the train of idlers that was to form the bridal procession. The walk to the church led through one of those delightful wooded lanes which seem to be peculiarly English, and the building itself was of the very simplest order. On the opposite side to that by which it was connected with the green lane, ran a public road which led to the town. The sexton had made all the necessary preparations, and was now leaning with the keys of the church-door in his hand against a monument in the sunshine, and conversing at his ease with a countryman.

"You musn't go, Farmer Swaffield, for to talk morals to me. Every man to his proper function, farmer. 'Tis yours to mind the team and waggon, and to till and

graze, and such like. You tend, as one might say, upon mankind in one capacity only: you help to furnish him as it were, the three great fundamental props of human life,—food, fire, and clothing; and yours, I will nowise deny, is an honourable and lawful calling. But, farmer, mine is of the moral order. I attend him at his birth, his marriage, and his death; and I think I ought to have some notion of what befits him. Look here at this grave-yard: it was a plain green field when I was a-schooling yonder in the town, and now see what a population it has under the sod! Well, Heaven is good! There is scarce a corpse in that clay but what I have had my nod and joke and handshake with in my day, and see now how still they lie in the sunshine! Well, but it is a fine thing, farmer, to have the heart clear. There's one—no matter who, since his grave-stone doesn't tell it I shall not—who died of a liver complaint brought on by drink; and there's Harry Poole the great horse-jockey, and Tom Molyneux the weaver, and Honeyman the green-grocer—as fine a fellow as ever filled a coffin, if he had not been too much given to popery; and a knot of merry lads, who once made Taunton ring. Heaven is over all. 'Tis an evil world we live in! To be born, to marry, and to die—there's the whole history of man and woman. And, talking of marriage, here comes his reverence along the by-way."

The clergyman rode into the yard and alighted with the assistance of the sexton. At the same instant, the sound of the bridal music was heard in the green lane already mentioned. The marriage ceremony had nearly commenced, when the orderly arrived to summon Captain Kingsly instantly to join his troop.

"I have arranged all that with Colonel Pembroke," said Kingsly, "I am to join him in a few days."

"Please your honour," said the man, "he told me a few minutes since with his own lips that you were to join

the troop without a moment's loss of time, as they are to be on horseback in half an hour."

"In half an hour! Upon what summons, or to what purpose, Watson?"

"To join his grace the Duke of Albermarle," said the corporal, "who is about proceeding at once to Axminster, to meet the Duke of Monmouth."

"The Duke of Monmouth!" exclaimed several voices.

"Ay—I heard but the wind of the news as I rode away; but they say for certain the Duke of Monmouth is landed in Lyme Regis, and that we shall have as pretty a piece of work upon our hands ere long as ever they had in the days of the Cavaliers and Roundheads."

The effect of this astounding news upon the bridal party may be readily conceived. To some it brought consternation—to others excitement—to all confusion and astonishment. Aquila and Tamsen exchanged looks of mute intelligence. Captain Kingsly seemed absolutely struck dumb with wonder. His son showed, by the chagrin that was depicted in his countenance, how deeply he wished that the Duke had chosen a more auspicious moment for the assertion of his rights, whatever they might be. Old Fullarton, forgetting for the time the nature of the intelligence in consideration of its probable influence upon the happiness of his child, was wholly occupied in observing her; and the clergyman instinctively closed his book, as if foreseeing the total impossibility, under such circumstances, of proceeding with the marriage rite.

"In the name of Heaven, sir," said Henry, observing this last action, "let the ceremony proceed. If we are so soon to be separated, Aquila, let it not be thus at least. If this intelligence be correct, it is likely that we shall ere long have troublesome times in the West. Let

me entreat, then, that I may have a just and legal right to become your guardian and protector in any dangers which may arise to you or to your friends. My assistance, Mr. Fullarton," he said, appealing to the old man, "may yet be of importance to you all: I will readily take upon myself the blame of the delay, which cannot be considerable."

All but Aquila seemed disposed to acquiesce in this proposal; but she firmly refused to admit it. The name of the Duke of Monmouth seemed to have produced a magical effect upon her understanding: her whole soul was on the instant with her brother, and her spirit was in the cause in which it was known to her alone, of all the circle, how far he was already implicated. Firmly convinced of Monmouth's right, and participating deeply in the prejudices of her family against the reigning monarch, the report of this invasion had rather excited her enthusiasm than aroused her fears. When Kingsly requested to speak with her and her friends apart, in order that he might prevail on her to change her resolution, he was astonished at the sudden vehemence that was in her manner of refusal."

"Not an instant—not one instant, Henry," she said, "shall you absent yourself for my sake from the cause which you consider just."

"Which I *consider* just, Aquila! Do you forget that we are taking arms against a convicted rebel and imposter?"

"Time will show better if he deserve those names," replied Aquila eagerly:—"time and the arguments which men carry in their belts—for it is those, after all, I grieve to say, and not right, that regulate possession."

"Aquila," said young Kingsly, in a lower tone, "you alarm me. I know the prejudices—forgive me for the word—in which you have been educated; I admit, too, the real wrongs and injuries which have

given to those prejudices a semblance of truth and right; but let me entreat you for my—for all our sakes, to be guarded in your words. You are not acquainted, Aquila, with the real circumstances of our country. This wild adventure, be assured, will end as mournfully as it has been heedlessly begun; and many may be involved in its consequences who had little or no part in promoting it."

"I trust," replied Aquila fixedly, "that Providence will bestow the victory where it is merited. You, who do not look on James as an usurper, no doubt will foresee the worst for the unhappy Monmouth and his followers."

"Alas! my sweet love," said Kingsly, "you dally with subjects which are too huge for your handling. Do you know enough of vulgar history to be aware that this ambitious nobleman once joined in a conspiracy against his own father? that after his comrades fell into the hands of the law, he meanly sought the royal pardon by revealing a plot in which he was one of the guiltiest participators; and that this new attempt is no more than an expiring effort of ambition, grown desperate by repeated failure, and ending, as all selfish passions ever do, in the destruction of their wretched victim?"

"What could I hope to hear," replied Aquila, "from an adherent of James, except dispraise of Monmouth? But these walls, Henry," she added, raising her hand towards the chancel roof beneath which they stood, "were formed for other purposes than to re-echo the sounds of political controversy."

Kingsly was stunned by this plain and decided avowal of sentiments which, he felt convinced, would ere long be fatal to almost all who shared in them. There was, however, in Aquila's manner an air of resolute self-will, which made him despair of moving her.

"You may judge, Aquila," said he, with an altered

manner, "what bitterness your words have added to the pain of parting. Yet hear me, and, if you can, open your mind for an instant to common sense and to conviction. Let who will be in the right in this insensate struggle, I will not argue with you upon the ground of right; but only hear me on that of prudence. Whether King James be, as you choose to call him, an usurper or otherwise, it is certain that he has the power to crush this paltry effort, and that he will crush it and its unhappy leader with as much ease as I could (if mercy suffered me) destroy that grave-worm that is creeping on the earth between us. Supposing that this lunatic Duke were indeed our king, and wronged of his inheritance, as sure he is until he be helped into a halter, which is his right of long standing, yet is it absolutely certain that he has miserably mistaken his time, and that he and all who are seduced into a share in his detestable enterprise must perish without pity. Beware, therefore, Aquila, how you have any part in adding one to the number of the victims. You know to whom I allude, and sincerely rejoiced I am that his absence from home at this moment affords him a chance of safety."

At these words Aquila turned deadly pale; but she answered, without a moment's hesitation—

"I *do* know, Henry, to whom you allude; but neither Arthur nor myself were ever so much attached to life, that we should shrink from the avowal of any sentiments which we conscientiously entertain. I would prefer death at any time to falsehood; and so, I am sure, would Arthur."

"I have forewarned you, dear Aquila," said Kingsly, "and it is enough. You will yourself, at further leisure, consider the importance of what I have said; for the present it is enough to have shown you the certain ruin that awaits this enterprise. If our lives be due to our

country, we are only called upon to make the sacrifice when it can tend to the common advantage ; the martyrdom to which we are not called has more of self-will than of devotion."

At this instant a second horseman alighted at the church-door and advanced into the aisle in which the group were standing.

"Colonel Pembroke's orders to Captain Kingsly to attend without delay : his troop are under arms already."

"Farewell, then, Aquila, since it must be so, and may we meet under happier circumstances ! Mr. Fullarton," he said, "you at least will have penetration to see how matters really stand, and prudence enough to remember, that it is not the madness of a week or month that can compensate for the loss of years of hope and happiness. I urge you sir, in these disastrous times, to have a guard on those whom we all equally hold dear. Oh, sir, remember what civil contest is, and let the influence that waits on your grey hairs assist in averting it from the scenes we love. You too, sir," he continued, growing fervent as he proceeded, and addressing his father,—"let me entreat of you at parting that neither these unhappy events, nor any that are to follow, may interrupt the friendly intercourse that has hitherto subsisted between our families : it may be of the last importance to us all. Tamsen, farewell !—again farewell, Aquila, and do not forget what I have said."

He hastened to his horse, which had been brought him ready saddled by the last messenger, and galloped off in the direction of the town, the two yeomen following him at the best of their speed. The party whom he left behind were too much disheartened by what had occurred, and too distrustful of the state of each other's sentiments, to indulge in conversation. Even Captain Kingsly seemed to be struck mute, partly by what he conceived to be the unparalleled audacity of the rebel

Duke, and partly, in despite of all his loyalty, by secret consternation of heart at the sudden danger into which he saw his son hurried away even from the bridal altar. They left the church in silence; the music was not renewed; and the country people who had attended, departed, some to their homes, the greater number to the town, in order to learn with greater certainty the nature of the protentous event which had occurred.

As Kingsly rode hastily through the town, some hisses in the crowd, and cries of derision which followed the horsemen, already showed upon what side the current of popular feeling was about to turn. With a pang of fear at the certain indication which these sounds afforded of the accomplishment of all he had foreboded, the young royalist increased his speed, and soon joined his troop, who had already left the town.

"I can excuse you, Mr. Kingsly," said Colonel Pembroke, as Henry hastened towards him with his apology, "and I have had just experience enough of the nature of your feeling to regret the necessity of the orders which I issued; but you, I suppose, have forgotten them already. Is it not appalling to see how little these wretched people seem to be aware of the ruin that is overhanging them? and does it not offer a humiliating idea of human nature to think that any man should, for the gratification of his own miserable ambition, expose thousands of his fellow countrymen to certain destruction? Between ourselves, however," he added in a lower tone, "the King's work must be done by other hands than those which follow us at this instant; for, if my Lord Albemarle have none more resolute in his camp, the case of Monmouth is not so desperate as our leaders may deem it prudent to give out."

It was evening when they entered the plain in which the Duke of Albemarle had pitched his camp upon his route to Axminster, where he proposed to await the

approach of Monmouth. The camp had not, as they rode into it, that air of general bustle and excitement which denotes that the hearts of the soldiery are with the cause for which they have taken arms. The force consisted chiefly of the Devon yeomen, who came from a disaffected district, and brought with them no small portion of the popular feeling of the place. Even the Duke himself, as Kingsly thought, received them with an air of perplexity and irresolution, as if the magnitude of his force rather tended to embarrass than encourage him. Having led his men to their quarters, Kingsly walked to an adjacent slope which commanded a prospect of the camp and of the distant country. He loitered for a time to watch the setting sun, which went down in all the mellow beauty of a summer evening: he thought of his distant friends, and contrasted for a moment in his mind the scene of fertility that extended around him, with the general woe and desolation which a few weeks more might scatter over the landscape, and which might reach he knew not how nearly to his own most intimate affections. Desirous to escape at length from those uncomfortable thoughts, he returned to his men, amongst whom he was compelled to pass the night upon the ground, with no other bed than his riding-cloak, and no other roof than the starlit sky.

CHAPTER XVII.

The case was far otherwise with the invaders. There all was spirit, hope, activity, and zeal. The tempestuous state of the weather since they had sailed from Holland, while it exposed them to one species of danger, assisted to relieve them from another not less formidable.

Escaping the notice of the royal cruisers who hovered around the coast, the adventurers found themselves, after a few days' sail, within sight of Dorsetshire. The inhabitants of the coast had for some time past been looking out for such an enterprise upon the part of Monmouth, and almost all were well affected to his cause ; but the sight of his force, such as it appeared when landing on the Cobb of Lyme, struck consternation and dismay into the bosoms of his warmest friends. Some fishermen, who had seen and hailed his vessel in the offing, were the first to bring the news into the town.

"The Duke of Monmouth, say ye, neighbour?" cried a schoolmaster, who happened to have the longest head for politics of any one in Lyme,—a circumstance which sorely interfered with his classic avocations. "It is but a smuggling lugger. When the Duke of Monmouth comes, it will be in another kind of fashion than that, I promise ye."

"Ay, but it is he, though," replied the fisherman, "as sure as my name's Jack Shrimp ; by the same token that I sold him a prime john dory for his breakfast, for which he is to pay me, as I hear, when he can procure change ashore. If ye doubt my word, run down to the Cobb and satisfy your eyes."

They took the hint, and the Cobb was presently crowded with the curious townspeople.

It happened on this eventful morning that no less a personage than the Mayor of Lyme had arisen from his rest and sought his breakfast-parlour with the anticipation of making a comfortable repast, in order to fit him for the discharge of the judicial functions of the day. As his worship was a loyalist no less punctual than Captain Kingsly, a fidelity in which he had not many imitators in Lyme, there were few more likely to be perplexed by the events of the morning.

Before the door of the civic functionary were ranged

a number of javelin-men, with a formal precision which made it easy to see that his worship bore for the first time the golden honours of the mayoralty around his neck.

"In good time, in good time, Mistress Came—public business must take place of private comforts—breakfast will be none the worse for waiting—my appetite will be the keener, and the affairs of Lyme Regis shall be all the better. Pitman!"

"Here, an't please your worship."

"When I go forth, as yesterday, do not you stand with your javelin-men in a front file as if you were about to arrest a highwayman, but two and two—thus—on each side the steps, that I may walk forth between you as a mayor should do."

"Eese, pleaze your worship."

"And mind, if old Bessy Addletop, the egg-woman, comes hawking out of market, as the last time, *in contemptu curiæ*, in the public street, under my very eye, *sub occula magistratus*, you will make no more ado, but come down *vi et armis, et cum posse comitatus*, upon her egg-basket, and make lawful seizure, in the King's name, of the whole contents."

"An't pleaze your worship, if tha weather-beaten auld gammer should dudder and belg at us, and call the town upon us, what are we to do? She do have a desperd strikin tongue o' her awn."

"You shall watch your time, and make your seizure when the streets are thin. In case she rails at ye for mayor's men only, and such like, ye shall make good your seizure: but should she let her tongue loose, and shout at ye for Abhorrers, ye had better let the basket go with her,—for the Petitioners are strong in Lyme, (more the pity!) and it were ill done to disturb the peace of a quiet town for the matter of an old woman's egg-basket."

"An't please your worship, what shall be done with the eggs, in case we seize on 'em?"

"Done with 'em? Let me see. Why, that is a knotty point, and demands consideration, as I am but young in office; but you may bring them here and lodge them in my pantry until I read upon it. And now you may let the Mayoress of Lyme Regis know that I am ready to join her at breakfast."

That meal, however, was destined to experience a somewhat stormy interruption. Scarcely had the worthy magistrate taken his place at the breakfast-table, when an unusual commotion was observed in the streets. Men, women, and children, began to hurry to and fro, and numbers were shortly seen hastening in the direction of the Cobb.

In a short time, two or three of the more substantial burgesses of the place knocked at the mayor's door; while Pitman, the beadle, ran up stairs, with a face aghast with terror.

"An't pleaze your worship, here's a business!"

"What's the matter, Pitman? Has Bessy Addletop put you to the route?"

"Naw! naw! the awld slomaking! there's worse than thic in tha wine. They zay the Duke o' Monmouth is bearing down upon the Cobb for zartin."

"The Duke of Monmouth!"

"Ay, and two more ships along with him. There! ye may zee them off the coast with your awn eyes."

Astounded past the power of speech, the mayor arose from table, and satisfied himself by occular evidence of the truth of the beadle's story. In a few minutes he was surrounded by several of the more respectable inhabitants of the place.

"Well, Master Came, how say you now? Here's a business!"

"What's to be done, Master Came? Don't ye mind

thinking, but tell us what's to be done, and think after, when the Duke shall leave us time for it."

"My masters," said the bewildered mayor, "remember I am but young in office, though somewhat old in years. Call out the townspeople! and let us do the best we can to prevent a landing, in the King's name!"

"Call out the townspeople!" re-echoed one of the burgesses; "call stocks and stones! If ye do, ye are much more like to cut a cudgel to break your own bones. Three-fourths of the knaves are already on the Cobb, more like to help him ashore, than to help King James to keep him afloat, or send him looking for liberty amongst the crabs and lobsters."

"Why then, my masters," said the mayor, "since matters are so, and since prudence in cases of doubt inclines to the side of safety, I hold that the sooner all loyal men can gather themselves and their effects out of the reach of danger, the better."

The greater portion of the loyal men of Lyme Regis had not waited for his worship's advice. Before the vessel of the Duke had come to anchor, the roads in the direction of Chard and Bridport were crowded with men, horses, and waggons, conveying the effects and persons of the fugitives from the town. Few of the better class of inhabitants ventured to remain.

"Well, Mr. Fletcher," said the Duke, as he prepared to go ashore, and beheld with joy the eager crowds which had assembled to receive him, "the Rubicon is passed."

"Ay, my lord, nothing now is left for it but stout words and stouter blows. 'Tis a huge island," he added, looking to the fertile coast before them, which was smiling in all the loveliness of a summer morn, and slightly shrugging his shoulders as he gazed upon the scanty and ill-accoutred crew that had followed them; "but the more danger, the more glory. You will do well, in your

address to those good people on your landing, to say a word or two of old times—of liberty and the commonwealth. They understand well enough, I dare say, what share you had in the affair of Russel and of Sidney, and will not be the less alive for a hint of it."

This was rather an unseasonable allusion, and the cheek of Monmouth blanched, in spite of his natural hardihood, as he listened to the well-remembered names.

"My martyred friends!" said he with strong emotion; "you have harped, Mr. Fletcher, upon stirring sounds! Oh, if my noble friends could but look for an instant from the tombs which they have consecrated by their heroic deaths upon the scene before us, how much more sympathy it would receive from them than from any hearts which they have left behind them! But it is vain referring to the past; our task is with the living, not the dead; let us labour hard to bring to a better issue the cause which they bequeathed to us as a legacy, and for which they shed their life's blood. Yes, England shall be free! and while a drop of blood remains in Monmouth's veins, it shall be his care to see that the martyrs of Eighty-three have not shed theirs in vain."

"It is well resolved," said Fletcher; "pray Heaven the success be answerable to the zeal. With your grace's leave, I will step ashore before you in order to look for a fitting situation to halt in for the present, while you are making matters clear to those valiant fellows on the beach."

So saying, he hastened into the small boat, and was followed by a number of the crew, Monmouth himself remaining on board the vessel.

"My Lord Grey and myself have been thinking, and it please your grace," said Ferguson in a whisper and with a cringing smile, "that you will do well, in your first discourse with these people here, to touch a little upon the claim of inheritance."

The Duke started at the words as if they had suddenly communicated some evil news.

"Did we not fully understand each other, Mr. Ferguson, on this point? Will nothing satisfy you but my immediate ruin?"

"And it please your grace," said Ferguson with a look and gesture of the most servile deprecation, "it is pain to my inmost heart to hear you speak such words. It is to avert your ruin, my lord and liege, that I would speak. These people have come to meet your grace with warm hearts and willing spirits, and cold water must not be thrown upon their love. If your grace would satisfy them by some such slight allusion to your real and absolute right as might meet their own idea of your claims, without in any respect exciting the alarm of Mr. Fletcher and the other friends of—of—liberty, as they call it, the effect would be vastly for your grace's interest here in the West, and——"

"Thou dotest, Ferguson," exclaimed the Duke impatiently; "through sheer affection to my person thou sufferest thy wits to dote. I tell thee, Fletcher would spurn us and our design as the wild horse spurns the desert sand, if he had but the least suspicion of such a thought. He is both the Achilles and Ulysses of our little camp, and he cannot be spared. What! James of Monmouth king! Imagine the effect of such a sound upon the Grecian ear of Fletcher, and on the sturdy republican breasts of certain others amongst our company. I promise you, it would full soon unhorse us, every man. However, so far as a word may go in vindication of her honour whose memory must be ever dear to an affectionate son, I can see no wondrous evil to be dreaded. And so, for England and for liberty!"

These last words he spoke in a loud voice, smiling and standing erect on the prow of the pinnace, while he waved his hat to the crowd who stood upon the beach, and who

responded to the action by reiterated cheers. It would be difficult indeed to imagine a nobler figure than the young Duke presented at this instant. With a countenance open, frank, and handsome—a profusion of richly curling hair flowing down upon his shoulders in the fashion of the time, or blown backward by the gentle wind—a smile that was full of sweetness and good-humour, a person exquisitely shaped, and an action princely and graceful in the extreme, he seemed formed for winning the hearts of all whom he addressed. And indeed, if mere personal accomplishment could atone for the absence of almost every internal qualification necessary for the high station to which he aspired, few were more worthy of a throne than James of Monmouth.

> Whate'er he did, was done with so much ease,
> In him alone 'twas natural to please,
> His motions all accompanied with grace,
> And paradise was open'd in his face.

"We have beaten him from the ground of principle already," said Ferguson in a familiar tone, laying his hand upon the arm of Lord Grey, who prepared to follow Monmouth; "he only loiters a little upon that of expediency and prudence. These dreaming fools of liberty, my lord, are sadly in our way. Would we were rid of Fletcher! Would that he had one of those new-found far-away isles in his possession, that he might take himself and his Greek out of our sight and hearing until we had this matter ended! There he might indulge at leisure his visionary schemes of classical republicanism, and we be nothing the worse for his removal. However, a few days more, I trust, will render Monmouth independent of such high-principled dreamers. Till then, we must, I suppose, keep on our republican faces,—But how is this, my lord? Methinks yours does not wear all the sunshine that might be wished at such a moment. You are pale, my lord?"

"Who? I?" exclaimed Grey, with a conscious start. "You are the last," he added in a significant tone, "that should reproach me with its cause."

"Whatever be its cause," said Ferguson, "you will do well to hide it for the present. We are in, my lord, and there is no retreating;—the die is cast, and we must stand by the throw that we have made."

"Oh, Ferguson! I would I had the nerve!" said Grey in a low whisper, as he laid his hand on his companion's shoulder.

"Tush, tush!" said Ferguson impatiently; "observe my lord of Monmouth himself: you see his nerve, his valour in arms, his joyous ease in social intercourse—and yet do you suppose all that is the result of conscious innocence of heart? No; but he feels as many do, that if we would accomplish anything in life, it must be by putting off the woman and the infant from our natures, and putting on the man. It is now too late, my lord, for hesitation—you must be bold for a few weeks in order to be timid at your ease for all your after life."

"Thou hast my confidence, Ferguson," replied the wretched nobleman, "and therefore I make no effort to conceal from thee what I would gladly hide from all beside. But there will come a fitter time to speak of it."

At this instant Monmouth sprang upon the land, and was received by the multitude with an enthusiasm which went beyond his fondest hopes. Some cast themselves at his feet with an excess of joy, others clasped his hands and half embraced him in their transports, while the shores re-echoed to their shouts and cheers of welcome.

Proceeding to the market-place of Lyme, amid the shouts of the populace, the blue flag of the invader was erected, and the declaration of war formally read, and responded to with reiterated cheers.

"Yes, Englishmen and fellow-countrymen!" said the young Duke, delighted at their fervour, "I am come

amongst you to redeem an ancient pledge—to restore the liberties of England, and to rid her for ever of this usurper, who has thrust himself into the royal seat of the Stuarts for the purpose of playing the tyrant in the land that gave him life and honour! How came he by that throne which he falsely calls his right? My friends, forgive these tears! My royal father loved me through every change, as well in what he thought transgression—though sure it could not be a fault against the King to love his people—as in our days of union and of peace. It is not wonderful then, that I remember him with filial sorrow, and call to mind with stern suspicion the manner of his death. He was one day well in health, and before the week was ended James of Monmouth was an orphan in a foreign land. The Duke of York, who falsely calls himself your king, was near him on his death-bed. I tell you, men of Lyme, what I would tell that dark usurper were he present, that I have no faith in the drugs that Charles Stuart received from the hands of York. I tell you—and I would tell him, that I would not trust a brother's life to the mercy of a heart that was already stained with the blood of murdered Godfrey, no more than I would commit the freedom of my country to the custody of an incendiary, whose bigot zeal had once almost reduced to ashes the capital in which he is allowed to reign. You are aware by what false arts he has endeavoured to cast a shadow on my own name, and on the memory of one whose fame must needs be dearer to me than my own. But there will come a time for clearing both. The question is touching the deliverance of our common country. Who is there that loves England? who is there that will follow Monmouth? See—I have drawn my sword, and I attest you all, my countrymen, and that fair sun that is smiling on our re-union, that it shall never rest a day within its sheath until the Duke of York is hurled headlong from his seat, or until James

of Monmouth has ceased to breathe and sigh for the enfranchisement of his native land."

The populace to whom Monmouth spoke, received with enthusiastic cheers a speech which was exactly adapted to the gross and ignorant prejudices in which they lived. To attribute to the reigning monarch, whose personal character had always stood high even with his enemies, such detestable crimes as the burning of London, the murder of Godfrey, and even the atrocious guilt of fratricide, required a stretch of credulity in the hearers which could only be hoped for amongst the very lowest class of the community: but such was the assembly which at present stood before the Duke. Their zeal appeared redoubled at the close of his address. They pressed close around, and would have borne him on their shoulders through the town, had he judged it wise at present to separate himself from his companions. As it was, they flocked to his standard faster than he could have hoped. A species of intoxication seemed to have seized upon the people. Without reflection or delay, they forsook their customary occupations, the artisan his tools, the retailer his shop and custom, and the agriculturist his plough and team, to enroll themselves beneath the standard of the Duke. All that day and the two following, it was as much as Monmouth's officers could do, to take down the names of those who hastened to espouse his cause; and on the fourth he found himself at the head of more than two thousand men, of whom a considerable portion were provided with horses. The manifesto which the Duke had published, and which the wily Ferguson contrived to have printed without the cognizance of Fletcher and his friends, was little more than a repetition of the speech which he had made on landing, and which the more respectable amongst his companions regretted had been ever uttered. And, in point of fact, it assisted in keeping the gentry aloof from the camp,

which, in consequence of the lack of discipline and arms, had more the appearance of a village fair or market, than of an army fit to encounter the standing force of a great kingdom.

"I would I could get a glimpse of something decenter than smock-frocks and hairy fetlocks!" said Fletcher, as he paced to and fro in his narrow tent. "These clowns, poor souls! are willing; but what are their staves and rusty pitchforks to do for us against carbine and artillery? Look out, Andrews, and see if that Irish scout has yet returned. My lord of Monmouth was to blame —he was not well advised in that lying rag which he calls his declaration. Tell truth for ever! Oh, tell truth! tell truth!——Poison the King! Pish, pish! it smells too rank. It might fit the coarse and hungry apprehensions of these eager boors, but it cries *caveto* to their masters in too loud a voice. Oh, for a gentleman or two, to give our camp an air! I pine for something decenter than these eternal wooden shoes. And if the wood were confined to the one extremity, it were something; but, alas! the lignum-vitæ is above in greater plenty than below. But what? their heads will stand the thwacking all the better. Well, Andrews, what's the news?"

"He is coming, sir," said Andrews hastily;—but he told me flatly he would keep his news for his betters."

At this moment the voice of Shamus Delaney was heard outside the tent.

"Lieutenant Grierson of the Lyme Fencibles, make off without loss o' time to the general's tent, an' let him hear what we seen."

"Well, friend," said Fletcher, stepping to the entrance, "what's the news?"

Shamus looked at him fixedly for a few moments, and then said in a quiet tone:

"Have you any commission in the Lyme Fencibles?"

"Not I."

"I thought as much. Well, Misther Ferguson is curnel in them Fencibles, an' I'm a captain; for I made a bargain at the first starting, that I wouldn't let myself down to be anything less than an officer. If I would I had a fair opportunity for listing when my brother Morty was goin' out among the blackymoors——"

"Come, come, fellow," cried Fletcher, "no nonsense, but give me your news."

"Fellow!" cried Shamus, "it might be Captain Delaney under your belt, at any rate. Why then cock you up with my news! Go look for news yourself if you want 'em; an' if you airn them as hard as I did mine, I'll be bail you won't be in a hurry to part 'em to every *geocogh*. My news is for my shuparior betthers, an' not for the likes o' you that's none o' my officers."

"Captain, or colonel, or general, or what you will," said Fletcher, "pray let me hear your news on your own terms."

"Well, why! that's something. Be quiet now, an' I'll tell you. In the first place, you see myself an' Lieutenant Grierson, it's fitten' I put myself first, bein' captain, and three o' the Lyme Fencibles, James Littlewit, an' Pether Hangfire, an'——"

"Never mind the names, Captain Delaney, never mind the names."

"Well, sure enough, it's all one. But we had only got up a couple o' long miles into the counthry when we hard a report from one o' the neighbours, that the English,—that's I mane, sech o' the English as is again us, —was undher arms a piece farther on."

"In what force, colonel?"

"Oyeh, powers! They said there was as good as five thousand of 'em."

"And under whom, General Delaney?"

"I'm neither a curnel nor a general, but a plain cap-

tain. 'Tis making game o' me you are, I believe; an' that's what I don't consider myself bound to stand."

"Well, captain, well?"

"Well, why! They said the Duke of Albemarle was at the head of 'em."

At these words, Fletcher darted from the tent, dashing Captain Delaney aside with so little ceremony, that after staggering back and reeling a few paces, he finally came in a sitting position to the earth, and with so much violence that the sound alarmed a party of the Lyme Fencibles, as he called the un-armed recruits that were abandoned to his care, who came running to the assistance of their fallen leader.

"Well!" exclaimed Shamus, expanding his hands without rising, as if to let the injury appear as manifest as possible, "if that isn't thratement! But it's no matter! These Scotchmen thinks there isn't the likes o' themselves in the whole world. It's no matther!—let one o' ye fetch me a hand,—it's a part o' the fortune o' war. It's like his callin' me a general a while ago, by way o' makin' game. Are ye all here, now, every man o' the Lyme Fencibles? James Littlewit!

"Here!"

"Pether Hangfire!"

"Here!"

"Solomon Scatterball!"

"An't please your honour, he's stepped over to the town to borrow a pot to cook the company's rations."

"Ephraim Scantopluck!"

"I'm coming," cried a voice at a distance, "when I've done mending my pitchfork!"

"William Ramithome!"

"Here!"

"Well, I see ye're all here, exceptin' those that's absent. Well, then, fall in, fall in, an' much good may it do ye! An' now attind to my ordhers, an' mind 'em well.

Every man is to fight, an' nobody is to run, that's plain enough. Secondly, any man that wants arms is to fight hard *for* 'em first, an' to fight *with* 'em at his aise afther. Thirdly, any booty whatsomever that any o' ye may take in the war, such as goold rings, watches, sails, valuable clothing an' the likes,—but, above all things, money,—ye're to bring it all to me. Do you hear me?"

"Ay, ay, ay!"

"Very well. Because I'm captain, ye know, an' best judge how it ought to be divided. For it's one o' the maxims in war, that it's the part o' the common sodgers for to fight, an' for the ladin' officers for to have all the call to the booty an' the likes, how 'tis to be shared, an' what's to be done with it. Do ye hear?"

"Ay, ay!"

"An' if there's anything that's very dangerous—certain death for instance—as a place where one would be blown up, an' the likes, it's the custom o' war for the common sodgers to have it all to themselves, an' for the officer to give 'em ordhers for to face it, but to stay behind himself, bein' more valuable. Do ye hear?"

"Ay, ay!"

"An' if there be a scarcity o' food, or clothin', or beddin', an' the likes, or a dale to do, sech as diggin' threnches an' the likes o' that, then it's the custom o' war for the officer to have the first o' the victuals an' things that way; but the sodgers is to have the first o' the labour always. Do ye undherstand?"

"Ay, ay!"

"Very well, why. Now, mind the word! Shouldher your pikes! Quick march!"

So saying, he strutted away at the head of his unwarlike company, while Fletcher hastened to take counsel with the Duke.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,
Making it light to Cassio. Cassio, I love thee,
But never more be officer of mine.

Othello..

"My lord! my lord of Monmouth!" exclaimed Fletcher, in his hasty manner, as he broke into the tent without ceremony.

"Well, Mr. Fletcher, what's the matter?" asked the Duke, turning round with his usual placidity of tone.

"We have it now in our power to provide ourselves with what of all things we stand most in need of."

"And what is that, Mr. Fletcher, may I ask?"

"Tools, my lord—arms, the soldier's only tools—and store of ammunition likewise. You have heard the scout's report?"

"I did; but the force is a very superior one. Not that I dread the event; but I should like to have the men a little better disciplined before bringing them to action."

"Pish for the force, my lord,—the force is nothing. I have a guess what kind of resistance the Devon Militia will offer to the men of Dorset. Besides, at the worst, it is little more than two to one; and the way to London is not such a bowling-green but we shall have to face worse odds than those ere we arrive there."

"As you will, then,—as you will," said the Duke, bestirring himself. "Mr. Ferguson, you will hasten to Lord Grey, and tell him to ride forward at the head of the best armed and best accoutred of the cavalry, while we follow at all possible speed with the main body of our force."

"My lord," said Fletcher, plucking his glove with an

impatient air, "I am not at ease upon these orders. Do you think my Lord Grey is a fitting person to be entrusted with the conduct of such an enterprise as this?"

"It is his place," replied the Duke: "why else did he solicit the command?"

"My lord," said Fletcher, "it needs but to enter his tent to pronounce him womanish. He hath stored it with all manner of arms, as if to make amends by plenty of tools for lack of spirit to use them; and he practises sword and pistol play by the hour, insomuch that he will pick you the brains out of a blackbird at a score paces and upwards. As long as I could handle arms, I never cared to trust any matter of nerve and enterprise to one of your marksmen—your finical posture-masters, that are too sharp and cunning in the little ever to be high-mettled in the great. Besides, he knows nothing of the management of cavalry."

"Then why did he solicit that command?"

"For a plain, numerical, arithmetical reason: because he considered that four legs can run faster than two."

"Hush, hush! my good Mr. Fletcher," said the Duke smiling but alarmed, and laying his hand against Fletcher's lip: "we cannot afford to have dissension in our camp so soon; and such a word as that, if heard outside, would surely bring the fiend amongst us. This is but a trifling service; for you perceive, my dear Mr. Fletcher," he continued, taking his arm and walking with him to and fro in a confidential manner, "that it is merely the show of a great trust. We shall follow too close upon his track to leave much for him to do either in the way of injury or service. We cannot yet be nice, my friend, in the selection of our leaders; a week or thereabout, I hope, will leave it in our power to make a choice. I had rather commit the matter to your own

hands, but your presence will be necessary with the main body. So haste and away, Mr. Fletcher; and victory speed you!"

"As you will, my lord,—even be it as you will," said Fletcher, hastily leaving the tent; "we must only make the best of what his lordship shall leave behind him. To arms!" he called aloud, as he hurried to his quarters—"to arms, for England and for liberty!"

In the mean time, Ferguson hastened to the tent of Lord Grey, with the orders of the Duke. He found that nobleman seated at a small table, on which lay some loose papers, with an open map and pair of compasses. The countenance of Grey had still the expression of mingled anxiety and chagrin which it constantly wore since he found himself actually embarked in the expedition. There was something singularly constitutional in his uneasiness. Nothing could have been more easy for him, while on the Continent, than to avoid committing his personal safety (which he held so much at heart) amongst the invaders, and yet he would not choose but sail with them; yet now that the die was cast, it seemed as if he would give worlds to recall the step he had taken. Any one, nevertheless, who might form such a judgment from his demeanour, would have been in error. Lord Grey did not regret having followed the fortunes of Monmouth, although he felt it impossible to master the cruel fears by which his mind was haunted. His whole career apart, from certain dark insinuations to which history does not warrant our yielding implicit credence, revealed a spirit in which talent, a zeal for honour, fidelity to his cause and to his friends, maintained a continual and agonizing struggle with a womanish feebleness and timidity of constitution. That he lent himself with Ferguson to the ambitious selfishness of Monmouth in desiring to assume the title of King, takes no more from his general personal integrity than would

any other error of opinion ; and perhaps to his credit it may be said, his very infirmity of nerve served only to place in more honourable relief his resolute and undeviating fidelity to his companions in their adversity, when the animal courage of many a bolder adventurer did not save them from the shame of perfidy and treason to each other.

"To horse, my lord—to horse, with all despatch!" cried Ferguson, as he rushed into the tent. "His majesty has committed to your lordship the high honour of striking the first blow in the good cause. Hasten, my lord, I beseech you, or the prize will have escaped us."

"The prize?—What honour?—How mean you, Mr. Ferguson?" Lord Grey exclaimed, rising with a look of alarm.

"Tush! nothing, my lord,—a handful of Albemarle's clodpoles, who are quartered, we hear, somewhere in the neighbourhood of Bridport, and are waiting your orders to run. Here is an opportunity such as I could well desire. Here are laurels to be had for the gathering : your cavalry will only have to show themselves, and you return to Monmouth with an abundant supply of arms, ammunition, and honour—a true *Veni, vidi, vici* hero. Here, my lord, is a reputation ready made, and of the kind that you most need—most value, I would say. It needs but half an hour sitting quiet in your saddle to silence Fletcher's sneers for ever, and place your name beyond the reach of calumny."

"Near Bridport, did you say?" asked Grey in a hurried tone as he confusedly sought for his accoutrements. "In what force are they assembled, is it said?"

"Pooh! some loose hundreds, or thereabout.—Pardon me ; your sword—you have hung it at the right side in the ardour of your haste.—His majesty would not have thought them worthy the honour of being cut to

pieces, but for their arms and ammunition, of which we stand so much in need.—Your pistols—we usually carry the stock uppermost : 'tis a matter of fancy, to be sure, but you will find it more convenient, and it may appear less singular to the troops.—Pooh ! pooh ! we can all guess what kind of resistance the yeomen of Albemarle will offer to your cavalry."

"But our own force is so ill-disciplined," said Grey. "Were it not wiser to train them for a few days longer than to run the risk of disheartening them by a premature enterprise for which they are scarce prepared ? Consider the consequence of failure."

"I fear," said Ferguson, "it is now too late to deliberate ; for, if I mistake not, they are already under arms."

"Oh, Ferguson," said Grey with a wretched look, "you jest with the confidence which I have suffered you to attain. I fear the issue—I am wronging even Monmouth by accepting or retaining this command. I have not nerve for it. I shall disgrace myself, and bring destruction on the cause I serve."

"You astonish me, my lord. Is it possible that a mind which I know to be strong as yours should find such difficulty in commanding a mere defect of constitution ? Believe me, you are in error if you suppose you cannot master this infirmity. The mind is in this respect like the body it inhabits—exercise can strengthen, as neglect and indolence can weaken it. Your philosophy might tell you, that while the human hypostasis subsists, the spirit will share the qualities of the matter in which it is enshrined, and the management of both in their infirmities must be analogous. They are both improved by discipline, both ruined by neglect—and you can give vigour to the faculties of the one as you can to the muscles of the other by a due severity of regimen."

"Ay," said Lord Grey, "but what avails prescribing

a course of regimen to a patient whose health is needed on the instant ?"

"Do as others do, my lord. There is not one even amongst the boldest to whom fears like yours are utterly unknown ; yet all know how to master, or at least to screen them."

"Ay, there it is," said Grey,—"there is the bitterness of my complaint. I know, not from conjecture, but from true experience of myself, that my fears, all racking as they are, could never urge me to the committing of those basenesses to which I see others descend without remorse, who are at their ease where I am dissolved with terror. What fear, for instance, could have power to make me play the part that Monmouth is known to have done in former transactions like the present, and yet see Monmouth's coolness in the hour of danger !"

"A proof, if any were needed, of what I averred," said Ferguson ; "and a plain instance how much more of the animal than of the rational being often enters into the composition of that quality which men call courage. But I hear the alarm beat again. We must hasten, my lord, or lose. Stay ! stay !" he called, as Grey hurried with an agitated air towards the door of the tent, as if seeking by rapidity of action to cover his perturbation of mind.

"Well, what's the matter ?"

"Your helmet—you are forgetting it. It might look more valorous indeed to go without it—but, for decorum's sake, perhaps it were as well to go fully accoutred."

"Ah, Ferguson, you jest at present, but I fear I may furnish all our friends with cause of sorrow."

"Tush, my lord—we want you not to be a hero all your life. Act the part for half an hour, and the success of the piece is certain."

"It is acting a part against nature," said Grey in a

melancholy tone as he completed his equipment; "and you know the French lines:—

> Le naturel toujours sort et sait se montrer,
> Vainement on l'arrete, on le force a rentrer,—
> Il rompt tout, perce tout, et trouve enfin passage.

But the troops are ready. Farewell!"

The sound of the trumpets and galloping of horses broke off the dialogue, and Grey hastened to take his place at the head of the cavalry, which was both strong enough and sufficiently well armed to leave him little apology for his apprehensions. They rode off amid the cheers of the infantry; while the Duke and Fletcher hastened to place a sufficient body of the latter in marching trim, in order to guard against the possibility of a repulse.

The call to arms was sounded through the camp; and the alacrity with which the ill-accoutred soldiery responded to the summons showed plainly enough that Monmouth did not want, at all events, the hearty allegiance of his followers. A large body of men, who were provided with fire-arms and cutting weapons, were sent forward after Lord Grey, under Venner and Major Wade, two able officers The remainder followed under the immediate command of Fletcher, Monmouth, and others; while the greater portion of the recruits, being furnished with no more efficient weapons than scythes, pitchforks, reaping-hooks,—and in lieu of even these, with stones and staves,—were kept in whatever order they could observe by the less distinguished amongst the officers. To the astonishment of all, however, before these last had reached the town, they beheld detached parties of the cavalry which had accompanied Lord Grey returning in broken and precipitate flight. To the questions of Monmouth, they replied, that they had actually entered Bridport, having surprised the bridge, and already commenced the action, when, without warn-

ing given or reason assigned, Lord Grey, after giving them orders to dash forward on the enemy, was seen to turn his horse's head, on seeing one or two men fall in the street, and gallop from the town at the top of his speed. As might be expected, the men were more struck by the example than by the precept of their leader, and, after a little hesitation, they left the town, one following another, with more despatch than good order. Lord Grey himself was nowhere to be seen. Monmouth seemed thunderstruck.

"Well, my lord," said Fletcher, laughing in his anger, "I told your grace that four legs run faster than two."

"Mr. Fletcher," said the Duke, "you were right, and I was wrong. This wretched nobleman, were he fifty times Lord Grey, shall never handle weapon in this cause again."

"Come on, my lord," cried Fletcher, pointing forward with his naked sword; "we are enough, and over, to repair that botched piece of handiwork of his."

"No, not to-night," said Monmouth. "The men are not likely to carry on with fitting spirit a business that has begun so inauspiciously; we must let them sleep on't."

"Wrong there again for a ducat," said Fletcher, in a low tone, as he returned the weapon to its sheath.

"The nerveless coward!" cried Monmouth with increasing anger, as he reflected on the possible consequences of this unhappy miscarriage; "he never shall bear weapon in this cause again!"

While the Duke and Fletcher thus conversed, Ferguson hastened to the tent of Lord Grey, whom he found in an agony of shame and confusion, pacing to and fro, wringing his hands together, and seeming as if both mind and body were writhing beneath the sense of his recent disgrace.

"Why did you urge me? he said to Ferguson on seeing him approach: "I knew how it would end."

"It is extraordinary!" said Ferguson: "it is most unfortunate, for a thousand reasons. How was it that you could not command yourself for even so short a period?"

"I know not," answered Grey. "All that human reason could effect I did to maintain the slight degree of firmness I could muster; but you might as rationally ask the aspen why it shivers when the wind rushes through its boughs, as inquire of me why it was I played the runaway. I can remember no more of what took place than a maniac aroused from his delirium. I can only call to mind our entering the town,—the clattering of the horses' hoofs as we trotted through the streets—the flying figures of the unarmed inhabitants—the confused and hasty mustering of the enemy's force—the rattling of musketry, and flashing of pistol shot from the windows of the houses on either side; the rest seems like a horrible dream; nor can I call to mind another distinct or real act of consciousness, until I found myself in full gallop from the town, the army of Monmouth in sight, and the sounds of combat far behind me."

A very plain and candid exposition, thought Ferguson, of the whole rise and progress of that emotion which leads to the *sauve qui peut.* "What is to be done?" he said aloud, after musing for a few moments in perplexity of mind.

"There is one thing at all events to be undone," said Lord Grey. "I will at once resign this command, which I am not able to retain either with credit to myself or security to my friends. I can be honest if not valorous. I will send in to-night my resignation to his grace; and I beg of you, Ferguson, to urge him to accept it."

Ferguson thought it very probable that, after what

had taken place, Monmouth would be likely not even to wait for the resignation of Lord Grey, in order to place the command of the cavalry in firmer hands; but this was a change which he was far from desiring.

"Me urge him!" he exclaimed; "not I indeed. Urge him to take the command from your lordship, and put Fletcher, perhaps, or Heaven knows which of that party, in your place? I should like to know from which the common cause had most to fear—their hotheaded republicanism, or your lordship's—a—a—"

"Cowardice,—never spare the word," said Grey: "there is not a sutler in the camp but has had it between his lips ere now."

"You are severe on yourself, my lord," replied Ferguson; "but I am far from thinking that you ought to resign your command. It would never do. The change from you to Fletcher would be anything rather than an improvement."

With some persuasion Grey suffered himself to be convinced; and Ferguson, leaving him to his meditation, went to see how matters went in the tent of Monmouth. Most of the other officers had been, in the mean while, in consultation with the Duke, and nearly all were unanimous in urging the dismissal of Lord Grey. Even Monmouth himself, though influenced by strong personal attachment to that unhappy nobleman, found no argument which seemed rational enough to oppose to the general instances, and only seemed to hesitate from his constitutional reluctance in the infliction of individual pain.

But Ferguson, who deemed Lord Grey's assistance essential to his own designs, used all his influence with the Duke to prevail upon him to continue that nobleman in his command. Monmouth at length complied, partly through his natural incapability of resisting any urgent entreaties long continued, and partly through a secret consciousness that there were none amongst his followers

who would be so ready to second any views of self-aggrandisement which he might at a future moment be led to entertain. To the utter amazement, therefore, and indignation of Fletcher, on his entering Monmouth's tent the following morning, to take orders respecting the cavalry, he was informed, that, for the present, the idea of making any alteration in the command of that force had been laid aside. At all times quick to anger, the wrath of Fletcher was roused to absolute fury at this, as he considered it, stupid and dangerous, as well as insulting policy, on the part of their commander. He remonstrated, he menaced, he almost stormed against it; but he might as well have spent his rage upon some habitual debauchee. Monmouth persisted in his resolution: for, unhappily, it was only where he was in the wrong that he could be positive, and his perseverance led to an event which finally decided the character and prospects of the expedition.

In the course of the discussion Fletcher had more than once been annoyed by the interference of Ferguson, who supported the Duke indirectly in his design of retaining Grey in his command.

"You seem much in the interests of Lord Grey, Mr. Ferguson," he said at length in an impatient tone.

"I am in the interests of our cause," said Ferguson; "and, to deal plainly with you before his grace, I see not a nutshell to choose between his lordship's frost and Mr. Fletcher's fire. Too little may be mended, but too much is past remedy."

"It will be time enough," said Fletcher, "to caution his grace against my fire, as you are pleased to call it, when it has matched the handiwork of last night. My fire will never, I trust, set my horse galloping with his tail where his head should be. Fire, say you? In good truth, Lord Grey wants neither fire nor mettle: the flame is active enough, if he could only cure it of running

retrogade. A genuine Pyrgopolinices, he will let no one take the lead of him in a retreat. Did your grace observe the desperation with which he led the charge homeward yester-even?"

"It is very well, Mr. Fletcher," said the Duke mildly: "you are pleased to be facetious; but Lord Grey has many useful qualities, though he may fail in one or two. He shines more, I grant you, in the cabinet than in the field; but there his counsel has often stood us in good stead. I think there is something in what Mr. Ferguson has said, and I do confess that I apprehend quite as much embarrassment from the excessive warmth—or zeal—of some of my good friends, as from this unfortunate foible of Lord Grey."

"As you will, my lord—as you will," said Fletcher, extremely irritated: "your grace knows best,—I have done. Foible, say you? foible?" he added as he hastily left the presence of the Duke. "Fine times we live in! O Æschylus, hear this! I have lived to hear the Caryates justified. In these days, a fellow shall lay aside his common manhood, and it shall be termed his foible. It is an exquisite word, in truth! That thing that creeps there, mark you, is a coward;—it is his foible! Cowardice is his foible! Most dainty, delicate phrase! and wholly unknown to the ancients! Let not Demosthenes blush for Cheronæa, nor Horace mourn over Philippi, *relicta non bene parmula*. It was only their foible. Heaven save me from such foibles!"

It happened that while the discussion was at its height, Captain Delaney was in the act of drilling his fencibles within a short distance of the tent of Monmouth, and adapting the quaint tactics of the time to the species of weapon with which the particular individual who happened to be receiving his instructions was provided: as, "Shoulder your pitchfork!" "Point your pitchfork!" "Recover your pitchfork!" "Trail your pitchfork!" &c., &c.

While he was thus occupied, a shout was heard in the camp, and presently Dare, the quondam goldsmith of Taunton, and now filling no less an office than that of secretary and pay-master to the forces of the Duke, made his appearance, mounted on a splendid charger, and followed by forty horsemen, whom he had brought from his ancient neighbourhood to join the standard of the adventurer. Dismounting for a few moments, he gave his horse in charge to one of the recruits who were learning the rudiments of the art of war from Shamus Delaney, while he entered one of the tents which stood close at hand.

At this instant, and while the recruit held the horse from which he had just dismounted, Fletcher came hurrying from the quarters of Monmouth, his countenance glowing with anger and disappointment, and the very foam appearing upon his lips.

"A horse!" he cried aloud; "give me that horse!" And he seized the bridle of Dare's charger.

"You can't have that horse, Mister Scotchman!" cried Delaney in a loud voice: "I know you, I think, by your manners. Farmer, don't let the bridle go."

"Give up the horse, fellow!" cried Fletcher, rising in choler.

"Don't let the bridle go!" repeated Delaney.

Irritated to the height by the man's reluctance, Fletcher seized him by the collar, and sought to drag him from the spot. The man, who scarce knew how to act, but conceived that at all events there could be no mistake in repelling actual aggression, repulsed his assailant with a force which almost laid him prostrate on the earth. At the same instant Dare returned from the tent, and taking the bridle from the hands of the recruit, received a new attempt at seizure, made by Fletcher, with a new repulse. The unhappy gentleman now lost all the little self-command he had remaining. In a paroxysm of fury he drew a pistol from his belt and fired. The

goldsmith fell. A cry of horror broke from the spectators, and a multitude was quickly gathered round the place. Motionless as a statue, with the empty weapon hanging down in front, and the ecstacy of rage transformed to that of horror, the miserable homicide seemed riveted to the spot on which he stood. The shrieks of Dare's widow, who happened to be in the camp, and the indignation of the crowd, who pressed around, and to most of whom the goldsmith had been personally known, added the apprehension of new horrors to those which had been already acted. In fact, the populace were on the point of taking summary vengeance on the person of the delinquent, when the Duke himself, summoned thither by the tumult, broke into the circle in alarm, and looked round for the cause of the sudden confusion. There was a hush at his appearance, and revenge for the time gave place to authority.

"Speak, some one!" cried Monmouth in an authoritative tone: "Who fired the shot?"

"There he is! there!" cried a hundred voices.

"Mr. Fletcher! Is it possible?"

"Plase your lordship," said Delaney, melting at the look of fixed misery which Fletcher presented, "maybe 'twasn't o' purpose at all he done it. Maybe the shot shkamed off some way be accidence."

"Speak, Mr. Fletcher," cried the Duke: "Was it accidental, as he says, or otherwise?"

"My lord," said Fletcher, looking deadly pale, and speaking deliberately, like one who in the intensest mental suffering has not lost his firmness of understanding, "the shot was not accidental: I would give twenty Englands that it had been."

The tone of deep and genuine remorse with which Fletcher spoke, together with the striking anguish that appeared in his demeanour, produced an impression in his favour on the crowd, who were more stirred up by

the apparent wantonness of the act than by the occurrence itself. Even the poor widow, who had been tearing her hair and moaning in agony by the goldsmith's corse, for he was already dead, turned round at his voice and flung herself with a convulsion of grief at the feet of Monmouth.

"Oh, he speaks truth!" she shrieked aloud. "Forgive him, whoever you are; for sure, if he had thought an instant, he would not destroy a miserable family who had never done anything to offend him."

The tenderness, however, that touched the hearts even of those who had been injured by the blow, could not reach to that of Monmouth. Instead of falling in with the returning tide of forgiveness that had already gained upon the minds of the people, he thought only of signalizing his own character for strict justice, and making an example. He had, moreover, other and still less warrantable motives in seeking to get rid of Fletcher. Increasing in power and influence, he had already begun to lend a less reluctant ear to the suggestions of Ferguson and his associates, and he felt more strongly every hour the difficulty which the stern integrity of Fletcher would throw in the way of such designs.

"Mr. Fletcher," said the Duke, "I need not tell you that there is not an officer in my camp whom I valued more highly or esteemed more dearly than yourself. But the lives of my soldiers and fellow-countrymen are dearer to me than my own interests. I cannot entrust the government of others to the care of one who knows not how to govern himself. Had I not cause to fear that you might ere long furnish us with deeper matter of regret than even the disappointment of last night? Which, now, is the more dangerous quality—the excess of heat, or its defect? You will resign your charge into the hands of Mr. Ferguson until some fitting successor shall be found to undertake it."

The sorrow of Fletcher had already penetrated far deeper than the words of Monmouth could follow it. "It is all quite true—I shall obey your grace," was all he said in answer. As he was about to leave the place, he approached the spot where the body of the unfortunate goldsmith lay, and gazed long upon the lifeless countenance, as if with the view of drinking his fill of the bitter waters of instruction. And the spectators were astonished to behold this celebrated officer, who, was as Monmouth once had termed him, an Achiles in heroism and an Ulysses in counsel, shed floods of tears above the evil which his hand had wrought.

"I am an unhappy being, Wade," he said to that officer, as he conducted him to the vessel in which, by Monmouth's orders, he was to be forthwith conveyed to the Spanish coast: "the blood of that poor man weighs heavier on my mind than the loss of fifty victories. I fear this expedition will not turn out as well as we hoped. With Grey for the leader of his horse, and Ferguson for his counsellor, there is but little chance of either great success or honourable failure. At all events, be you, and all who think as you do, faithful to the real character of our design. Farewell, Monmouth! Farewell the fair hopes on which I fed of England free and prosperous, and by Fletcher's aid!"

The secession of Fletcher decided the character of Monmouth's expedition. There was no other amongst the adventurers capable of resisting the ambitious views of that party who wished that Monmouth should openly assert his title to the throne, and who became hourly more importunate in their instances. The time lost, however, in those dissensions enabled the Duke of Albemarle to shift his quarters before the following morning; and accordingly, when Monmouth marched to Axminster with the view of giving battle, he found that the place had been already evacuated by the enemy.

CHAPTER XIX.

From the moment when it became certain that Monmouth and Argyle were actually embarked in this enterprise, a new spirit seemed to have seized upon Aquila Fullarton. Without waiting to deliberate much upon either the justice or the wisdom of the cause, she delivered herself up to an undisguised and enthusiastic zeal for the success of Monmouth. It was enough for her that Arthur was in arms against the King. Whether he were in the abstract right or wrong, she was in point of fact incapable of judging; but she seemed determined to make amends by the fervour of her devotion for the secret obscurity of her conviction, and the less clearly she saw her way, the more impetuously did she follow where her fancy and affection led. Her spirit communicated itself to most of the young women of her rank in the town and neighbourhood; and it is certain that, for the number, the cause of Monmouth could not have received the support of more influential auxiliaries.—Throughout the neighbourhood, for several days ensuing, almost the only subject of conversation was the claims of Monmouth, and the old disquisitions respecting resistance and passive obedience, which a few years before had agitated every assembly throughout the whole island, from the senate to the village ale-house.

It was on the day when news arrived of Monmouth's entry into Axminster, that Miss Fullarton was busily occupied in a work of embroidery, in which she was deeply interested. It was a piece of silk intended to form one of a pair of colours to be presented to the adventurous Duke by the young ladies of Taunton on his arrival in the town,—an event which was now daily looked for with eagerness and joy The greater part of the work

had been already wrought by other hands, and Aquila was now performing her part with a diligence that showed how much her heart was in the occupation. For greater convenience, the frame on which the silk was fastened had been placed in the open air before the cottage door, and under the shade of a laburnum, which screened the fair artist from the scorching sun of June. While the work proceeded, as she now inserted some new ornament, and now ran to a little distance in order to observe the effect of what was done, she spoke and sang aloud alternately.

"Monmouth and Liber—— the ty is all I want—and a leaf or two on the further end of that wreath of laurel. That will do gaily. Monmouth and Liberty! They are stirring words. I would I where behind the knave who thinks otherwise, with my needle between my fingers. I would find means to arouse him.

"Up! ye who have the hands to fight,
Who have the hearts to feel!
Up, up! for merry England's right,
With musket and with steel!
Oh, brightly streams on summer's gale
The gilded mist on high;
But brighter soon in Taunton vale
Shall Freedom's ensign fly!
Then up! who have, &c.

Ah, precious ensign!" she continued, romantically apostrophising her work—"I know one arm far away in the north that would be prouder to give you to the wind than I to place you in its grasp. My poor Arthur!—Heaven send thee safe to us again! Heaven prosper the good cause! Heaven bless the arms of Monmouth!

"For liberty and Monmouth! Ho!
For liberty, arise!
There's mercy in the conquering blow,
When grim Oppression dies.

There's music in the mustering feet
That mark the daisied green,
When the gallant friends of freedom meet
In lovely Taunton Dene!
Up! ye who have, &c.

"Another leaf, and it is done.

"Who basely shuns a glorious death,
Dishonour haunt his tomb!
Who nobly wins a victor wreath,
Long may he see it bloom!
Who freely sheds his generous blood,
His children long shall tell,
How he for England bravely stood,
How he for England fell.
Then up! who have the hands to fight,
Who have the hearts to feel!
Up, up! for merry England's right,
With musket and with steel!"

At this instant Miss Kingsly appeared undoing the fastening of the little gate which separated the cottage lawn from the high road leading to the town. Aquila was surprised to see her; for the feeling was already so strongly manifested in favour of Monmouth, that few of those who were notoriously attached to the royal cause cared to incur the danger of popular insult by appearing much in public. Her surprise, however, did not lessen her delight. She flew to meet her friend, and embraced her with evident and unaffected rapture. There is something so beautiful in any unselfish devotion, that Tamsen could not help admiring the alteration which this new turn of thought and feeling had occasioned in the demeanour and even the appearance of her friend. Instead of the pensive and almost gloomy girl who used to saunter through the shrubbery of Tone Cottage, or consume whole evenings in lifeless musings by the fireside, she now beheld before her a bright-cheeked, bright-eyed woman, with a glow like that of health upon her features, and every movement of her frame instinct with

quick and generous emotions. For a moment, as she looked upon her enthusiastic features, which showed to the fairest advantage as the wind blew back the dark brown hair that played around them, and read in her eyes what seemed an ardent consciousness of right, Miss Kingsly was staggered in her own convictions. Neither, in truth, could it be said, to compare the person and appearance of both, that Loyalty was as fortunate in her representative as Disaffection; for anxiety and fear, for others rather than herself, had already deprived Miss Kingsly's features both of their hue and freshness. She looked thin and pale from suffering of heart, her eyes were red with weeping, and her whole manner and appearance were those of one who sees ruin bursting upon all that is most dear and valued without the power of averting or repairing it.

"You are welcome," said Aquila with a fervent air. "I hardly expected you; for, after all, Tamsen,"—and she spoke this with a glance of irrepressible triumph,— "after all, it is not the friends of Monmouth who require protection. Have you heard from Henry?"

Miss Kingsly took Aquila's hand in both hers, kissed and wet it with her tears, ere she replied—"You have not forgotten him then? In consideration of that kind inquiry I will forgive your short-lived boast of Monmouth's rebel influence."

"Whether Monmouth's influence shall prove to be short-lived or otherwise, Tamsen," said Aquila, "I have not forgotten Henry. See there what a pretty legend I have worked for Monmouth's banner! Has it any charm for you?"

"You ask for Henry in one breath," said Tamsen, "and in the next you direct my attention to a standard to be borne by men whose hands shall be ere long directed against his life. All now looks gay and promising. I grant you, the silk shows just as fair as if it

were to flutter in an honest cause, and the word 'Rebellion' does not appear in the device. So likewise, Aquila, when you see the ranks of Monmouth marshalled in the Dene of Taunton, and their music fills the valley all around, you will wonder what any one can find abhorrent or disgraceful in the pageant. But it is not by the eyes and ears that we are to judge the righteousness of the attempt."

"I grant you, not," replied Aquila, with a glowing cheek; "unless when they bring either to our minds or memories such sounds and sights as those that are associated with the names of Winram and Airs-moss. In such cases as those, the eyes and ears alone are quite sufficient."

"You speak of tyranny, Aquila, that does not exist: and if it did, my friend, there are other sights and sounds that should enter into the account—the sights and sounds of misery and despair that shall follow failure. Alas! Aquila, in four month's hence the Dene of Taunton will present a far different—a far less joyous scene. Look around you! Can you think without terror of the evils which you are now assisting to promote?—can you imagine those hamlets laid in ruins, and those peaceful groves made the scene of horrors on which it is impossible even to dwell in fancy, and not tremble at the thought of becoming, in the most remote degree, an instrument in such a work?"

"If good or evil fortune, Tamsen," said Miss Fullarton, "were to be made the test of right and wrong in human enterprises, the words would often change places. If Monmouth should prove unfortunate, as you seem to expect or hope, it will not give James the Duke of York his right, nor him the wrong of the usurper."

"My dear, dear friend," replied Miss Kingsly with the earnestness of strong conviction, "there is no earthly

good which is worth being purchased at so dear a price. The people are content with this usurper ; they have freely given him their allegiance, and as yet what is there he has done to forfeit it ?"

"What may he not do, if he be suffered to take the first decided step—the step of usurpation—with impunity ?"

"It is time enough to talk of resisting tyranny when it has once begun," said Tamsen. "But even in such a case, Aquila, it is not *our* part at least to favour violence on any side. I grant you all the glory and the gallant seeming of violent resistance to oppression—I take nothing from the outward splendour of your opinions, but grant me at least the wisdom and security of ours. At the very worst, we are not the cause of evil. If our ruler abuse his trust, the guilt is all his own. If he break the social compact on which all security in life and fireside happiness depend, we aid him not in his work of ruin by breaking it in our turn. We continue our duty, though he may have forgotten his. Call you us slaves for this ? No ; earth holds not a power which is capable of forcing us to move a finger in the wrong But though we would scorn to obey our king where a higher King than he forbade obedience, we would shudder even in such a case to accompany refusal with violence against his person and his power. That higher King shall be his judge, not we."

"Tamsen," said Aquila, "there is more than enough of this. My part for good or evil has been taken, and I must adhere to it. I admire your candour and your friendship more than I do your sentiments. Such wisdom, such reasoning as that, would go far to justify the recreant who refuses to take the sword against a foreign foe. Enough of it, my friend : let us speak of other things."

Miss Kingsly complied, and from this day forward

resigned all thought of opposing Aquila in her course. The prevailing intoxication, as she thought, had seized upon her mind with a force which made warning or admonition vain.

CHAPTER XX.

The last struggle between Monmouth's sense of shame and his ambition was decided at Axminster. It was there arranged that on his entry into Taunton, his title to the throne should be openly asserted, and that he should for the future be proclaimed in the usual form in every town which might fall into his hands.

On a subject with which every reader of history is more or less familiar, it is not necessary to furnish any thing beyond a very general detail of Monmouth's triumphal progress through the towns of the West, including his magnificent entry into Taunton. At first, the injudiciousness of the step he had taken in assuming the title of King was not perceived. It was true that his cause was immediately deserted in heart, if not in person, by those enthusiastic companions of his exile who, like Fletcher, sought rather the establishment of their own political or religious predilections than the personal aggrandisement of their leader: but they were obliged to yield to the populace, who hailed the claim of the youthful aspirant with unmingled zeal. Many, even of the more respectable classes began to fall in with the general current; and on the day when Monmouth entered Taunton there was scarce a house in town that had not its ornament of green boughs and garlands to welcome The Deliverer. The streets, and even the road by which he was expected to arrive, were lined with rows of young

trees transplanted from the neighbouring woodlands for the purpose, their boughs adorned with ribbons and kerchiefs of the gayest colours, or silken banners charged with some appropriate motto. From an upper window of her father's house, which commanded a view of the street through which Monmouth was to pass, Miss Kingsly could observe all that took place without being herself seen by the crowd. As to Captain Kingsly, he had not the will, nor scarcely even the capability, to look out upon a scene so little in accordance with his taste. He lay on a couch in the same room in a kind of loyal fever, a martyr to the acuteness of his anguish at what he considered the recreancy of his fellow-townsmen. He put few questions to his daughter as she stood at the window, but groaned aloud as he heard her name some neighbour or acquaintance whose gay cockade and exulting demeanour, as he passed, pronounced him an adherent of the Adventurer. The crowd in return did not forget a groan for the old cavalier as they passed the residence of Kingsly; but he had the satisfaction of treating their plebeian insolence with the contempt which it deserved. The shouting of the people and the sound of distant music at length announced the approach of the hero of the day. He appeared in a triumphal car, surrounded by the most distinguished amongst his companions in arms, and followed by an immense concourse of people, who rent the air with acclamations. As he passed along, handkerchiefs and banners of silk were waved on all sides from the windows in the street, and flowers were cast upon him from a thousand hands, the bands of music at the same time playing triumphal airs. Behind the car appeared the various trades, with their banners and appropriate costume.

When the Duke had arrived nearly opposite Captain Kingsly's house, still continuing to stand erect, and bowing with a grace peculiar to himself, to the ladies, who

waved their kerchiefs to him from the windows, the procession on a sudden came to a pause. The crowd opening in front of the chair in the form of a circle, left a clear space, through which a singular group was shortly seen approaching. Two men, bearing each a folded banner, appeared in front. They were followed by a train of young women dressed in white, to the number of twenty, who advanced two and two to the sound of martial music. When they had come within one or two paces of the triumphal car, they paused, and one of their number approached the Duke with a book richly bound and ornamented in her hands. Instantly on beholding her Miss Kingsly started and blushed, although alone at the window, with a look of extreme surprise.

"Father!" she exclaimed hastily—"father! come hither and see Aquila Fullarton!"

"Impossible!" cried Captain Kingsly. "What could bring old Gaspar's daughter into the streets of Taunton at such a time as this! I have no fancy for looking out upon a herd of Whigs and Roundheads—a drove of crop-eared knaves, to whom time, that teaches wisdom to all, only brings increase of perversity."

"It is herself, however," said Tamsen—"I cannot be mistaken. Look! look! she is going to address the Duke."

"Aquila! Miss Fullerton! going to——what?—Monmouth;"

The astonishment of the old man overcame his antipathy to stain his eyesight with the view of the rebellious proceedings that were transacted in the street. There was, however, no error in what his daughter had told him. He could not be mistaken in what he saw. It was indeed Aquila Fullarton who stood before the Duke, and on whom the eyes and ears of the multitude were at this instant riveted with an interest scarce inferior to that which was manifested toward the hero of

the day. The stillness for a time was so complete, that Tamsen and her father could gather every word she spoke, as with a modest air she delivered the address of her companions, and in a voice so sweet and fervent, and at the same time so distinct, that it took away much from the seeming boldness of her situation. While she spoke, the old cavalier's exclamations, as he gazed from the window, formed a kind of running commentary on her speech but little complimentary either to herself or to the party she espoused.

"What!" said he, "the syren! the false Circe!" it is herself indeed!—Here's wisdom for us all! What? This was the meek and modest mistress that could sit so demure beside old Fullarton's fireside, and look as if her deepest thoughts regarded the best mode of making the milk throw up its cream! The Jezabel! Our house had a narrow escape of her. I was right—I was right—and Harry was wrong, as he always is when he and I differ. What a pretty specimen of treason and disloyalty we were about to admit within our doors! And the innocence, the mildness of her converse and demeanour!—you would vow that her thoughts never took a range beyond the dairy and the kitchen-garden. 'Captain Kingsly, how are Tamsen's flowers!' he proceeded in a tone of mimickry; 'and the asparagus, do you find it thriving?' "Ah, the sly one; I'll asparagus her if we ever live to see better days! Look at her now! It was not asparagus that was running in her head."

"The ladies of Taunton, may it please your grace," said Aquila, "have deputed us their humble instruments to present to your majesty a pair of colours, the work of their own hands."

"Ay, sayst thou?" cried the captain; "there's a rebel!"

"—And with this copy of the Sacred Scriptures—" Aquila continued.

"Oh, the knaves! Scriptures indeed! How much the Scriptures trouble him! Scriptures quoth-a? What? that he may study them, I suppose, in his philosophical solitude with Lady H. W., and hear her exposition of the sixth commandment! Blasphemy! blasphemy beyond endurance! Disgust and anger will make me ill: I am sorry you drew me to the window to witness such a scene of hollow mockery—mockery of all that is most sacred! Scriptures indeed? There's a countrywoman of yours, young lady, who knows what store your playhouse king sets by the sacred volume. Let Anne of Buccleugh instruct you in the extent of Monmouth's piety. Well, mistress, an' you were my daughter—— but that peril's past at all events."

"Secure of the justice of your claim," Aquila in the mean time continued, "we are eager to be amongst the first to offer you this twofold testimony of our allegiance and affection. The one may animate your majesty to conquest, when it reminds you that you possess the hearts of your people; and the other will instruct you how to turn that conquest to the welfare of your kingdom, and to govern in peace and wisdom what you win with danger and with toil."

Saying this, she handed the volume to the Duke, who descended two or three steps from where he stood in order to receive it, together with the colours, which were given at the same time. He was or seemed to be impressed in the profoundest manner by this mark of devotion.

"I may well be certain, young lady," he said, "of the affections of my countrymen when I am thus assured of the allegiance of their best counsellors and guides. This volume shall be my companion, my treasure, my instructor whilst I live; and were you to make the same present to the Duke of York, I question if he would venture to promise you so much."

With these words, he fastened the colours in his ear amid the acclamations of the multitude. The ladies retired, and the procession moved on in the same order as before, toward the street which leads like a vista to the church of St. Mary Magdalen, one of those noble monuments of the piety of our Catholic Ancestors which continue to adorn the surface of the land. The door of the building was thrown open to the Duke amid a burst of sacred music, and the ceremonies of religion gave solemnity to the proceedings of the day which hailed the young Adventurer as the true King James, the rightful monarch of the isle.

"The Duke of York !—hear him, the traitor !" Captain Kingsly exclaimed as he turned from the window after Monmouth had ceased to speak. "I shall not be the better of what I have heard and seen this morning for my life to come. Would no corner of the whole borough of Taunton answer their purpose, but they must needs come and play their rebel farce before my very windows ? But let them have a care ! When next the curtain rises, the farce may turn to a tragedy. We have seen such changes in our day. And Aquila too ! But I have done with the Fullartons !"

The genius of Monmouth revelled far more in festal scenes like this than in the turmoil and the labour of the camp. Day after day went by in feasts and pageants, until his adherents began to grow weary of the torturing suspense in which they were thus detained. To Aquila in particular it was distressing, who had no facility of learning the actual progress of the cause after the Duke had once left Taunton, and whose hopes and fears were already wound up in the enterprise to a degree of intensity that made the still-life of her father's cottage almost intolerable. They now heard that he was proclaimed in Bridgewater, in Wells, in Frome ; but there was yet no account of any signal blow having been

struck in the cause, and several weeks had already elapsed from the day of his first landing.

On one of those anxious evenings which Aquila spent with her father endeavouring to conquer as she best could the acuteness of her fears and her suspense, the servant entered to let her know that two strangers desired to speak with her. He conveyed the intelligence in a whisper as he arranged the table for their solitary evening meal, and Aquila left the room soon after. Meantime the strangers made themselves at home in the kitchen, where they were already in the act of regaling themselves with such fare as Donald had set before them. The tattered condition of their shoes and general attire, together with their worn and weary air, and chins for many a day unconscious of the barber's steel, announced them as newly arrived from long and hasty travel.

"Well, Mowbray," said he of the two who despatched his fare with the greater apparent satisfaction, "wilt thou trust me again for a guide? Was there ever a blind beggar's dog had got a more exquisite scent for seeking out a timely dinner? Confess, wouldst thou ever have had instinct sufficient to lead thee to Master Fallarton's kitchen door if it had not been for my assistance?"

"Ay," replied the other, "thou hast some share of wit to help a man out of a quandary, but far more to help him into it."

"There's gratitude!" cried the first speaker, seizing a foaming jack of ale. "Well, the golden age is gone, and a man must put up with the days of iron as he may. Astræa has left the earth." And he indulged in a potent draught of Donald's nut-brown liquid.

"It is but the truth I speak," said Mowbray. "If I had been wise, I would have stayed with Dare and Monmouth, as Caryl did, but you persuaded me to follow

Argyle to the North with Mr. Fullarton, from which all your wit was scarce sufficient to bring us home in a whole skin. A precious service! Fighting for our lives one day——"

"For liberty, you mean."

"Liberty be hanged!—Next, scampering over bogs and mountains with a swarm of yellow-haired Highland rascals at our heels——"

"But did you observe the beauty of the scenery?"

"Scenery fiddlestick! I only observed that I often stuck fast up to my knees, and as often ran the risk of breaking my neck amongst their meagre crags, where you might look from east to west, and from north to south, without beholding more than a barren waste as bare as a miser's cloak, or as the palm of my hand. And then, for rations, to content yourself with oaten bread and porridge, or to drink the Earl's health in a horn of usquebaugh, and seek what rest we could find amongst the blue-bells until sunrise."

"Well, we shall find an end of all our toils when we reach the camp of Monmouth."

"Ay, Andrews, if we were the bearers of good news."

"Tush, we can wait our time for the telling all we know. At all events, they say Monmouth is carrying all before him hereabout, and can afford to hear of a loss elsewhere. I would, however, we had something more certain to communicate respecting Master Fullarton in return from our evening's cheer."

While they spoke, Aquila entered, accompanied by Donald. The strangers arose and saluted her respectfully; after which they gave their news from the North. It was not calculated to diminish Aquila's anxiety as to her brother's fate or that of the cause in which he had embarked. From all the strangers said, she could gather that the prospects of the Earl were in all but a despe

rate condition, and that her brother and uncle were still close in their attendance on his person. For more exact intelligence she sought in vain, and the little she could learn served rather to augment than to alleviate her uneasiness. She gave orders, however, that the strangers should be attended to for the night,—a hospitality which they accepted with little difficulty. On the following morning they departed for the camp of Monmouth, and several days again elapsed before any farther intelligence of any important kind had reached Tone Cottage.

"Torture that it is!" said Aquila, as she paced hastily to and fro before the cottage door, expecting the return of her father, who had gone to Taunton in order to learn the latest news of Monmouth: "I would it were at an end for good or evil! What a sluggish pace they crawl upon the road to London! O that I were but a man for one month! I am tormented every way. No news—no news that is worth listening to of Monmouth; and no news whatever of——Ha!" she shrieked aloud in sudden ecstasy,—"'tis he! 'tis Arthur! 'tis my brother!"

It was he, but so wonderfully altered in appearance, that short as the time had been since he left home, scarce any but a sister could have known him. His frame was thin and worn—his eyes sunk deep in his head from fatigue and want of rest—his attire mean, and looking soiled and torn from long continued travel.

"Hush! hush!" he said: "dear love, do not speak so loud, but lead me somewhere at once where I may have food and rest."

"My darling brother!"

"Well, gaze till you are satisfied. Are you sure I am the same?" he added, smiling, as she still clung to his dress and seemed as if she never could have done looking in his face. It was the first time they had been

separated for more than a week, and Arthur felt happy at the unfeigned and intense delight with which she gave him welcome.

"Come in, come in," she said, suddenly hurrying him toward the door: "but first, what news?"

"The worst. All's lost in Scotland!"

Aquila clasped her hands, and looked up with a countenance in which the liveliest anguish was apparent.

"Oh, dreadful hour," she said, "in which we hear it! Oh, Arthur, my dear brother, well may they say that he who takes the sword stakes all upon a desperate game indeed! and all are gamblers who befriend him. What spendthrift that laid his whole patrimony on the turn of a single die ever suffered such torturing suspense as I have done since first we flung our heart's ease and our peace of mind into the hands of Monmouth? Not that I grieve we did so—no—but one loves, you know, to talk of the pain one feels. For already, Arthur, I begin to fear: I would ask you one thing if I dared."

"What is it?"

"Can you not guess? You do, but you have no comfort to mingle with your answer. Our patron, and our uncle, are they well?"

"Our uncle is well and free—our patron is a prisoner."

"A prisoner!" cried Aquila with increasing anguish. "You bring us dreadful news indeed, dear Arthur,—dreadful in what is past, dreadful in what is menaced for the future. But you at least are safe; one prayer—one fervent prayer has been heard; my only brother has been restored to us in safety."

"And now," said Arthur, "tell me something of our home. What of my father? what of the Duke, and Henry?"

Aquila told him briefly how the affairs of Monmouth and of both families were situated. The countenance of

her brother fell when he learned that the marriage had not taken place.

"I grieve for it," said he, "for a thousand reasons. In these uncertain times there is no counting on the day when you may require some surer protection than my own, and Henry Kingsly is one amongst ten thousand. I grieve, Aquila, that you should have resisted him. 'Twas rashly done—'twas very rashly done. For as to me, I have already forfeited my right to appear openly amongst my friends. In the last unhappy skirmish, which ended in the capture of Argyle, my uncle and myself were fully recognised, and our names, without doubt, are on the list of the proscribed. Heaven only knows how soon——"

As he spoke, he staggered as if from weakness, and his countenance lost even the little colour it had left.

"What is the matter, Arthur? You are not well?"

"I am not, Aquila. I received a wound in that unhappy struggle; and having no time to give it the attention—that—but it is nothing——"

"Wounded! and you would not speak of it! But I must not stop to chide you for it now, for you grow worse and worse. Come in, and let me be your surgeon till we can procure a better."

Leaning his head upon his sister's shoulder, and supported by her arm, young Fullarton with difficulty reached the cottage-door, and was conducted to a chamber where Aquila dressed his wounds. Soon after, Gaspar Fullarton, who had been absent, as already mentioned, in search of news from Monmouth's army, entered the cottage and procured for his son the necessary medical assistance. Gaspar had brought no news; but the surgeon, who had opportunities of hearing intelligence on both sides of the question, was provided with some of an alarming nature. The Government, he said, had at length begun to bestir themselves, and were mustering

an army to meet the invaders; even the Commons had passed a bill pronouncing Monmouth a rebel and a traitor, and declaring the readiness of the Legislature to assist the King to the utmost in his efforts to bring the insurgent and his accomplices to justice.

These tidings weighed heavily on Aquila's mind. For a few days her anxiety respecting Arthur diverted her attention in some degree from the concerns of Monmouth; but when the wounds of Arthur were healed, and there appeared no danger of returning fever, her anxiety came back upon her mind with redoubled force. She could not sleep—she could not eat nor work, nor even converse with ease and freedom of mind. She was continually looking out for any one who could bring her news of Monmouth, and a thousand times bewailed the misfortune of her sex, which prevented her taking arms in his cause.

"I would be all for him or nothing;" so ran the train of her reflections when alone;—"I cannot bear this divided fellowship—one foot on sea and one on shore; where one has all the torture of suspense and fear—the dreadful swaying of the reason to and fro between despair and hope, without the comfort of relieving it by vigorous bodily action. O that I were a man! or that my woman's frame were fitted with a woman's mind! Men—men are happy beyond us in these advantages; they can fly to action to escape from fear—between one pole and another there is chance that they may find relief, or at least there is relief in seeking it: but poor woman, tied down to the domestic hearth, like a prisoner whose gaol's a fire, must bear the whole intolerable weight of doubt and terror without being able to move hand or foot for resistance or for ease. I would be fighting with my utmost strength by Monmouth's side, or be away—away—out—out of the adventure altogether. I fear this poor head of mine is too weak to meddle with

such great events, for I have a secret guess that disappointment——but I will not think of such a word—it is too dreadful.—Disappointment! Oh no—he must succeed. His failure would deprive me of my senses!"

At this moment, Arthur, who was now wholly recovered, appeared at the cottage door.

"Aquila, what are you doing so late in the open air? Why did you leave my room?"

"Shall I tell you, my good brother—my dear Arthur? —It was because I could not bear my fears respecting Monmouth. I could as well remain in a suffocating oven as within the four walls of a house when my fears for Monmouth's cause begin to haunt me. Oh, Arthur, is not Monmouth much to blame? Is he not very slothful —very weak and loitering? Would any man, that deserves the name of man, beside himself have spent three long, long weeks, and get no farther than Frome, ere now, upon the road to London? I protest to you, my brother, on my woman's honour, had I been in his place, upon a nag and housings, I would have seen Whitehall a week ago: upon my honour I would. Oh, shame upon him! And to think (for it is not now a question of Monmouth's right or wrong—of mere glory or disgrace,) what a fearful train of consequences depend upon the issue! For now humanity alone must urge us to long for his success. To his triumph none shall suffer; but if the victory be with James, all Somerset and Dorset will remember it as long as England's history shall last."

"You have said the truth," said Arthur, taking her hand, "and I have something now to add to it that concerns us all. The fate of this unhappy enterprise, my sister, is already fixed. From certain information I know it to be impossible that Monmouth can succeed. You behold that sun that is now so tranquilly shedding its last beams upon the Dene of Taunton: it is doubtful

whether it shall renew its course three times before Monmouth and his inefficient force shall be scattered never more to re-unite in any cause. His ruin, certain as it is, will bring on ours, unless we use the time between this hour and that of his destruction for our own security. Far away, Aquila, beyond the waves in which that sun appears about to bathe his evening splendour, we may find a refuge and a home. Some quiet nook of Irish ground will afford us peace and shelter until the storm of royal vengeance has gone by, and we may venture once again to seek our native island without fear."

"And is it possible, Arthur, that I hear your urging a deliberate desertion of the cause we have espoused?"

"We cannot serve it by adding a few to the number of its martyrs. There is neither wisdom nor generosity in such wanton desperation, but mere idiot folly. Monmouth is lost—we can neither avert his ruin by our aid, nor can we diminish its effects by sharing it. Let us fly then, dear Aquila, ere it is too late.

"Never!" cried Aquila with indignant emphasis—"never will I desert the friends I have abetted, whether to their ruin or their glory. If you forsake the King because he is unfortunate—nay, if you succeed in hiring our venerable parent to sanction your disgrace with his grey hairs, you will find one at least of your name to save it from entire pollution. I will not join your perfidy, I have prayed and watched and hungered for this cause, and by it I will live or die."

"Pooh! this is raving madness," answered Arthur,—"more fit for the agent in some wild romance, than for a living, natural, reflecting creature. Think coolly, if you can, Aquila, of what I have proposed."

"I will not think at all of it," exclaimed his sister; "I renounce—I reject—I despise it from the very out-

set. What! fly? Forsake those in their calamity with whom we held ready sympathy in their success? Out on the dastard thought! Thank Heaven! I have not so much of the coward within my heart."

"What can you do for them?"

"I can die with them! If our cause be righteous, what have I more than they to fear in appearing before that dread tribunal where its merits shall be searched to the very core? With Monmouth I will stand or fall! Fly you, if you desire it, and purchase selfish safety at the price of name and honour; and let it be hereafter said, that, of the house of Gasper Fullarton, a feeble girl alone was found willing to meet the worst that could attend fidelity to its hereditary principle."

"And do you think, then, Aquila,—are you sure that you could be content to meet the consequences of a general failure without fear?"

"Sure of it!—try me!" cried Aquila, extending her arms like one inviting pain. "Oh, Arthur, you are not in earnest!" she added with a sudden change of tone. "You are only trying whether I could be so mean as to approve that treacherous course. But you do not know how much of your own spirit is mingled with mine."

"Aquila," said Arthur, "my proposition was so far serious, that if you had assented, I would have delayed returning to the cause of Monmouth until I had secured your safety, and that of our only remaining parent, in the worst event that could befall. But since you declare that you could not yourself feel happy in such a course, I wave the thought of it entirely, and confess to you that your feelings are entirely mine. To-morrow, then, I will join the camp of Monmouth; and may the event be happier for us all than there is cause to fear!"

Delighted, notwithstanding her affection to his person, and her apprehensions for his own safety, at her brother's

resolution, Aquila was immediately occupied in preparing the necessaries for his departure on the following morning, and seemed by her alacrity as if she thought his aid was all that Monmouth needed in order to be certain of success.

CHAPTER XXI.

In the course of the evening Gaspar Fullerton entered the cottage, accompanied by Mr. Smallwood the grazier, with whom he had been negotiating the sale of some stock.

"Arthur—Aquila, here is my good friend Mr. Smallwood. Aquila, my dear, will you have the goodness to order supper? Our friend Smallwood will stay and share it with us."

Supper was brought in: and the grazier smoothing down his hair upon his forehead, and laying aside his hat and cane, prepared himself to bear his part in the approaching meal with becoming decorum.

"Strange news this, Arthur, Mr. Smallwood tells me of!" said Mr. Fullarton. "Perhaps you would have the goodness to repeat it for their advantage, Mr. Smallwood?"

"With all my heart, fair mistress," said the grazier: "although I would premise that you are not to suppose I assert anything of my own knowledge: I merely reassert what I have heard as the wind of rumour blew it on my path, being as it were the mere mouth-piece or conveyancer of——"

"We quite understand all that, sir," said Arthur, who saw that Aquila was anxious to hear the news.

"Well, then," resumed the grazier, "my news are simply these:—The king's army, they say, is at length

upon the march to meet the Duke of Monmouth, under the command of Feversham and Churchill."

"And in what number, sir?" asked Arthur.

"Somewhat, they said, about three thousand men."

"Pooh!" said Aquila. "Monmouth has more than double the force to meet them."

"Ay, ay, pretty lady! but you will do well to consider that the bull with the horns is most likely to have the best of it when it comes to pushing. Monmouth is rather scantily provided in that particular. You understand me, gentlemen. He has more in his camp of the will to fight than of the weapons without which the will can never strike a blow. But of all the scourges that were ever brandished by the hands of War, they have got one of the most awful, they say, at this instant in the camp of Feversham; one of his colonels—a very fiend incarnate—a fellow who has spent such a length of time in Africa, that there is not a savage in the deserts but is behindhand with him in cruelty."

"In Africa!" exclaimed Aquila, turning suddenly pale. "Pray, sir, did you hear his name?"

"Oh, yes; his name is Kirke."

At this word so sudden a coldness seized upon Aquila, that she had like to have fallen to the earth. Her fancy, at all times quick and easily impressed, was darkened at once, as by a cloud of the deepest gloom, at the unexpected occurrence of this name which had not now for a long time past occurred to her memory. For several months after her parting interview with Kirke, his image and the recollection of his vengeful menace had haunted her mind with a degree of constancy and force which made her life unhappy. Time, however, and his long-continued absence in a distant part of the island, had at length worn off the gloomy impression from her mind. New prospects, new excitements opened on her path; the enthusiasm with which she entered into the cause of

Monmouth had completely blotted from her memory all remaining trace of her old fears; and now, when her confidence in the success of Monmouth had begun to be shaken, and her anxiety was just returning, this dreadful name came on her ear like a terrific spell-word, reviving old apprehensions and awakening new.

"Is it possible?" she thought; "is he amongst the foes of Monmouth? Who is there that can tell what fearful chance may yet enable him to fulfil even to the letter all his shocking menace? If there were anything that to me could cast a shade upon the hopes of Monmouth, it would be hearing that man's name amongst the leaders of the adverse camp."

"And this is all, sir?" asked Arthur when the grazier had concluded.

"All, or the most important part of all," replied Mr. Smallwood; "except that they say both houses of parliament concur in expressing their determination to stand by the present occupier of the throne; in which resolution they were supported by various bodies of the state, whether justly or otherwise of course I take not upon me to determine, being a man of no party whatsoever, but a simple grazier, who have to commune in the way of my business with persons of every——"

"Will you sit to the table, Mr. Smallwood?" asked Arthur Fullarton. "Supper, as you perceive, is ready."

The reader may learn the accuracy of the grazier's information by returning with us to Henry Kingsly, whom we left slumbering, in the camp of Albemarle. He was awakened on the following morning by a messenger from Colonel Pembroke, whom he found already risen and busy in his tent.

"Mr. Kingsly," said the Colonel as soon as they were alone, "I have sent for you in order to make some little amends for your disappointment (transient though I trust it be) of yesterday morning.—Stand a little nearer, for

there is danger of our being overheard. The Duke is distrustful of his men, and I fear he will give place to Monmouth if an action should be menaced. In truth, I cannot blame him; for the yeomen of Devon (and how should it be otherwise?) are loth to cut hard against the yeomen of Dorset and of Somerset. He means to put a good face on it, however, and to keep his place as long as it is possible. In the mean time, he has made out despatches to London, which I have a double reason for committing to your charge; the first, the safe carriage of the document; the second, the advantage of the bearer."

Henry Kingsly expressed his gratitude, and received the parcel, with which he returned to his quarters. In less than a quarter of an hour he had set out, accompanied by an escort upon the road to London.

He found, as might be expected, all excitement in the metropolis. The regular force at this moment in the kingdom amounted to a body of no more than five thousand men; a subject of no light alarm to King James, whose past experience had taught him not to undervalue the influence of Monmouth. Notwithstanding the expressions of attachment on the part of the people and the legislature, and the vigorous measures already taken by the latter for the suppression of the insurrection, he looked out with anxiety for every new piece of intelligence from the West, and felt increasing alarm as one account reached him after another of the successful progress of Monmouth. His fears had found some alleviation in the arrival of some regiments which were sent him by his son-in-law, the Prince of Orange, to assist in repelling the invader. It is true, many in London had reason to view with astonishment the arrival of those troops; for it had been privately disseminated amongst the partisans of Monmouth, that William was in his interests, and it was even said that those very regiments

were to be forwarded in order to sustain the cause which they now came to overturn. Their appearance, however, on the English shores was sufficient to destroy all hope (if any yet remained) that the adherents of Monmouth in the city would second his views, by fulfilling the assurances they had sent to him by Dare, the broker. The city was tranquil, and not a voice was heard in opposition to the universal cry that was raised against the adventurer.

James felt that matters were now coming to a crisis between him and Monmouth. The ambitious rivalry of the young aspirant had been to him a source of constant uneasiness and chagrin for about fifteen years past, when Buckingham first thought of setting him up as a competitor to the throne. More a tool than a principal, Monmouth had spent nearly all the interval in striving to shut out the Duke of York from his inheritance, and to usurp it for himself. It seemed now to James almost wonderful that he had not long since succeeded, when he considered that Monmouth had the strong affection of a parent and an almost universal popularity to support his pretensions, while to maintain his own rights there was only naked justice and the naked law. While yet Duke of York, it had cost him all his vigilance to baffle the schemes of the young favourite, and it now appeared that not even the throne itself could afford a sanctuary against the efforts of his ambition. He counted, therefore, with impatience the moment that elapsed before the forces of Feversham and Churchill were on the route towards Somerset.

In this state of mind he was when Henry Kingsly arrived in town. The latter presented himself in the first instance at the residence of Sunderland, the secretary of state, and was subsequently by that nobleman, at James's own desire, introduced into the royal presence. The King received him graciously; questioned him particu-

larly on the condition of the western shires; then made some enquiries with respect to his own family and connexions, recollected the name of his father as one of those distinguished by the fidelity of its owner to the royal interests at a time when such fidelity was deeply hazardous, and complimented him on the alacrity with which he had taken arms against the invader. Having delivered his despatches, Kingsly now received orders to attach himself to the force of Colonel Kirke until a convenient opportunity should occur of joining his own troop.

Before introducing this unhappily too celebrated officer again into those scenes where he was yet remembered with no grateful feelings, it may be useful to make the reader better acquainted with an individual who must ere long begin to occupy a considerable portion of his attention. The history, as incontrovertible as it is extraordinary, of those savage hordes in the New World, who from monsters of cannibalism and vice became, after brief instruction, patterns of Christian virtue, scarcely furnishes a more striking instance than that of Kirke of the good or evil which the human mind may reap from cultivation or neglect.

Resembling, as history presents him to our view, the crook-backed tyrant of England in his treachery and malignity of spirit, though exercising those qualities on a narrower field, the similitude was not borne, out in all its points. Tradition has not invested the memory of Kirke with all the poetic horrors which the muse of Shakspeare has blended with that of the blood-stained Plantagenet. Little appeared, it was said, in his early years, of that hideous deformity of soul which was afterwards so fearfully developed. No more could be remarked of his disposition at this period than an unusual degree of sensitiveness, which had even a resemblance of amiability, and rather interested than repelled the observer. Sickly in frame and delicate in mind, there appeared in Kirke for

a considerable time no symptoms of a disposition extraordinarily cruel or malicious. On the contrary, tenderness and affection towards his immediate relatives were strongly mingled in his demeanour and conversation. The greater portion of his boyhood was consumed in the perusal of those voluminous romances of the preceding century, which were still in wide, if not general circulation. These, while they gave a false bias to his imagination, laid the groundwork of that discontent, and at length morbid disgust, against the real course of events, which finally settled in fixed and resolute misanthropy.

Let no one to whom the gifts of a penetrating spirit and sensitive heart have been denied lament the seeming inferiority to which he has been consigned. He is free from that endowment which is in one instance perhaps a gain, and in a hundred loss and ruin. Or if this be too much to say, at least let no one long for that piercing gaze which may enable him to see too clearly into the bosoms of his fellow-creatures, or the mind that is too easily touched by the discoveries it makes. Knowledge *may* be gained by the exercise of such painful sagacity, but it is certain that misery *will*. While Kirke from his youth possessed this fatal gift in its perfection, it is impossible that it could have fallen on a mind less capable of using it with discretion. He saw, or fancied he saw, as he grew up, all mankind bent on selfish and exclusive interests. He detected some false virtues, and imagined that all were so. He assumed at length as a maxim, that there was no one who made motives purely generous the ground of his whole scheme of life ; and by an unconscious kind of hypocrisy, while he was most sensitive to his own interests—while a haughty glance or scornful word set his whole soul in arms, he sighed after a beau-ideal of disinterestedness, which he made no effort to reduce to practice and which, if it existed, would have been

a monster. Like the poet of Boileau, who knows how to pine in verse while he fattens in reality—

"Toujours bien mangeant, mourir par metaphore,"

his morality, refined as it was, existed purely in speculation; and while he amused his mind with the most exquisite visions of an ideal perfection, he found almost the lowest standard too elevated for his actual practice. As he mingled in the world, his prejudices were confirmed, not dissipated, by what he observed. He heard, as he said, the names of all the virtues misapplied; convenience taking the place of friendship—ambition honoured as high-mindedness and generosity of soul—self-interest in a thousand forms assuming the name of virtue. Instead of building up the edifice of goodness in his own mind, he was continually looking for it in those of others, and continually murmuring that he did not find it. He had not philosophy enough to turn away his eyes from too close a survey of the springs of human action, nor charity to distrust his own penetration. His knowledge of his species, instead of exciting pity and the desire to improve them, begot at first disrelish, then contempt, and lastly, dark and settled loathing. He repelled with a bitter scorn those customary civilities which he fancied he could trace to some mean and interested motive; and even the few which he knew were offered in sincerity and truth, he received rather with the melancholy of one who despairs of his race than with natural gratitude or pleasure. He would hear nothing of that charitable blindness which will not see even motives that are spread upon the very face of human actions, and even where goodness appeared to defy his acumen he would find refuge in doubting its durability. A curl of the lip, a look of irony, a governed sneer, was his ordinary answer to the attempts which were made to gain his confidence, and he had as little idea of seeking love as of bestowing it.

"'Twere well," he said in his own mind, "if true affection could be found; but where is that? Literally nowhere. Fame, talent, wealth, and wit may win admirers, and the hollow shell of love may show itself, and that may be called affection which is only gratified vanity, or avarice, or worse; but where shall we find the truth. For as to that which comes to us from nature, which we share in common with the unreasoning brute, what care I for it?—it is not what I seek. And even if we dream that we have gained the prize, what can secure us its constancy? Nothing. Here lies the rub. Like all things excellent, the nearer it approaches its perfection, the more fragile, the more fleeting it is sure to be. Away with it!—I'll seek my happiness elsewhere. Neither man nor woman shall have the keeping of my peace or pleasure. I will not waste my days in building towers of sand—card-castles, which the breath of another may destroy. I can reckon with more certainty on that felicity for which I am beholden to myself. The closet of my peace shall be secure while I entrust the key into no other hand. To no false and frivolous coquette who prates of love and looks a lie in every glance—to no hollow-hearted friend who would but use me for his pleasure or his profit, will I confide that precious—precious charge. None but a dolt would trust his treasure to the keeping of a knave,—and better a thousand times is the extremest loneliness of heart and mind than the sweetest happiness that hangs upon a fickle will."

By such dark and pernicious thoughts in his lonely hours was the mind of Kirke corroded, till not a sound or generous impulse was left to it. His soul seemed daily more and more bent up to the fearful course it was destined to pursue. A sneering, cold misanthropy was at the root of all his conduct. Even the predilections of natural affection were to his morbidly critical mind a subject of disgust and scorn. He looked not with com-

passion, but with loathing, on the parent who was bigoted to the merits of his child, and the wife who could not observe in her own husband the failings she condemned in other men. Nor, while he exercised so stern a scrutiny on the minds of his fellow-mortals, did it seem even to occur to Kirke that at least, he was himself performing a part far worse than any he condemned, —that even the worst around him loved some amongst their species, while he included all in one general feeling of contempt and hate.

"They are in their holiday trim," he would say when he met with some whose gentle goodness was proof even to his gloomy penetration: "they show well in the stranger's eyes; but were time allowed to search below the surface, how many jealousies, how much of selfish indolence where love is most required, what cold neglects, what secret bitterness of heart, might be discovered under all this golden smiling! And even if it were genuine (as it is not,) is this, after all, what men call virtue? Do those individuals truly love their species? Are they not sunk to the ears in very selfishness? Where is the sympathy with millions who are shivering around them at this moment in want of the veriest necessaries? Shame on the lazy beings! Why, I, for my own ambition and delight, endure more toil and suffering than they for the benevolence which they profess. No; what I am, I am: there is at least that good about me. If I do not feel benevolence, neither do I affect it. If I despise the hol low-hearted race, I do not stoop to flatter them:

"Tell Fortune of her blindness,
Tell Nature of decay,
Tell Friendship of unkindness,
Tell Justice of delay;
And if they dare reply,
Then give them all the lie."

"I have known creatures who called themselves my friends, and who were merely the friends of my dress, my

credit, or my fortune. I have been abandoned by such in my hour of loneliness and need ; and if I ever stooped to give expression to my disappointment, they have had their vanity flattered by my pain, and either shunned my complaints, or, what was infinitely worse, have overwhelmed me with profession—the counterfeit coin of love, which is baser than poverty itself. But enough of that. They shall find me no whining Hamlet, nor no mouthing Timon. If they care not for my love, they shall feel the want of it."

It was only, however, by degrees that Kirke became what history has painted him. Absorbed for a considerable time in sensual enjoyments, it was long before he thought of adding to his positive pleasures the fiendish zest and stimulus that some minds can derive from others' pain. In the army, which he had early entered as the readiest path to the distinction which he coveted, his close attention to discipline, his active talent, and his personal hardiness, soon gained him notice and preferment. Severe to the very limit of the law towards the soldiers under his care, he had rendered them as bold and fierce as mastiffs chained, by the very severity which he exercised upon them. While he sought by the iron rod of fear to bind them close to the observance of their duties, he endeavoured to reconcile them to the cruelties thus inflicted, by allowing them free range whenever an opportunity occurred of plunder and of outrage. Thus, what he was to them, they were to all who fell within their power.

There was one circumstance which, it was said, had tended in no slight degree to confirm the mind of Kirke in the course which it had taken. He had at one time, partly in whim, partly through regard, conferred large favours on a young fellow-citizen in whom he thought he could distinguish marks of an uncommon merit This person could set no limits to his gratitude—he loaded

Kirke with thanks and with professions of attachment. As he happened to be gifted with ability and learning, those tokens of esteem were flattering to Kirke, and he even began to bestow a share of confidence upon the man. The latter was one of those persons who half feel and half affect what they profess. He was a great reader of the ancients, and often expressed his admiration of those classical friendships of which we read in history. He felt some gratitude and kindness towards Kirke, and giving his fancy and his vanity the rein, he magnified these in his professions into a kind of heroic devotion, performing all his acts of friendship as a woman paints her face, as much because he thought they gave a beauty to his own character, as for any service or pleasure they afforded Kirke.

The latter, who could have seen through such parade in the case of any other than himself, was now effectually hoodwinked by the very vanity which he despised in his neighbour. And so potent is affection, however little sincere, that he almost began for the sake of this new friend, to abate somewhat of his prevailing gall against his species.

Unfortunately, however, in the very instance which made him for a time imagine himself mistaken, he proved in the end to be singularly right. His friend, after sustaining for some time with perseverance the part he had undertaken, became desirous of retiring from the stage and returning to real life. He became weary of playing Pylades to empty benches, for he found that the admiration of his performance was confined in a great measure to himself and his Orestes. Business called him to London and to court, where he was rapidly successful. It was on a visit to the metropolis that Kirke found out the truth. He called on his devoted admirer of the ancients, whom he had not now seen for several years. Everybody knows in his own station what it is to be *cut*,

and as the ceremony was precisely the same in those days as in our own, there is no occasion to describe the manner in which Kirke was operated on by his old friend. There was nothing of which he could openly complain; but it was clear to him that matters were no longer as they had been. He felt too much contempt to show any disappointment, but smiling bitterly at this confirmation of his old surmises, he returned home with a spirit more malign than ever.

We have dwelt perhaps too long on the history of this miserable and gloomy mind, though not so if it serve to show what a man may become who is left wholly to his own tutoring.

It was in the forenoon of the day which followed his arrival in London, that Kingsly entered the barrack yard, where he expected to find the Colonel, to whom he had been directed. Remembering the mysterious rumours amidst which Kirke had left the neighbourhood of Taunton so long a time before, he felt a curiosity to observe what alteration had been wrought in him by absence. As he looked around the yard, he perceived a sentry pacing to and fro before an open door with a heavy firelock on his shoulder; and near him a soldier in undress, singing aloud, without regarding the ridicule of his comrades, who leaned at the open windows, laughing and gibing at his music:

"As I thravell'd France and Spain, an' sail'd into Garmany,
Ti i itherera ti i a,
Ti i itherither a.
A spending many days at my ease in Asia,
Ti i itherera ti i a, &c.

Perusing of their ways, their states and their farms,
But such another place as the Lakes of Killarney,
I never viewed elsewhere, the air being most charmin.
Ti i itherera ti i a, &c.

Go on, lads. Maybe if the Curnel seen ye, ye would'nt be obleest to ye'rselfs. I never heard one o'

ye such a blackbird that ye need to be makin' game o' the neighbours.

"There, at seven years of age, they are famous grammarians,
Ti i itherera ti i a, &c.
The nymphs an' the swains are no shame to their parents,
Ti i itherera ti i a, &c.

The salmon and the trout are bouncin in the wather,
The deer comin' down from the mountains in swarms,
Passin thro' an' fro an' the hounds runnin' afther,
Ti i itherera ti i a, &c."

Here perceiving Kingsly, he saluted in the usual form.

"Can you tell me, friend, where I should be likely to find Colonel Kirke?"

"I could indeed, an I will too. But there's one thing, if you please, an it wouldn't be making too free, that I'd like to know from you. What countryman are you, please your honour?"

"An Englishman—from Taunton," said Kingsly.

"From Taunton! Oh then, sure enough, I thought I knew the voice. Ah, then, sir, if you please, will you tell me if you knew anything of one Shamus Delaney down in them parts? I have a raison for axin."

Kingsly answered in the negative.

"Well, it's no matther. I thought you might hear of him, for it was there we parted. Poor Shamus! I'm afraid somethin happened him; for he was always again demeanin himself to do anything that would put him in the way of airnin his bread. I don't know what business a poor man has of pride. Shamus was always over an above genteel. I often tould him 'twould be the makin' of him if there never was one o' the name above a blacksmith. You'll find the Curnel up stairs, please your honour: 'fis his commands to have anybody that wants him walk up straight a-head. Poor Shamus!" he continued, as Kingsly followed his direction—"I'm

afeerd he won't cut the brightest figure among us when we meet at the cross o' Ballyhahill; for I always remarked, that of all the friends in the world, when poverty tackles to gentility, the world wouldn't part 'em. I fancy I see him comin' up the road with his stately gait o' goin', just as grand as if the King wasn't a patch upon him; an' his hand in his pocket, by the way nobody should say that it was empty, an' sorrow a cross but the five fingers in all the while. Well, so the world runs. Time will cure all."

Even before he entered Kirke's apartment, there was something in all he met that looked stern and repulsive to the eye of Henry Kingsly. The soldiery, though seemingly well-disciplined, had an air of savage ferocity that struck an involuntary terror into the beholder's mind. Nor was their commander less forbidding in his air and his appearance than the men who had been entrusted to his charge. Young Kingsly was utterly astonished, as he entered Kirke's apartment, to observe the total change which a continued residence amid the dissipation of a dissolute metropolis, and a long intimacy with the arrogant and overbearing Jefferies, had wrought in the appearance of this officer. His countenance now was marked by a character of repulsive coarseness: the habitual supercillious air that had always appeared upon his eye and lip was deepened into a stare of broad and coarse contempt. Those two vices which enter most strongly into the demoniacal character, licentiousness and pride, and which unfortunately are often so singularly associated in the human breast, were deeply stamped upon the countenance of Kirke.

"Ha! sir!" he exclaimed on hearing Kingsly's message. "From Taunton? hey? I know the spot. They want a change of kings there, do they? Ha? They shall have it: I'll king them, never fear, sir, when we get westward of Wilts. They would be fighting, would

they, sir? In truth, they shall have enough—*satis superque*—I promise you that, or my name isn't Kirke."

"I trust, Colonel," said Kingsly, "that so insignificant a stir may be put down without the necessity for shedding much English blood."

"English me no English!" cried Kirke impatiently. "You think so, do you?—What countryman is a rebel, sir? answer me that. Trust me, lad," he added, turning his head over his shoulder, with a smile so malignant in its character that it smote the heart of Kingsly with fear.—"Trust me, lad, we'll pack some scores of them to their own King before haymaking time is at an end: I promise you, my good sir, that you shall have a warm summer of it down in Somerset. Hey, sir? A Duke of Monmouth for the rogues! Trust Kirke, they shall have Dukeing enough before winter comes again. The birds grow bold in the West. We must gibbet a few rogues in chains, to fright the young ones. As for the old rebels, nothing but quartering will keep them quiet. Since King Log wouldn't do them, they shall have King Stork."

At this moment Morty Delaney entered the room, and advanced toward Kirke with a familiarity which showed that the latter was not exempt from the foible of favouritism, the common weakness of tyrants.

"Here's something," said he, "that was left below for you by a man o' the chief's."

"What chief? We are not amongst the savages, are we?"

"Exceptin' yourself, I don't know one present. I mean the Chief Justice, as they call him,—Jefferies: an' in throth, be all accounts it's but quare justice is in the counthry if he's the chief of it."

Here Kirke smiled and looked significantly at Kingsly.

"A knowing fellow, I promise you," said he, "although from the wilds of Ireland; and a pretty hand at

trussing a rebel too, after his own fashion. Go down and tell the messenger that I will be with his master at the hour he names."

"'Tis well for you," said Morty, leaving the room, "that has nothin' else to do but to be goin' out to eat an' drink with all the great people, while we're breakin' our hearts at work here in the barracks. But maybe we'd be Curnels ourselves some time or another."

At this Kirke looked again and smiled at Kingsly; and then, with a ferocious change of manner so sudden that it was almost startling, he said:

"My lambs, sir—my lambs shall teach the good folk of the West what it is to meddle with matters of royal succession. Believe me, sir, the landing of Monmouth shall be long remembered down in Dorset and that neighbourhood. Perhaps you haven't seen my lambs? for you look rather at a loss. You think I have not enough of the Arcadian about me for the pastoral vocation; but you do not know me: when you have heard me pipe for a few weeks in Taunton, you will swear no flock was ever bless'd with such a shepherd. Have you seen my lambs? What, ho! some of my lambs, attend here!"

Kingsly was really in doubt in what manner this strange summons would be answered; but his curiosity was fully satisfied when he beheld half a dozen ferocious-looking fellows in uniform enter the room.

"One or two of you," said Colonel Kirke, "attend Captain Kingsly to the officers' quarters. These are my lambs, Mr. Kingsly, whom his Majesty is about sending forth as a prey to the devouring wolves of Monmouth."

At this instant the eye of Kirke lighted on a man who was passing through the barrack-yard. Without a word of apology to Kingsly, he darted from the room, hurried down the stairs, and through the open door The man appeared to be aware of some mischief, for he

ran toward the barrack-gate on seeing Kirke leave the house. The latter, however, overtook and felled him to the ground with a blow of his sheathed sword. Not satisfied with this, he repeated his blows when the man was on the ground, striking him on the head and even on the face with a fury that seemed absolutely phrenetic. Yet when Kingsly had run into the yard in order to rescue the unhappy wretch from such barbarous wanton cruelty, he was astonished to meet Kirke returning to the house with a countenance as calm, and a demeanour as little agitated, as if he had just engaged in some amusing conversation.

"A scoundrel," said Kirke with a kind of smile, "whom I sent two hours since with a message to Whitehall, and it is now that he returns! This engagment with the Chief Justice, Mr. Kingsly, will deprive me of the pleasure of securing your company at dinner to-day; but to-morrow you must be at leisure. Farewell! My lambs will show you where you are to lodge."

Henry could have excused himself with all his heart, if it were possible, for he had seen enough of Kirke. Even while speaking with him on indifferent subjects, the destroying instinct did not slumber in the breast of this tyrannical officer. If a worm or a fly happened to pass within his reach, it was sure to perish; and even while his mind was occupied with matters of engrossing import, his limbs and senses seemed habitually engaged in looking out for victims and inflicting injury.

"And this is one of the men," thought Kingsly, "who is to be entrusted with the unsheathing of the sword of justice in the West of England! Such a pacificator as he, would go far to make right and wrong change sides even in so bad a cause as that of Monmouth. There is one family, I trust, however, who will fall within the reach of some more lenient avenger than he, if they should share the common ruin—which Heaven avert in mercy!"

CHAPTER XXII.

Out on ye, owls! Nothing but songs of death?
Richard III.

In the mean time the tide had begun to turn in the camp of Monmouth. Bath and Bristol had refused to receive him. The news which Andrews and his companion had brought with them from the North, (although modified in the telling so as not to spoil their own welcome,) was anything rather than encouraging. It became evident that the adventurers had been premature in their enterprise. The King was not merely looked upon with toleration by his subjects, he was even popular; and the cordial feeling excited by his coming to the throne, and manifested by all classes in the kingdom, had not yet had time to cool, when this crude attempt was made to hurl him from his seat. The absurdity of Monmouth's proclamations and of his publicly setting a price on the king's head had already drawn upon him the ridicule and the disgust of all moderate persons. As his disappointments multiplied, his constitutional equanimity began to abandon him. He became fretful, melancholy, and desponding; frequently interrupting the counsels of his friends with bursts of impatience foreign to his habitual manner, and even forming already designs of escaping beyond sea and abandoning his followers to their fate. It was in this vacillating state of mind that he re-entered Bridgewater a short time before the royal army entered Somerset.

On the evening of the 4th of July, a general gloom had fallen on the quarters of the insurgents. The leaders of the enterprise had been entirely disappointed in the hope that their success might gain them adherents amongst the better ranks. The dilatory and undecided policy of Monmouth himself had even occasioned a de-

gree of disgust amongst his declared friends; and while he loitered in the neighbourhood of Frome, many withdrew privately from his standard to avoid the consequences of the failure which they beheld impending. On his return toward Bridgewater, he had missed several of the most active and efficient men amongst his followers. These events, together with the declared hostility of the Commons to his claims, and the alacrity with which they voted a supply for the suppression of his enterprise, weighed heavily at length upon the mind of Monmouth, and bowed him to the earth with fear. He had not, moreover, the sense of conscious rectitude of purpose to support him in his adverse fortune.

A council had been summoned, and while Monmouth awaited the arrival of the officers whose opinions he desired to hear, he passed away the time by discoursing with Ferguson on his present fears and the chances that remained of their success.

"The Prince of Orange," he said, "is dilatory in keeping his word. I hear nothing yet of those regiments he promised faithfully to send me, and they never were more needed than at this very instant. Prithee tell me, Ferguson, dost thou think there is any store to be set by the predictions of Astrologers?"

"Why does your majesty ask?" said Ferguson hesitating.

"Because," replied the Duke, "a pair of such philosophers in Rotterdam told me that I might count on many years of life, if I should pass the next Saint Swithen's day. It is now but ten days distant."

"Concerning the influence of the heavenly bodies on human affairs——" Ferguson began.

"Ten days!" Monmouth exclaimed, as if in communion with his own mind, and heedless of the long and learned dissertation on *astrologia naturalis* and *astrologia judiciaria*, together with other subjects of the kind, of

which he deprived himself by this early interruption. "And how much may and must be done within the next ten days! If the Prince of Orange fail me, all is lost! And yet within ten days is it likely that he who has loitered so long, and almost let the occasion slip, will now redeem lost time? I confess to you, Ferguson, that as our difficulties thicken, and the crisis of our fate draws near, my mind grows clouded, and I recall that prophecy with a restless and painful anxiety. Would it were over, for better or for worse! Speak on," he added, as an officer presented himself at the door of the apartment; "you seem to bring us news."

"We must be stirring, please your majesty. Feversham has entered Somerton."

"So near?" said Monmouth. "And in what force?"

"Somewhat, it is said, about two thousand foot."

"Where is the king?" exclaimed another voice outside.

"Here, here!" said Monmouth. "Enter and give your tidings."

"Work increases on our hands," said the new-comer. "A force of five hundred horse has occupied the village of Weston."

"They are Kirke's dragoons," said Monmouth, endeavouring to conceal his anxiety. "Well, sir, we must be ready for them."

The messengers retired, and Monmouth remained for some moments in a mood of painful reflection.

"Thou worst of counsellors!" he said in a fit of gloomy apprehension, as he paced uneasily back and forward in his room, and addressed himself to Ferguson—"thou worst of counsellors! From the hour when first I listened to thy voice, fortune forsook me! Till then my hopes were strong. The friends of liberty were Monmouth's also; the companions of our enterprise were full of spirit and of zeal, for they believed themselves engaged

for England's freedom, and not for any private end. Thou wert fool no less than knave to give such counsel; for, setting thy griping selfishness aside, a single ounce of wit would have told thee that it was time enough to dispute the right of booty when the prey was won. Who's there?"

A scout entered the room in haste.

"My lord," said he, "the King's army are——"

"*The King's*,—sirrah?"

"I mean, my lord, the Duke of York's forces are in the plain of Sedgmoor."

"What! nearer yet?"

"I saw them, my lord, not half an hour since with my own eyes—and wonderfully scattered. They surely could not think your grace so near."

"Go and report it to Lord Grey. Here comes a new perplexity. I have now no hope but in the Prince of Orange," he continued, growing pale and almost trembling with anxiety. "Heaven send him favourable winds and—honesty! Our last chance hangs upon his truth. He promised faithfully—the promise of a politician it is true—" he continued, pacing the room in a fever of uneasiness and speaking in interrupted sentences; "but I trust——Who's there again?"

"Friend Monmouth," said a man in a Quaker-dress who entered the room without hesitation—"Are thee Monmouth, friend?"

"They call me so," replied the Duke.

"Then thee will find in that packet something of importance, I believe—from London. I can give thee a hint of the contents," he added with a significant look: "there will be no rising in the city this time."

"What! has it been detected?"

"Nay, nay—they were too wise to put themselves in the way of it. James is too strong in the city now. Our friends think thee was somewhat too hasty with thy

enterprise : however, I wish thee happy speed. Farewell !—If thee should need anything in a friendly way from Isaac Josephs of Oak Farm, thee can have it."

"So our hopes in London are at an end !" said Monmouth, as the Quaker left the room. "What's to be done? Counsel me, Ferguson ; bad as thy counsel is, mine own is worse. The Stadtholder—what's here? Oh, treachery beyond belief ! The regiments he had promised me on landing, he has sent to James ; and some of that force is at this instant in Sedgmoor ! Oh, hollow, hollow Orange ! Oh, vile break-promise !" The unfortunate Duke continued crushing the papers in his hand and dashing them against the ground. "Ambition, be thy name for ever cursed ! Cursed be the fiend that first invented thee, soul-poisoning draught, that intoxicatest more deeply than all the wines of earth ! What shall we do, Ferguson?"

"Fight for it, my lord—there is nothing more left now."

"Impossible ! Even victory would be failure when things go thus in London. Oh, Ferguson, the hour was an accursed one in which I listened to thy counsel ! Accursed be my ambition, accursed the easy ear that was ever but an open gate to flattery ! Women and boys forewarned me of this day, when men were blind themselves and blinded me."

"My lord," said Ferguson, "you are unreasonable. You suffer yourself to be depressed too much—you sink into despondency when you have every reason to rise in hope and confidence. Our force is still, by all accounts that we can learn, near double that of Feversham ; and be certain one successful stroke would gain us hosts of friends."

"And by whom should it be struck?" asked Monmouth with a smile of mingled anguish and derision. "By the valorous Lord Grey, perhaps? or by those

miserable clowns with staves and sickles for their only weapons? or our Mendip miners with their picks and shovels? I tell you, friend, our cause is lost and gone. There is not a spot on which my eye can rest that does not bear the mark of ruin on it—and it seems a miserable madness to await the issue in our destruction."

At this moment a soldier presented himself at the entrance of the tent and saluted.

"A gentleman from Scotland, an' it please your grace."

"From Scotland?" cried Monmouth with eagerness. "Admit him instantly."

The soldier retired, and Arthur Fullarton soon after entered the tent. He bowed to Monmouth, who remained for some moments attentively perusing his figure before he spoke.

"I should know your face, friend," said the Duke, advancing towards him. "Your name is Fullarton?"

"It is, my lord."

"The nephew of Sydney—who accompanied Argyle to Scotland?"

"I had a part, my lord, in that unhappy expedition."

"Unhappy?"

"My lord," said Arthur, "I would that in presenting myself again before you I had that to tell which might repay my welcome!—but it is far—far otherwise."

"Speak, sir," said Monmouth, turning deadly pale.

"My tale, may it please your grace," said Fullarton, "is mournful in its brevity." And, in a few words, he made the Duke acquainted with the disastrous issue of Argyle's expedition to the North.

"We found, my lord," said he, "our friends divided and timorous, our enemies confident and united; one adherent of one counsel, another of another—but all concurring to reprehend our rash and ill-concocted scheme. Still, please your grace, the Earl stood stoutly to his cause. He reproached the timid—he exhorted the wa-

vering—he united the factions, and he manned his little force to dare the worst. But, what was to be done? That one unhappy incident at Cairston had alarmed all Scotland. The privy council were on the watch, and made ample preparations to defeat him. Two ships of war, like eagles floating in the air above a poor man's sheeppen, were hovering on the coast to intercept all possibility of his retreat; and Scotland's militia, to the amount of two-and-twenty thousand men, was under arms, and on the way to meet him. Think you, my lord, what chance there was that the Earl, with scarce three thousand men, could meet a force like that? Like a hunted boar, he saw his enemies collect on every side for his destruction. If he turned one way, the Marquis of Athole met him with his kilted force—in front he must dispute his passage with the Earl of Dumbarton—on t'other side Lord Murray pressed him hard—behind, the Duke of Gordon came darkening like a winter storm. What could he do, although the heart and counsel of all Homer's heroes had been treasured in his breast? His military stores were seized, and famine began to press upon his force. Thus harrassed, still he clung to his resolution: he broke with his small band through the toils by which he was encompassed—he forsook his native shire, and came into the Lowlands, where he hoped for succour from the Whigs;—but they had had enough of civil contest. The rest is briefly told. His force was soon dispersed—himself made prisoner. With my own eyes I saw him in the hands of his pursuers, and since have learned that sentence of death has been passed upon his life."

While Monmouth was reflecting on these fatal tidings with a mind oppressed with still increasing disappointment, a cheer was heard outside, and an officer hurried into the room with a look of tumultuous joy.

"My lord, Sir Patrick Hume."

"Is it possible? He is heartily welcome.—Well, Sir Patrick, well?"

Sir Patrick entered the tent with a look so travel-soiled and care-worn, that it was hardly necessary to question him as to the nature of his tidings.

"What of the Earl, Sir Patrick?"

"We shall never see the Earl more, my lord, in this world," said Sir Patrick. "The Earl is dead. He lost his head at Edinburgh; and a worthier never stood on human shoulders! I had much ado, I promise your grace, to bring my own so far, that I might make you understand the event."

By this time the room was crowded with the officers who had been summoned to the council, and who were astonished at the extreme depression and even desperation of manner evinced by Monmouth. He had even the timidity to propose to some individuals apart, and in an under tone, that they should desert their men and ride with him to the nearest sea-port, there take a boat and trust to the mercy of the sea. Finding none, however, willing to second him in so unworthy a scheme, he proposed aloud that they should cross the Avon at Keynsham-Bridge, proceed to Gloucester, there cross the Severn, and hold on their march along the right bank of the river until they received aid from Cheshire, where he counted on having many partizans.

"Gentlemen," said he, "whatever be our thoughts of how this enterprise has gone hitherto, there is one thing evident now—that hope has ended—and the best thing we can do is to secure our safety. There is none of us now but may feel well enough that England is too hot to hold him."

This proposition excited general murmurs; and some were so much disheartened by it that they withdrew from the council-room, and subsequently sought their own safety by flight; amongst these were Venner and Ma-

son, two of his ablest officers. But Monmouth was obstinate.

"What good is it," said he, "to stand here and see half-a-dozen thousand wretches cut each other's throats in a morning to no purpose?—to stand by and see them marshalled for the slaughter—the slaughter of the sword and gun at first, and the still more dreadful and more pitiless slaughter of the law that is to come afterwards. Well, my Lord Grey," he added, as that nobleman entered the room with an anxious countenance, "we are all of your mind now: running is the order of the day—*Occupat extremum scabies.* When I sent you to pick up long pieces and ammunition from Albemarle and his rout, you showed your sense. We all cried 'Oh!' upon you then: and Fletcher—(Oh, Fletcher! prophet Fletcher!)—Fletcher turned up his lip, and the foam on it too, and bade me rid the camp of you. But you see how minds will change! You have made disciples of the stoutest of us."

"I don't understand, my lord," said Grey, with an offended look.

"Ah, you are cunning!" said the Duke; "and Ferguson here too, another cunning knave!—and the little devil within, that was cunninger than the whole of you, and that whispered in my ear, 'Monmouth, be a King,' before your brains, with all their art, had thought of it: the whole of you together were too many for my moderate stock of common sense. Well, ruin's the word. Come, gentlemen, come—come, the farce is at an end: get you to your tents, and every man seek safety for himself. At present, there has been little mischief done; but let it come to a battle, and James will flood the West with blood, for I know his rigorous nature. Which of us do you think will 'scape hanging or heading, if James of York, as we named him in the farce, should lay hold of him? Not I, for one. I promise you, I have

no desire to be put into a horn-book, or make a moral for tales wrote hereafter against ambition."

But Monmouth did not know Lord Grey, when he assailed him openly with so much vehemence. Grey was only physically weak: his senses could not abide the shock of danger, but he had a degree of moral courage far superior to that of Monmouth himself. Such is the problem which history represents him to our view; weak and yielding on all occasions where animal nerve was requisite, but firm, spirited, and uncompromising when it became a question of procuring safety by premeditated baseness or treachery.

"My lord," he said, surprised, as were all present, at the sudden alteration which disappointment wrought in the habitual manner of the Duke, "if you suppose that I am one of those who will consent to seek safety by an inglorious desertion of the cause I have embraced, you are deceived: I will never forsake the standard of freedom while there remains a chance of its success."

"Nor I," said Hume.

"Nor I," said Fullarton.

"Nor I," repeated Wade and Jones, and many others.

"Well, gentlemen," cried the Duke, "*chacun a son gout*—you will please yourselves; and if it please you to offer your throats to the pike."

"Let the men be questioned," said an officer, "and see if they will hear of a retreat."

"Ay, question them, question them!" cried several voices.

"With all my heart!" exclaimed the Duke. "Go, sir," (to an officer,) "and have the troops drawn out. If they will rush on danger, why then let them not say the fault continues to rest with Monmouth."

CHAPTER XXIII.

Few, few shall part where many meet;
The snow shall be their winding sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

The drum immediately beat to arms; and the Duke, accompanied by the principle officers, went to meet his men. A rumour of the near approach of the royal army had already spread through the town; but the alacrity with which the soldiery obeyed the summons of their leader, showed plainly that they did not participate in his depression. On the contrary, the tidings gave them joy. They were heartily tired of their loitering inaction, and longed to come to blows on any terms. A profound and anxious silence fell upon them, therefore, when they saw Monmouth preparing to address them.

"I never imagined," said he, "my gallant fellow-countrymen, that your zeal could be sufficient to overcome fortune and our foes together. Had we only James of York and his adherents to contend with, I could be content to dare the worst; but we are told there is a certain wayward power that exercises a capricious influence over the affairs of man, whose favours are bestowed at random, who gives because she will, and withholds because she is not willing to bestow, without regard to merit, justice, or necessity. Poets and painters represent her blind, because she knows not how to discriminate; and they give her a wheel, for he that is on the topmost spoke at morning may be ground in the rut ere nightfall. Gamblers invoke her, whether they rattle dice for gold, or play out of cannon-mouths for poor men's lives; and in ancient times her favour was esteemed so indispensable in the game of war, that good fortune, or *felicitas*, was

counted amongst the essential qualities of a good general. There are some with whom she tarries for a day, and others whom she pursues with kindness from the cradle to the grave ; some whom she crosses twice or thrice in a whim, and others whom she dogs with misery through life. I am one of the latter in a sense. *Felicitas* is not amongst the qualities of Monmouth ; and in this affair, my friends, she has declared against us. Wherefore, take heed in time and look for safety. I have called you hither, my friends, to place your peril before you,—to thank you for your services, your devotion to the cause of Monmouth, and to bid you farewell, since Fortune has declared against us, and Providence pleases not to control her. I trust a happier day may yet arrive for England, and that we may meet again with better prospects."

This address excited loud and general murmurs amongst the hearers. Some called out that Monmouth was betraying them ; and others, that he only made experiment of their fidelity. The clamour and confusion increased, the soldiers left their places, and ran to and fro, or gathered into groups as if consulting on what should be done. Nothing could be farther from their minds than the thought of a retreat, at a time when they imagined the opportunity was for the first time afforded them of striking a successful blow. Such was the fear of Monmouth, that on perceiving how ill his address was received, he again meditated the withdrawing himself privately from the town, and abandoning the men to their own counsels.

In the mean time the most talkative amongst the insurgent force were busy in their several quarters.

"A', boys," said Shamus Delaney, "an' is that the way of it ? an' will ye hear to a rethrate now, after all the dhrillin', an' the marchin', an' the fine promises ? *Sonuher* to the one o' me, boys, but I'll tell ye what ye'll

do. Let ye gather together, the whole o' ye; an' if the Juke be still for partin' us, let ye name any half dozen ye like among the whole o' us, to be king in his place, and let them toss up for it. James Littlewit!"

"Here!"

"Peter Hangfire!"

"Here!"

"Solomon Scattherball!"

"Here!"

"Very well; I see ye're all there. Well, ye know a ship is no use without a ruddher, nor a flock o' goats without a herdsman, nor a congregation without a priest, nor an army without a general, nor a counthry without a king. Isn't that clear?"

"Ay, ay, ay."

"Well, then, if it comes to the vote, I suppose I may count upon ye'r voices in case a king should be wantin', eh? Ye know the way I dhrilled ye."

"Ay, ay."

"Very well; houl ye'r tongues a bit, for I see the Juke is goin' to spake again. 'Twould be the rale touch if I could shkame be some mains to go back a king to Ballyhahill. Oh, tundher! I think I see meself goin' up the road with a big shinin' goold crown upon my head, an' the neighbours ready to take their oath 'tis Brian Boru himself, or Olla Folla that's ruz from the grave. Well, all's in luck: no matther."

By this time the soldiers had pressed close around the group of officers, amongst whom the Duke of Monmouth stood, and were engaged in earnest remonstrances with their general.

"What care we for the risk?" cried one: "we thought of all that before we left our cottages."

"We knew well enough what stake we had in the game," said another; "but it is no matter for our lives when our cause is good."

"Only lead us to the field!" exclaimed a third, "and leave the rest to ourselves."

"Ay, ay, to the field! to the field!" exclaimed a thousand voices; and a shout ensued so stunning, that it seemed to shake the very earth on which they stood.

"Give them their way, my lord," said Ferguson: "that shout foreboded victory."

"They will not quit their arms," said a second officer.

"Except to meet with Feversham," added a third.

The spirit of his followers seemed to restore the confidence of Monmouth. After a little pause he said:

"Is it your desire then, soldiers, that we should go to the field to-morrow?"

"Ay, ay, to the field—hnzza!" was answered, as before, in a voice of thunder.

"'Tis well then," answered Monmouth; "I yield to your desire. Feed well to-night, and rest well, for you will have something to do before daybreak. Let every man have his matchlock for a bedfellow to-night, and be stirring at the beat of drum. Ay, while you keep such hearts as these, there is little fear of the issue. You are to fight for England, against Englishmen. Trust me, you will not find them strong in their cause, as we are Huzza then, once again, for liberty and England!"

Again the ready shout resounded through the town, and Monmouth having given his orders for the night, retired to his lodgings. The men dispersed to their quarters, and prepared for the encounter of the following morning with the alacrity which is inspired by a strong conviction of right and confidence of success.

In the mean time, the royal generals, secure of an easy victory, took little pains to increase that certainty by choice of situation or a well-ordered plan of engagement. Their fully-armed and highly-disciplined force, they knew, was more than sufficient to meet any number of those inexperienced clowns that could be brought against them.

It was near evening when they entered on the plain of Sedgmoor, where they were to pass the night ; and the straggling manner in which they were suffered to take possession of the ground showed plainly how little their generals apprehended any attempt which could be made by the insurgents to disturb their position. The night was clear, and morning was still far distant, when, pursuant to a preconcerted plan, the army of Monmouth was drawn out in silence from the town. Lord Grey, at the head of the cavalry, was sent a little before, as the force least liable to suffer from a surprise. Monmouth himself followed with the main body of his army, nearly three thousand of whom were armed, and in some tolerable degree of discipline.

The men who had been well-furnished with the excitement of strong liquor, marched with alacrity, and reached about one o'clock in the morning the edge of the moor. The royal army had, however, already taken the alarm. Lord Grey, at the head of five squadrons of horse, was ordered to push forward and burst into the camp of Feversham, but a wide and deep ditch which intersected the plain between both armies presented an unexpected and effectual obstacle. As they rode along in search of a place where a passage might be effected, volleys of musketry were opened upon them from the enemy's lines, and an awkward skirmish in the dark with a party of their own men, somewhat in advance of them, completed their confusion. Lord Grey himself, once more subdued by his infirmity, added a new disgrace to that of Bridport, by flying with his troops to a little distance, where they took up a position out of the range of musket-shot. The three remaining squadrons made a gallant attempt to force a passage, but were repulsed and obliged to retire in disorder. Monmouth now ordered the infantry to advance. After a long continued fire, which had only the effect of wasting the ammunition of the insurgents,

day broke upon the combatants, and disclosed to the eyes of Monmouth, the royal infantry at eighty paces distant, quietly reserving their fire, and suffering the artillery alone to answer the volleys of the insurgents, while Feversham's cavalry, newly arrived from Weston, was posted on his right flank. Without losing a moment, the infantry was ordered to pass the ditch, a manœuvre which was soon effected. The imposing sight of Feversham's disciplined troops, with their artillery and their calm and confident aspect, as of men certain of success, might well have checked the ardour of a newly-levied force like that of Monmouth's. The latter, however, did not spare to pursue their purpose. The signal for attack was given, and with shouts of fury the insurgent yeomen dashed forward on the royal force. It was impossible to resist the terrific energy of their onset: and the royal generals were astounded at the gallantry displayed by these poor fellows, who found in their own courage a substitute for all the skill and knowledge that are only gathered from experience. It was in vain that Feversham put in practice all the manœuvres of the field in order to resist the vehement charge of the insurgents —now drawing his men into line, now condensing them into squares and columns. The soldiers of Monmouth, in indiscriminate masses, rushed forward to the charge wherever they beheld a foe, and carried all before them with an impetuosity which nothing could resist. The royal army was routed and driven from the ground—it was rallied and routed again—there was not a man on Monmouth's side who did not labour as if he had been engaged in single combat, and that combat for his life. Astonished at what they beheld, the royal generals began to despair of the day, and their exertions now were bent to render the retreat as orderly as it was possible. But the triumphant yeomanry pressed too close upon their rear to admit of their recovering order

"It is in vain, Kirke," said Feversham, as that officer galloped by him. "What are your lambs about? These fellows fight like furies. They will not leave a man of us to tell the news."

"They seem to have changed their minds already," said Kirke, "for they have ceased firing."

"It was so in point of fact. Monmouth was at the instant exulting in his victory as a certain thing—a victory which would, in all probability, have effected a permanent change in the dynasty of England. His astonishment, therefore, was extreme when the firing ceased. The cause, unhappily, was irremediable; the ammunition of the troops had failed! The secret soon became evident to the adverse force, who gathered confidence and strength from the discovery. They rallied now without difficulty; and while the insurgents, perplexed and eager, seemed at a loss what next to do, a most destructive fire was opened on them from the opposite army. The scene which followed leaves description powerless. It was to no purpose that the insurgents, unprovided with the means of maintaining an equal combat at a distance, rushed down in masses on the foe, and endeavoured to effect by the mere momentum of numbers what they could no longer do with weapons. By skilful manœuvres the enemy evaded their onset, dividing into numerous bodies, and galling them from one quarter while they were striving to make an impression in another. It was to no purpose that many were seen dashing all unarmed upon the royal lines, and expiring beneath the pike and musket to which they offered their defenceless breasts. The royal force prevailed, and Monmouth's army was on the point of ruin. At this instant Colonel Jones, the officer already named, who divided the command of the cavalry with Grey, looking round in vain for Monmouth, and seeing the little army deserted by its commanding officers, took the only step which could have given them

a chance of safety. Lord Grey, who had not ventured within range of musket-shot since his first repulse, was stationed with a considerable body of cavalry in reserve, the Duke supposing that the infantry could better conduct the heavy work of the day, and that the horsemen might be more advantageously called into action in a crisis than as partakers in the general engagement. By charging vigorously now in front, they might enable the infantry, who were at present suffering severely, either to effect a tolerable retreat, or to procure time for recovering confidence and order.

"Mr. Fullarton," cried Colonel Jones to Arthur, whom, as being attached to no corps, he retained near him in quality of aide-de-camp, "ride to Lord Grey at once, and order him to charge in front with all his force.

Arthur Fullarton put spurs to his horse, and galloped at full speed towards the rising ground on which the cavalry were stationed. The Colonel observed with an anxious eye the result of his despatch. There was no movement amongst the cavalry. Young Fullarton was seen to use a hasty action, as if urging his message; but Lord Grey seemed obstinate. Again, at full speed, his horse all bathed in perspiration and scattering foam around him, young Fullarton returned to Colonel Jones to say that Lord Grey refused to act upon the orders. Before the former could make an observation, the fate of the engagement was decided. Disheartened at length by the tremendous carnage that took place amongst their associates, a general panic seized on the insurgents, and a disordered flight ensued, with all its accompanying horrors. The victorious royalists continued their fire while the routed army remained within range of their shot, after which the pursuit was maintained by the dragoons alone. The musketry ceased firing, and no sounds were heard except the fierce shouts of the revengeful conquerors, the shrieks and groans of the wounded and the

dying, mingled with the occasional thunder of the few pieces of artillery that accompanied the royal army. Colonel Kirke and his dragoons seemed thoroughly in their element, and revelled like exulting fiends in the havoc which their weapons made. A comparison of the loss on both sides shows, however, the desperation with which the insurgents fought. Three hundred men were killed or wounded on that of Feversham, while five hundred were left dead of the followers of Monmouth, in the course of three hours' fighting, and in the flight which followed. The prisoners taken were about three times that number. And so ended the battle of Sedgmoor, on which Monmouth's hope was set as on a single cast.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Long before the affairs of his adherents had arrived at this catastrophe, their terror-stricken leader had left the field. He had not even waited to see the two armies thoroughly engaged before he fled the contest. It was not yet broad day, when, in company with Busse, an officer who had formerly served the Elector of Brandenburg, he gallopped northward from the scene of strife. From the summit of a hill which overlooked the Moor, they turned to look upon the tumult. It then was raging at its height; and through the clouds of smoke which rolled over the heads of the combatants, they witnessed the intrepid stand made by the resolute peasantry against the devastating shower of the enemy's musketry, the thunder of the cannon, and the weapons of the cavalry that were seen gleaming in the morning light as they arose and fell in the work of slaughter. While they watched the progress of the fight, they were joined by

Lord Grey, who had separated himself from his troops soon after he had learned the flight of Monmouth. They did but wait to see the insurgents thrown into disorder, when they turned their horses' heads in the direction of the Mendip Hills; Monmouth suffering his companions to precede him, that he might indulge the flow of his own bitter thoughts with less reserve.

As he hurried from the field of ruin, too early for his fame if not for his fortune, his garments soiled with dust, he suddenly encountered Ferguson, who hurried towards him with a look of joy.

"Thank Heaven, I see you safe! Is your grace quite sound? no hurt—no wound?"

"Ah, Mr. Ferguson, is it you?" cried Monmouth, in his usual mild and conciliating tone, though blended with an accent of complaint. "Well, all is over now! What's to be done?"

"To preserve life and freedom while we can, and wait for better days."

"Days never to arrive!" said Monmouth with a look of anguish. "The storm has burst at length. Will you now believe I was a prophet? Will you say I had not reason when I crossed your speech in Holland first, and bade you never pour such poison in my ears again? Where shall your king turn, now that his part is at an end? Where shall he find the crown and sceptre that were to be had for the claiming?"

"My lord," said Ferguson, "I will not answer your reproaches. Stay not to upbraid or mourn, but fly! There yet be time———"

"For deeper ruin?"

"For safety and redress. Fly! fly! my lord. No words, but fly!"

At the same instant he put spurs to his own horse and was quickly out of sight. The unfortunate Monmouth was about to follow his example, but a random shot had

struck his horse during the flight, and rendered the animal incapable of further service. She staggered a pace or two and fell beneath her rider. At the same instant the sounds of the distant fight were heard behind. The horrors of a public execution with all that such a fate might bring him, both of shame and fear, flashed instantly upon the mind of Monmouth, and filled him with terror. Extricating himself as hastily as possible from his fallen steed, he hastened towards a farm-house which stood at a little distance, and in the door of which he beheld the figure of the same Quaker who had delivered him the packet in his tent on the previous evening.

"What do thee want, friend?" he asked, as Monmouth pressed toward the door. "We admit no rebels here."

"For mercy's sake, good fellow," cried Monmouth, "let me have shelter in your house."

"Off, rebel! Isaac Josephs is a loyal subject; and if he even were to grant thy request, how long do'st thee think thee could remain undiscovered when the dragoons would come to search the house? My hanging with thee would do thee no good."

"Give me a horse, then!"

"Far be it from me to succour a rebel! But thee is a violent man and armed, and I am little able to resist thee; and if by force of arms thee will rob me of the key which is in this open pocket, and enter through yonder stable-door, turning the wards to the left, and giving the lock a hitch as thou openest it, and if thee will take the prey that is ready saddled at the manger, I cannot help my loss; it is no more than other loyal Englishmen have suffered already in the cause of James Oh, violence! are thee offering outrage to my person! Help! help! He has robbed me of my key: he is taking my grey mare and all the furniture! He is off!

—he fleeth as the wind!—my grey is lost! Help! help!"

He continued his lamentations until two or three of the royal horsemen galloped toward the house.

"Have any of the rebels passed this way?" cried one, while the others searched the house and offices without ceremony.

"Oh, that I know they have; too well I know it! Look yonder! See that stable-door! My mare!—my dapple-grey!"

"What of her?"

"She is gone! A man all armed hath rode away with her."

"Which way he is gone?"

"Pray thee, excuse me; I cannot aid blood-shedding: but there be four points to the compass, and one of them is the north, friend. My good grey! that I had of farmer Raikes for thirty five gold pieces!"

The horsemen galloped away, laughing, in a northerly direction; and the Quaker continued to lament until they were succeeded by another party, to whom he gave the same account.

"Which way did the fellow fly?" cried a dragoon.

"Ah, friend, thee wishes to stain thy hands in his blood. I dare not participate in thy crime by telling thee; but I know what point o' the compass lies opposite to the north."

In the same manner he directed various parties in every track but that which Monmouth really had taken. Meanwhile the latter, accompanied by Lord Grey and Busse, whom he had now overtaken, continued his journey at the utmost speed to which he could excite his horse by whip and spur. It was still early when he found himself near the Mendip Hills, and out of hearing of the sounds of war and of pursuit. Exhausted by the headlong race, the Duke here deserted the common

track, and struck off into the well-cultivated fields and friendly groves by which he was surrounded. Here all was peaceful and abundant : the woods were rich and quiet—the birds sang merrily in the hedges and green lanes—the corn-fields with their fertile burden were waving gently in the morning breeze—the neighbouring cottages looked as if the contagion of political disquiet had not touched their thresholds—and over all, the mellow splendour of the rising sun shed a tender, and, to Monmouth's eyes, a melancholy glory. Disguising their persons by the aid of some friendly cottagers, they held a brief consultation ; after which they directed their flight towards the New Forest in Hampshire, with the view of seeking shipping on the neighbouring coast. It was near evening when they found themselves on Cranbourn Chase. Fearful to trust themselves to a peasantry whom they did not know, the fugitives deserted their horses and continued their journey for a time on foot. They then separated ; Lord Grey, with the peasant who had served them as a guide, taking one direction, while Monmouth and Busse, turning aside into a copse of beech, and concealing themselves amongst the underwood, began to muse at leisure on their miserable fortunes.

The remainder of the insurgents army sought their safety as they might. Arthur Fullarton, after remaining on the field until all hope was lost, took the road to Taunton, with the view of seeking security both for himself and his family in a foreign land. Less decided in his thoughts as to the best mode of escape, Shamus Delaney, after seeing all his Fencibles scattered or slain, remained wandering in the neighbourhood of the field, shifting his place of concealment from one place to another, as the probability of detection seemed to diminish or to increase.

"So that's the way with the Lyme Fencibles!" he said, communing with himself aloud, "Pether Hangfire

shot, and Solomon Scattherball an' Wainwright prisoners, an' the rest of 'em scatthered like powdher! What's to be done? These thieves o' dhragoons will pin me, as sure as my name is Shamus, if I stay in the field,—an' where 'll I run to out of it? I wish to my heart I was in Ballyhahill, out o' this! Here's more dhragoons. What'll become o' me! I know what I'll do. Sorrow bit but I'll pretend to be dead already, the way they wouldn't see any use o' killin' me. Sonuher to the one o' me, but that's what I'll do, now that I said it. I hope they won't think o' plundherin'."

The latter hope as applied to Kirke's dragoons was somewhat sanguine. A few rode past Delaney as he lay extended on the earth, while others reined up their steeds and dismounted for the very purpose which he apprehended.

"Hould the horses, you," cried one of the dragoons to a comrade, "an' we'll give you a share o' whatever we get. Won't we, boys?"

"Ay, ay," rejoined the rest of his companions.

"Sonuher to the one morsel," said Shamus in his own mind, as he softly opened one eye, "but it's Morty! Well, if this don't bate Europe! it's no matther. I wisht I could give him a whisper."

The dragoons dispersed through the fields rifling the pockets of the slain. As it happened, Morty Delaney it was who approached the spot where Shamus lay, and singing in a loud voice, began to thrust his hands into his pockets:

> "He is in the field of battle,
> And his foes he does defy,
> Like the rowling king of honour,
> All in the wars of Throy."

"What's here?" Morty continued, as he drew forth the contents of his brother's pockets. "I'll lay my life this was some would-be-gentleman or other, his pockets

are in such a state o' poverty. What's this? a crust o bread, an' a ballad of Shaun O'Regan's portion, an' a little flask of usquebaugh, as one should suppose from the smell. We'll make sure of it," he added, uncorking the flask and lifting it to his mouth. "Ah, ha! if that didn't see the other side o' the Channel, my name isn't Morty! That's the ould counthry all over! I fancy I'm in Munster again with the taste of it. Another drop will perch me on Ballyhahill."

Here Shamus having several times in vain endeavoured to arrest his attention by whispering, "Erra, Morty!"—"Morty, don't you know me?"—"Whisper hether, Morty!" &c., now seeing him about to transfer the remaining contents of the flask to his own person, effectually prevented his design by so sharp a pinch on the arm, that he sprang from the ground as if he had been electrified.

"Well!" he exclaimed, rubbing the part afflicted with one hand, while the other still clasped the neck of the flask, "I have heard of dead men's pinches: but if that be one, it bates all the living pinches in the world to nothing. What's here?" he continued, going cautiously over and peering down into the face of the dead man—"Eh! what do I see? Both eyes wide open, an' one of them winkin' at me as 'cute an' as knowing as a fox! Oh, sorrow bit, but it's Shamus!"

"Captain Delaney, if you plase," said Shamus, raising his head. Is there any fear o' their seein' me, Morty?"

"It's all one if they do itself," said Morty! "you're my prisoner, an' I'll take care o' you. A' Shamus, eroo, an' is it yourself in airnest? Well, if this don't flog all the story-books in Munsther!—Stay quiet a while, an' you'll tell me all by-'n-by. Never mind. The Curnel is very fond o' me, an' I'll get your free pardon without fail. Well, after that, there's no use in talkin'! An' so you were in the battle the whole time, an' I never knowin' a word of it?"

"I was so. Sure 'tis well you perched upon me, in place o' one o' them other fellows. Hadn't they great killin' and murtherin'?"

"A' what killin', man! The battle of Venthry Harbour was nothing to it. Did you get e'er a touch at all?"

"Not one. Did you?"

"No. Stay as you are awhile until I dhraw these away, for fear they be throublesome, an' then I'll come an' bring you to the Curnel."

CHAPTER XXV.

When the news of Monmouth's defeat arrived in Taunton, it seemed as if the town had been swept by a sudden pestilence. The shops were for the most part closed, business suspended, the streets deserted, the men seemed to wait in helpless inaction the bursting of the tempest that they knew was rolling toward their dwellings. Though the catastrophe was not yet known at Tone Cottage, nothing seemed more surprising to Aquila than the general change which she found in the sentiments of her neighbours according as the affairs of Monmouth began to decline. People shook their heads and looked wise as oracles; and many who had shared all the enthusiasm of the multitude during his success now listened to such sentiments with an air of frigid coldness. She had a few days before been accidentally present at a conversation in the town, where, for the first time in her life, she heard even from his friends and partisans expressions which astonished her, supposing, as she had done throughout, that all were as sincere and disinterested as herself. Already Monmouth (late his Majesty) was

spoken of as "an adventurer"—"a disturber who had no sort of title to the throne"—"an incendiary who could embroil half a world for the making his own fortune." Without participating in this change of feeling, Aquila could not listen without deep uneasiness to assertions falling from the lips of Monmouth's partisans, which, in the zeal of her own political prejudice, she had placed, when advanced by his enemies, to the account of prejudice in them. She thought of the vehemence with which both Kingsly and his sister sought to impress this upon her mind, and how hard an ear she gave them; and she started now, and a wild misgiving smote her, as the idea flashed on her mind, that during the whole time the wisdom might have been with them, and not with her. She shuddered at the thought. If this then were the case, and Monmouth's right in point of fact were not founded in law or truth, what colour must her own part in this transaction assume in her own eyes? Could it be possible that she was wrong? and she felt so light and buoyant and free-hearted in the sense of right.

"I would," she said with herself, "that I had examined a little more nearly before I ventured to take any part whatever! But deliberation was ever a school-task to me, which I avoided when I could. What a wretched mind is mine! I would not take the trouble to examine, and yet I would be busy—nay, who so busy? who so bold and confident? I needs must be a meddler, and yet not take the pains to render my interference just and useful. Pray Heaven no evil come of it! for I could scarcely bear the weight of disappointment through the fault of others, to say nothing of my own. I had ever an impatient mind. I wish I had not meddled so far without a better light!"

Her anxiety increased as they waited daily for intelligence from the camp of Monmouth. What added to its keenness was the recollection that she had herself enga-

ged her brother Arthur a second time to lend his efforts to the cause, and that but for her persuasion he at least might have been saved.

"Father," she said one evening, after a long and absent fit of musing, "is it true, what we hear now so generally asserted, that Monmouth has after all no title to the throne?"

Gaspar, who did not share his daughter's scruples respecting Monmouth's right, was perplexed at such a question; nor did he at once perceive the great importance, supposing he had been himself convinced upon the subject, of communicating his certainty to Aquila.

"*Et tu, Brute?*" said he, laughing. "Are you likewise among the waverers? Why, what does it signify to Monmouth whether you believe he has a right or no?"

"It is true, then, that it is uncertain, at least?" asked Aquila.

"It *is* true. What of that?"

"Nothing indeed to Monmouth; but it may be something to—to those who are engaged for him."

The whole of the succeeding day and night, which was that previous to the battle of Sedgmoor, the most tormenting fears assailed the mind of Aquila. She was worried with incessant apprehensions. She could not eat nor sleep; her whole attention was absorbed by the one engrossing theme; and if her mind wandered at all from the army of Monmouth, it was only to indulge a fervent aspiration for his success.

It was yet morning on the day of the battle, when Gaspar Fullarton, at the anxious entreaties of his daughter, took his hat and staff, and walked to the town in order to learn something of the fate of the insurgents. They knew that the royal army had already passed the borders of this devoted shire, and all who had friends and relatives engaged for Monmouth were of course most

eager to ascertain the issue of the dread collision that was hourly expected. The parlour of the Three Crowns was occupied by the same knot of rural politicians who had been always in the habit of enlightening each other in that apartment upon all questions of law and government. The only change in the outward appearance of the establishment was, that the name of "The Duke of Monmouth," had been substituted in flaming characters on the sign-board that swung before the doorway, in lieu of that of "James the Second." In the appearance of the political conclave within, there was little alteration, except that Godfrey Bunn the baker, and his friend Setright the miller, were both attired in the half-military costume of Monmouth's army. The disordered condition of their dress, and the horror depicted in their countenances, showed plainly that the news they brought were none of the happiest. As Gaspar approached the door, it was evident to him, from the crowds that pressed around, and the looks and gestures of anxiety and fear which he encountered amongst the press, that some considerable disaster had occurred. Without staying to question any of the people outside, he pressed forward into the inn, and with some difficulty reached the parlour. Here he found the landlord with an anxious countenance, Master Grimes, the verger, with a look of trouble mingled with profound sagacity, and many other citizens, listening with dismay to the accounts which Bunn and his companion gave them of the day's defeat. When they had concluded, a general and fear-struck silence sunk upon the circle.

"At that rate, Master Bunn," said the landlord, glancing from one countenance to another of the many that surrounded him, while his hands were buried in the pockets of his grey doublet—"at that rate, Monmouth will scarce be able to make head again."

"If he be left the head that is on him," answered the

baker, "it is as much as I would venture to promise him. I heard, as I came along, that Feversham had begun the hanging already. I promise you, my masters, I had little idea before to-day what it was to take the sword."

"There's no use in nonsense," said the landlord: "while a man's thriving, let him thrive. It can do no good to Monmouth now that honest people should bring themselves into trouble for his sake. While it could bring fish to his net, I was willing enough to let him swing in the wind before my door; but now that's over, I think I'll even set up our good King James again. What say you, Master Grimes?"

"What say I, host? I say nothing; Grimes is a block —Grimes has never an eye in his head. Did Grimes say here five weeks ago, when his poor opinion was asked upon the matter, that something would come of all that work about Monmouth? Did he, or did he not?"

"Nay, that you did in truth, Master Grimes," said a neighbour in a serious tone.

"I heard him say it as plain as you hear me," cried another, turning to Gaspar.

"And that there was something at the bottom of it," cried a third.

"Very well then," said the verger, "I say nothing. But I tell you what it is, my masters, I have been verger here in Taunton for something outside fourteen years, and I promise you I would give a round piece or two to know who will be verger in fourteen years more. I say nothing—I have never an eye in my head; but you shall see, my masters."

"As for me," said Bunn, perceiving the general dismay augmented by this oracular speech, "I have done with fighting, if fighting will have done with me. No good comes, my masters, of resistance with the sword. Passive obedience is law of the land, as laid down by act of Parliament in 74."

By this time the tidings had drawn great multitudes to the place. Men, women, and children pressed into the throng in order to learn, if possible, the fate of a friend or relative.

"Maester Bunn, did ye zee my husband?"

"Or my brother, Maester Bunn?"

"Was Tom Staynes in the veel whan you left it, Maester Setright?"

"Oh Maester Setright, did thee zee my child, James Weston?"

The eager voices of the people, and the cries of anguish or murmurs of anxiety that broke from individuals of the crowd, as their inquiries found an unfavourable or a doubtful answer, seemed like a prelude to the scenes of woe which might now speedily be expected.

With a heavy heart Gaspar Fullarton returned to the cottage. It may easily be imagined with what feelings Aquila heard his news. She could hardly conceive it possible that two days could make such an alteration in a cause that seemed so strong and promising. For a long time after she had heard of its defeat, she continued wandering from place to place with a restless air. There was no account of Arthur Fullarton. Inquiry was in vain; no one had seen him after the defeat. The night passed over, and he did not come; and his sister rose from troubled and spectre haunted sleep to waking fear and agony.

Meanwhile the victors began to exercise with a strong hand the power which their success had given them. The gaol of Bridgewater was found insufficient to contain the crowds of prisoners that were brought into the town guarded by Kirke's dragoons. That officer himself soon after took possession of the town, and commenced the work of vengeance. It is not necessary that we should present a full detail of all the severities that ensued; still less is it incumbent on us to decide between conflicting

historians how far tradition may or may not have exaggerated in its pictures of the past. Nineteen of the prisoners were hanged, it is said, by Kirke, immediately on entering the town, without any form of trial: nor did the species of military court which succeeded leave much room for congratulation on the discontinuance of so arbitrary a mode of proceeding. The house in which Kirke took up his residence was looked upon with fear and shuddering as the den of some ferocious animal. Feversham having drawn up his army near one of the public roads that led to Bridgewater, began likewise to deal summary vengeance on the country people for the loss and peril of the morning. A more than ordinary spirit of vindictiveness appeared to govern the conduct of the royal generals in their suppression of this insurrection. Provoked in part by the resolute opposition with which they had been met, and partly stimulated by the cruelty too often incident to military judges, impatient of the tardy minuteness of examination necessary to establish individual guilt or innocence, and desirous only to punish and terrify in the mass, they forebore to mingle even the common show of justice or of mercy with their harshness. The battle being wholly at an end, Feversham reined up his horse upon the high road already mentioned, superintending a general inspection of the troops in order to estimate the amount of killed and wounded. There was at the same time another work of a more gloomy character going forward. This was the erection of a number of gibbets for the execution of the prisoners who had been taken. The scene which followed had more in it to thrill the hearts of the spectators with fear and anguish, than all the wholesale slaughter of the forenoon.

There was about a score of prisoners brought before Feversham. Having been taken in arms, he likewise, though not sharing the inexorable cruelty of Kirke, did

not think it even necessary to try them with a testing question, but ordered them off for execution one after another as they were brought before him. What added to the poignancy of the spectacle was, that many of the female relatives of the prisoners, who had followed the course of Monmouth's army, now pressed into the scene, and added to its horrors by their cries and gestures of despair. The unfortunate prisoners, almost to a man, evinced that resolution and fortitude which adds glory to a good cause, and even to a mistaken one imparts a degree of majesty and reverence. Not one of them shrunk from confessing their allegiance to Monmouth, whom they firmly believed to be their lawful king. Even the soldiers who surrounded Feversham, and who had suffered from their bravery a few hours before, were touched by the sincere and stubborn, yet unobtrusive vehemence, with which these poor fellows adhered to their principles in adversity. With pale yet steady features, and without a word of complaint or reproach, they were led one after another to execution, as to a fate which they willingly embraced in testimony of their devotion to the cause they had espoused.

There was one woman amongst the females present at this horrible scene who had a husband and three grown sons engaged for Monmouth, and now waiting in their turn the fatal mandate of the royalist general. The father, a stern-looking man about fifty years of age, was standing erect, and with an expression of set and still defiance on his countenance, as if he had manned his nature to the very utmost in what he was about to do, and was unwilling that his firmness should be put in danger by being taxed in the least degree further. At this moment his wife broke into the group, and flinging herself upon his neck, besought him in the tenderest manner to seek safety by making submission and seeking pardon of the general.

"Not vor ye'r awn, but our zakes!" she exclaimed. "Dwon't ye be zaw desperd unveelin', Teddy. Ax porden, won't ye, Teddy, vor yerzel; an' our dear lads—won't ye save 'em, husband?"

"Naw, I won't thaw," cried the man: "I zed I war ready ta die vor Monmouth, an' I'll stick to it."

"Bit our bways, Teddy!—shall tha niver cum whim any moor?—you dwon't thenk o' them!"

"Eese, but I do thaw—God will take care of 'em. Better vor 'em to have a dead true man than a living turn-qut vor their vather."

So saying, and feeling vexed at importunities that weakened his resolution, he flung from her with impatience and prepared to meet his fate. The woman flew to Feversham.

"Zur!—" she exclaimed with a bewildered look, her shrivelled hands extended, and her eyes bent on him with an expression of the intensest anguish,—"Gennelam—I don't knaw ye'r name, bit tha power o' life and death is in ye'r hond. Have pity on a poor hortbroken ooman! I humbly bezeech your pordon for the theazamy here—my husband and my children; and as you show mercy to them, zo may the King of mercy and of grace show mercy to you and yours in ye'r hour of need and of affliction! Oh, zur, let them go—and the heaven above rain awver ye'r head all store of blessing and abundance!"

"Take them away!" cried Feversham, with a cold, relentless look.

"Oh—naw—naw?" shrieked the woman, clasping his stirrup with her hands,—"Oh, zur, have mercy! Teddy, why dwon't ye speak? They niver 'll do it na moor. Tell—tell him ye niver'll do it na moor."

But the thirst of vengeance, yet unslaked within the breast of Feversham, rendered him callous to her prayers. He motioned with his hand, and amid her shrieks and

entreaties, as she was removed from his presence, two of her sons were executed before her eyes. At this instant a close carriage was seen approaching along the Bridgewater road. The poor woman appeared to know the equipage, for she darted by a vigorous effort from the hands of the soldiery, and flew along the road to meet it. The carriage presently approached at a more rapid pace. It was already recognised as that of the Bishop of Bath and Wells, who was surprised and shocked, as he might naturally be, at the scene of violence which he beheld. A deep interest was excited amongst the spectators when they beheld General Feversham ride towards the open door of the vehicle and salute the dignitary as he sat within. A few only, however, of those who stood close at hand could hear what passed between them.

"Alas! general," said the Bishop, "what a sight is this! what horrid slaughter have we here?"

"Only hanging a few rebels, my lord," said Feversham.

"And without trial or inquiry?" exclaimed the Bishop with a look of astonishment. "Do you not consider, that now the law takes place of violence? Sir, these men, your prisoners, are your fellow-creatures also, made of the same clay, informed with the same immortal spirit, and bred in the same soil as you are. They have a title now to be heard before their country, which you cannot legally refuse them."

"Rascals!" cried Feversham, "they merit not your lordship's intercession. What hearing is there—what law for knaves who are caught in arms against all law?"

"Nay, but by your leave," said the Bishop, "were they fifty times rebels, they are human creatures still! and, alas! the more criminal, the more deserving of compassion. Sir, it is a dreadful necessity which at any time renders it a part of human policy to strike at human life, to abridge in any case the term of man's probation: but

when that is done without warrant of law or of legitimate authority, it becomes actual murder: and I tell you, sir," he continued, with increasing energy of tone and manner, "that for every life you thus destroy without formal sentence of the law, you are guilty of a murder in the sight of Heaven and man."

"At your lordship's instance, then," said Feversham, "I will suspend the execution of those men until the hollow form of law be added to the stroke of justice. Let the prisoners be conveyed to Bridgewater," he said to an officer who stood near, "and committed to the common gaol till our arrival."

The officer prepared to put his commands in execution, and the bishop drove away. We shall leave the military tribunal which was formed on Feversham's entering Bridgewater to continue its summary vindication of the law, and return to other persons of our narrative.

CHAPTER XXVI.

The sight of a troop of royal cavalry on one of the roads leading to Taunton induced Arthur Fullarton to alter the course of his flight, and seek safety in the direction of the Bristol Channel. It was evening when he turned his horse loose on the public road, and continued his journey through the fields on foot. The necessity of caution was even more pressing than he was aware; for Kirke, who retained a full remembrance of the past had sent a party especially in search of him immediately on entering Bridgewater, and the same it was of whom Arthur had got a distant glimpse as he was hastening toward his home. By what he could conjecture, from the appearance of the country, as well as from the accent and

discourse of the peasants whom he occasionally met, he approached the northern borders of Devonshire, and the coast was not far distant; but his uniform alone would be a sufficient obstacle to his reaching thither in safety. He dared not think of intrusting himself to the hands of the neighbouring farmers, who, for anything he could conjecture, might as well be foes as friends. While he lay thus perplexed, a group of country people came laughing and talking through a green lane which passed close by the place of his retreat. By their mirth, and by what he could hear of their discourse, it appeared they formed a wedding-party who had just been witnessing the union of some village pair. They passed on, and Arthur continued to listen to the sounds of rustic mirth as long as the faintest vibration reached his ear. As he compared the condition of these poor villagers with his own, one train of musing succeeded to another, until at length he found relief both for his body and his mind in a fit of heavy sleep. Soon after—a peasant, attired in a blue working frock rather the worse for wear, entered the lane with a bill-hook and rope upon his arm, and began to cut faggots at the side of the hedge where Arthur lay concealed.

"Well, there they go!" he said aloud as he proceeded with his toil, and supposing himself unheard: tha kernel's for wone mon, tha shell vor t'other, in thes world; tha pea vor thes, tha pod vor hes neighbour, tha meat vor Jo, tha bone for Rager, tha pulp vor you, tha rind vor me.

"Down by tha banks o' Barley
Young Rager tends tha kee;
There lonely by tha woodlant
Hes cottage ye mey zee:
A sprey an' spicy vella
Vor enny keendest thing,
A zings beside hes cob-wall
As hoppy as a king.

Nif thec plagny murrain hadn't laid hold o' vather's kee,

es murt dance at Robin's up-zetting to-night wey tha best o'em; but Time's a tumbler." Here he crossed the hedge which divided him from Arthur. "Yeet 'chud es had tha clathing though, vor there will be zich an up-zetting at the varmer's! They zay tha blind crouder will be there vor zarten. But tes eart wone, eart t'other; ma turn may come yeet. Well, Doraty, how d'ye try?—how goth et wey ye?" He addressed a country lad somewhat younger than himself who had just entered the lane and was hurrying through, when he was observed by the faggot-cutter from the copse where Arthur lay concealed. "To tha up-zetting, eh?"

"No," said the lad; "'cham vor nup o-zetting, Kester. 'Cham vor tha ghost."

"Tha ghost!"

"Yees, zure. Why, dedn't thee hire o' tha old haunted manor-house down by tha Cammon, where there has been a ghost appearing night arter night, come last Hallandtide twelvemonth?"

"No, bless me, that es dedn't, zure. A ghost!—no, bless ma, thee dosn't zey zo?"

"Yees, bet es do zey et; wey two woundy gurt horns lick Varmer Hosegood's bull down in tha park, an' gurt viery eyes, an' a chrin as long as ma lady's train up to tha Square's. The varmer zee'd et, an' hes two zons; an' tha pawson's to come down to-night to quesson et, zo he is. Voaken thenk et must be there's a zight of money buried zomewhere about tha place, thet makes et trouble tha houze."

"Lick enow. Well, go ye'r wey."

"Aye, bet 'chell g'up to vather's vurst, to know nif es be wanted tha night. 'Cham woundy lonesome to zee a ghost an' speak wey et."

"Good neart, than!" said the faggot-cutter as the lad departed, "an' vetch zome o' tha gold, mun, nif tha ghost wull let thee have et. Et were zometheng better

tho hewing wood vor Varmer Hosegood's vier, and scaring birds vrom tha corn, and penning tha sheep in tha dimmit, an' veeling tha length an' breadth o' tha old grammer's tongue at meal-times. Well, time cures all.

"Tha bravest square in Ingland
Murt envy Rager's state,
Thof in hes lowly cottage
No powder'd zarrants wait:
No wasting care nor zorrow
Upon hes meals attend;
He niver needs to borrow
Thate niver cares to zpend.

Eh? look zee whot have we here?" he added, as in cutting his way through the underwood he discovered Arthur lying fast asleep. "Zome strange animal zure, an' zleeping in tha zun! Look zee, whot clathers! Nif ch'ad but zich veathers to make a show up to tha upzetting! 'Chell ztur en way ma foot. Hillo, vrend! dost hire ma, vrend?"

"Who's there?" cried Arthur, starting up alarmed, and laying his hand upon his sword.

"No offence, vrend: 'cham bet a poor country vella, cutting o' vaggots, an' meaning no eel to enny wone."

The alarm of the fugitive, at first so great, was removed on his perceiving that the countryman was alone. While he collected his thoughts to make inquiry of this man respecting his situation, the latter seemed wholly absorbed in admiration of his handsome uniform, now rubbing down the skirts and hose with his hand, and uttering ejaculations of surprise and admiration.

At this moment Arthur conceived the idea of prevailing on the peasant to change clothes, and, in this disguise, of effecting with greater facility his escape to the water's side. Coming from his concealment, he signified to the astonished countryman to suppress all apprehension. He then made to him the proposal of exchanging their attire. The peasant, who was evidently more than

half a simpleton, seemed overjoyed at the idea. He jumped, he danced on the ground, he handled Arthur's uniform, and clapped his sides with his hands as if unable to contain his glee. Having retired into the wood, the barter was soon effected ; and Arthur, happier in his humble than the peasant in his rich attire, penetrated deeper into the wood and was quickly out of sight. Meanwhile the countryman in his gay uniform went merrily along the lane, hopping, dancing, singing, and frisking with all his might in the excess of his delight.

"Ho ! ho ! ho ! ho ! Well, there be men wey heads in tha wordle, an' men athout 'em. Es know where he or es had a scooped turnip on tha shoulders whan a made zich a bargain as thate. Poor vella ! Hewn zend en wit ! Hey ! what Daraty want now, thet he halloes at zich a rate ?"

"Ho-a ! Why, Kester ! Hallo, ho-a !"

"Why, what's tha matter, mun ? Thee 'll be zcared wi' summut, 'chell warndy."

"Yes, that es be, tha may be zartain zure. There be——Bet what? Eh, Kester, zure et can't be thee own zell ?"

"Why, cham vine an' brave, bean't es ?"

"Vine, mun ! Why, look zee, Kester, thee be'est a king, mun. An' tha kep an' tha veathers ! Kester, 'chud tha may ha' come honestly by 'em, that's oll."

"Yees, bet es did though, es tell tha. 'Chad 'em gied ma by a gennelman thet es vound a-zleeping in tha copse yonder,—But what has zcared tha, mun ? Have ye zee'd tha ghoast ?"

"No, bet there's a pearty o' themmy horse dragoons up to tha rawd, an' they wull have thet there's an officer o' tha Duke o' Monmouth here about, for they zey they voun hes horse net zo vur away, poor theng ! an' tha zaddle an' bridle on, zo that he can't have gwone much vurthur. They zearched vather's houze an' tha paddick,

an' they're rummagin' oll the neighbourhooden. Thee may stay an' be hanged nif thee like, bet es have a reason vor not choosing et."

He ran off, and left his companion standing aghast with terror.

"Tha Duke o' Monmouth! Tha woundy rebel thet has oll Zummerzet in yearms, an' thet tha king's troops went a hunting t'other day wi' tha gurt viel-pieces thet had every wone o' 'em a mouth lick a vactory chimley! Es may ztay an' be hanged, zeys he, may es? Well, than, nif a man's born to be hanged, he wull escape buddling; and tha country promishes zo well zince Monmouth's landing, thet hanging es lick to become a naatal death avore long. Nif es must hang, es must. 'Chell have a daunce up to the varmer's up-zetting vurst."

So saying, he concealed his rope and bill-hook in the hedge, and continued his journey, hopping, skipping, and dancing until he reached the farmer's house, where his appearance excited a general scream of laughter and surprise.

"Why, Kester, mun, whot made thee zo brave? Art tha down-reert hanteck, mun?"

"Where did thee get themmy vine thengs, Kester?"

"'Tes Hewn zens oll thengs, neighbours, so let's be spry an' merry," said the faggot-cutter, continuing to sing and dance, without satisfying them.

"A spry an' vitty vella
Vor enny keendest thing,
He zings bezide hes cob-wall
As hoppy as a king.—

Come, neighbours, dwon't ye stare—

"Whan in hes Zindey clathers
A zim tha poorish pride,
Ma leddy's dizen'd zarrant
Looks zooterly bezide.
At yeavling——"

While he was yet singing, and before they had time to question him further upon the means by which he had obtained his rich attire the horsemen who had been sent in pursuit of Arthur rode up to the door of the farm-house. The bridal mirth of course was hushed at the appearance of the military, and the poor dizened peasant resigned his exultation for a look of utter dismay. As they entered the room, the figure of the clown attired in the uniform of Arthur soon caught the eye of the dragoons. He was brought forth, beseeching with dismal cries that he might not be hanged till he had seen his father and mother,—a favour which the cornet told him he had the best chance of obtaining by telling honestly how he came into possession of his borrowed plumes. This he did without hesitation ; after which a consultation was held as to the plan of search. It was agreed to divide the company ; one party taking the road which led to the coast ; the other, commanded by the cornet, remaining to search the woods and thickets in the neighbourhood. Meantime Arthur Fullarton, exhausted by the labours of the day, by the battle in the forenoon, the long and precipitate flight beneath the fervour of a scorching sun, and the cruel fears by which he was tormented, was unable to continue his journey more than a few miles beyond the place where he had parted with the countryman. The sun had now gone down, and he began to look about for some place in which he might take a few hours' repose without being exposed to the heavy dews of the midsummer night. The moon, which was nearly half at the full, gave him just sufficient light to find his way through the thinly-populated woodland in which he travelled. His extreme hunger likewise, made him regret that he had not, even at some hazard, cast himself upon the hospitality of some cottager before the night had advanced so far. While he continued his journey a sudden opening in the wood revealed to him a

portion of those extensive flats among which the river Exe takes its rise, and at a little distance one of those ancient manor-houses of the Elizabethan era, some of which even still survive the ravages of time. Perceiving a light in one of the windows, and trusting to his disguise, he determined to seek shelter and refreshment from the inmates, and hastened toward the place. To his surprise, the house appeared deserted. The front door stood open, and there was no sound from within that gave indication of its being inhabited by living thing. Treading as lightly as possible, Arthur entered with the feeling of one who ventures into an enchanted hall. He walked cautiously through several winding passages, guided by the straggling rays of moonlight that fell through the narrow windows in various parts of the building, until he reached the chamber in which the light was placed. Here again the door stood open. He took the precaution to look in before he entered. On a table before a blazing fire lay a cloth, a pair of lights, and the materials for a comfortable supper. There were one or two stools standing near, but not a living being to be seen. The keenness of his hunger decided Arthur's resolution. He took his place, and began to eat with the eagerness of a famished appetite. While he was thus employed, a slight noise at the door made him raise his eyes to look in that direction. A young peasant stood gazing in with his eyes wide open, as if uncertain what to make of the intruder, and Arthur returned his stare, for several minutes, without moving. At length this strange demeanour produced conviction on the mind of the clown.

"Eh, look zee, 'tis tha ghoast!" he cried aloud, and darted down the staircase.

Arthur judged that it would be soon no place for him to remain with safety. He accordingly retired, and hearing voices at the front door, stepped aside into a

darkened corner, from whence he could see and hear all that passed without being seen in turn. The group who were entering, and whom he could distinguish plainly in the moonlight as they stood in the open hall below him, consisted of three stout-looking fellows, armed with staves and pitchforks: one of them rather elderly, and having the appearance of a comfortable farmer: the second a fat little figure, whose dress announced the clergyman,—but the wildness of his look and manner, and his incoherent discourse, mixed up with hunting phrases, and images of the strangest kind, gave indications of insanity, which were far from being deceptive. The third was the young peasant who had detected Arthur in the act of diminishing the refreshments.

"Where did thee zee it, lad?" cried the farmer: "tell hes reverence."

"Es zee's et zitting on tha stool by tha vireside as plain as a zee ma hond, an' a gutterin tha pigeon-pie—zo a did, an' et a-looken up reert in ma vace jist lick ennytheng. 'Chad jist hirned in to hide a bit vrom themmy dragoons that be a-chasing tha Duke o' Monmouth's voak over tha country, whan es voun et zitting an' eating above oll at's ease. 'Chawr aghest to zee et."

"How long's it rising," asked the clergyman,—"how long's it rising, d'ye say?—Hoicks! Tallyho! there they go!—How long, d'ye say?"

"Two years and a month come next Michaelmastide," replied the farmer. "'Chell warndee there's a mint o' gold a-hide about here, nif a body could lay hold on't."

"No ghost—no ghost," cried the clergyman—"this ghost of yours is, after all, no ghost. I know it, for I've seen them where they meet by thousands in the moonlight; and they never eat—nor hunt, poor souls! though they are often hunted.—Look! there they go, now!—I was once preaching at church, and a good five hundred listening, decked out in their finest, when, before you

could cry 'hoicks!' the flesh and clothes dropped off, and left nothing but the bare bones sitting in the pews and standing in the aisle. And, poor souls! they knew so little of it! I was fain to shut the book and come down. I never was the better for it since. But tell us, friend—tell us! Did the spectrum actually consume the viands, or make a hollow show and semblance thereof?"

"Anan?"

"Tell hes reverence," said the farmer, "did tha ghoost eat, or only make believe?"

"Eat? Ah, thate a did, an' woundily, 'chell be zworn Eh, bet themmy ghosts must work hard, zure, to eat up to zich a rate."

"Go foremost, farmer," cried the clergyman.

"An't pleaze ye'r reverence, zeem to I 'twar more bezeeming in ye to go vore-reert, being more book-larned and more witty to zpeak to it than zich as es."

Here a long discussion arose to know who should go first; which was decided by the whole party ascending the staircase in a body, and proceeding in a phalanx to the haunted room. Arthur, to whom every moment was an hour since he had heard that his pursuers were already on his track, did not wait to learn the issue of the adventure, but, as soon as they had passed the corner in which he had secreted himself, hurried down the staircase and into the open air. After lurking about the neighbouring country during the night and a part of the ensuing day, he took once more a southerly direction, resolving at all risks to seek an interview with his family in order to make arrangements for their common safety. On the way he fell in with one or two of the insurgents, fugitives like himself, from whom he learned the disastrous tidings that Monmouth and his companions had already fallen into the hands of the royalists. Our narrative left him on the evening after the battle, seeking a place of concealment, with the German, Busse, in the neighbourhood

of Cranbourn Chace. During that night and the greater part of the ensuing day, they continued almost without food or rest, shifting from place to place of the close woodland, and fearing to trust themselves to the open country while the search was still so hot on every side. About one in the morning, hearing the tramp of horses at a distance, and the voices of the dragoons calling to each other in the quiet woodland, he separated from the German, turned into a neighbouring field, and sought a place of concealment amongst the long fern with which the place was overgrown. The horsemen were diligent in their search, and in the bottom of a trench, covered over with the fern, which he had heaped upon his person, they discovered the young aspirant to the throne of England!

On searching his person, the officers could not avoid smiling to see, amongst other things, a quantity of charms and spells, and a table-book full of astrological figures, with magical arcana, songs, receipts for sickness and prayers for various occasions. There was something so miserable in the appearance of the Duke when brought before the commanding officer, that the latter, notwithstanding his little respect for the character of the young nobleman, could not restrain a movement of compassion. Monmouth wept like a woman and seemed wholly to have lost his strength of mind, and even all desire to preserve the dignity of fortitude.

"You are fortunate, sir," said he to the officer: "well this will be your fortune. I trust, after all, my ruin will satisfy the King: he will not take a life that can no longer injure him."

Though desirous to treat his prisoner with the respect and courtesy due to his rank, Colonel Portman answered with some sternness.

"It were well, my lord, if you had taken the necessary consequences of this step into consideration before

it had occasioned the loss of many lives beside——" He paused.

"Beside my own, sir, you would say," said the Duke, observing the cause of his hesitation, "and far more valuable ones. I deserve the rebuke, and it may be a prophetic one."

The officer made no reply, and the party soon after set out for Kingwood. Here Monmouth found Lord Grey, who with the guide had been taken early on the previous morning, and Busse, whose apprehension had preceeded his own but two hours. It was a singular fact, that Grey, notwithstanding his constitutional infirmity, showed nothing, after his apprehension, of the weakness and want of fortitude which appeared in the demeanour and discourse of Monmouth.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Queen. O Hamlet, thou hast cleft my heart in twain!
Hamlet. Oh, throw away the worser part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
SHAKSPEARE.

We will now leave the prisoners at Kingwood, while Arthur Fullarton continues to seek his father's roof, and return to a personage of our tale who was not less interested in these events than the immediate actors.

Mention has already been made of the celebrated Lady Harriet Wentworth. It was now some years since she had left England in company with Monmouth; and the gay life which they led in exile, the marked attention paid to her, during their residence at the Hague, by the Prince and Princess of Orange, together with her affection, criminal as it was, to Monmouth himself, had hith-

erto contributed in a degree to shut out reflection from her mind, and render a life of guilt comparatively easy. But when political designs began once more to take the place of affection in the mind of Monmouth, and when the Stadtholder thought it prudent to withdraw his countenance from the exiles, and the elegant dissipation of a courtly life no longer afforded a resource against the visitings of thought, her firmness yielded to the reverse, and the voice of nature and of conscience began to be heard within her heart. She now for the first time felt the pangs which she had been the means of inflicting on the forsaken Duchess of Monmouth. "Even handed justice," in the beautiful language of the poet, "commended the ingredients of her poisoned chalice to her own lips." She saw in her approaching loneliness the image of that to which for years she had consigned the blameless heiress of Buccleugh, and the reproaches of violated justice were added to those of slighted virtue and religion. Even the sight of her children, far from quieting her mind, brought forcibly to her recollection those whom she heard in fancy upbraid her with the loss of a father of whose protection she had bereaved them, and whom she had consigned to orphanage even while their parents lived. The unhappy Lady Harriet was not one of those who boast the

> ———fatal strength to steel
> Their minds to hide the pangs they feel."

She knew nothing of that terrible and subtile pride which fears the show of weakness worse than ruin, and covers the hideous features of despair with the miserable mask of an apparent firmness and hardihood. She longed for counsel, but where was she to seek for it in a strange land, far from her natural friends, and surrounded by acquaintances who could only afford her a superficial sympathy? She wished to see a clergyman, but there

were none of her own communion in the city, and to whom else should she apply? The mind of Lady Harriet was not, however, in this respect like the minds of many others. The writings of the earlier English sceptics, the dissolute manners of the period, and the interminable variety and increase of new sects and creeds, had already contributed in many minds to lay the foundation of that unnatural doctrine of religious indifferency which has since made such prodigious strides throughout society, and reduced the profession of christian faith, in practice at least, to something little better than a system of heathen morality. Lady Harriet had heard frequent mention made, in the circles amongst which she moved, of an Oratorian clergyman who had been in early youth the preceptor and the friend of Monmouth, though they had not met since the latter was recalled by Charles to the English court. To him in her present state of anxiety did she determine to apply for assistance, trusting that his interest in his former pupil, as well as the charity belonging to his profession, might induce him to aid her in changing the designs of Monmouth, or in some way relieving her from the difficulties of her position. The last occasion on which Lady Harriet was brought to the reader's mind, was that on which Shamus Delaney conveyed a note, committed to him by her attendant Alice, to the Oratorian house in a neighbouring street. Finding Monmouth bent on his desperate project, and terrified beyond measure at thought of the desolation which awaited her, she could for some time do nothing more than wonder at his polite and tranquil callousness of feeling, and shudder at the prospect of her misery. In the evening after Alice had sent her note, she remained in an apartment of the house, as if expecting a visitor, standing in the middle of the floor, with her hands clasped close and pressed upon her brow.

"Alice," she said in answer to repeated questions from

her attendant, "I must in some way put an end to this. There is in this city an individual who has a high repute amongst its inhabitants for holiness of life. He has lived, they say, from youth in a persevering renunciation of all the joys that made the world dear to other men. Pleasure he both despises and abhors, allowing to nature scarce what is needful to sustain existence, and embittering even that with mixtures hateful to the sense. He only leaves his cell at stated hours, when the duties of his order call him forth, or when some call of charity arouses him from his lonely contemplations. In everything, they say, he strives to emulate what Christians were in the world before all the world was Christian. But what I most regard in his life is, that he has, according to the practice of his faith, been daily in the custom of hearing the inmost secrets of human souls, conveyed to him in the deepest confidence. Such knowledge should give wisdom, for there is no experience that lies so deep. To none beside is it given truly to look through the fancied window of the heart which the ancient sage affected to desire. The friend breathes not to the friend, the wife does not whisper to the husband the secret of her own internal evil. I would gladly speak with such a one, for no two spirits can be more unlike in their experience than his and mine. I have always lived in freedom—he in close restraint. I have never known what self-denial means—he makes it all his practice: his faith, which aids him to support those labours, has never had an influence on me. Methinks that two such minds cannot have much in common. I have sent to speak with him. I will freely tell him what my difficulties are, and seek his counsel. I must do something to subdue this torturing remorse that nightly tears my mind with an augmenting violence. Hark! some one knocks again."

She paused to listen, while the front entrance again was heard to open and footsteps ascended the staircase.

A servant entered, ushering in a figure which contrasted strongly with the splendidly furnished chamber and the rich attire of its inmates. It was that of an Oratorian friar of the very humblest character, his habit as coarse as it might be without an affected singularity, and an indescribable union of meekness and austerity marked upon his features. Taking off his hat as he entered, he bowed low to the lady, and then resting on his cane, with a smile which while it invited confidence repressed the very thought of familiarity, he seemed to await the lady's commands.

After Alice had retired, Lady Harriet remained for some moments chilled and repressed by the exterior of her visitant. The stranger at length, perceiving her agitation, seemed to feel the necessity of breaking a silence which was growing more embarrassing.

"I fear," said he, "that I have committed some mistake. A message left at our convent directed me to this mansion, as I supposed, where it was said I should find one in want of spiritual counsel and assistance. But I fear," he added, casting his eyes around the splendid cornice, "that there must be some error."

"There is none, good father," said the lady, gathering confidence: "it was I who sent for thee."

"And to what end?" asked the Oratorian abruptly.

"To help thee to a work of charity."

"'Tis my vocation, madam,—the slender price I pay in hope of measureless interest."

"Thou wilt be surprised to hear, good father," said the lady, "that she who has had the boldness to summon thee from the tranquil cell in which thou layest up treasure for eternity, is not of thy communion nor thy faith."

"Not less my fellow-creature, nor less entitled to my charity," replied the friar. "Thou wishest, perhaps, to

have some points of faith explained. which seem at present clogged, to thy unsatisfied mind, with heavy difficulties. If my poor learning can help thee to a clear perception of celestial truth, I shall deem my time as well bestowed as in reconciling wounded consciences to Heaven."

"Oh, reverend father!" exclaimed the lady in a voice which startled the friar by the inward pain which it expressed, "how keen a reproach does thy charitable conjecture send into my soul! Alas! alas! they are purer hearts than mine that are busied with the science of eternity. I sent for thee as one long skilled in the secrets of human souls, to learn if thou couldst apply a remedy to mine, for none more deeply need it."

"All that is in my power to do for thee," said the Oratorian, preserving still the same untroubled tone, "thou mayest command most freely."

"I heard so much," said Lady Harriet, "of thy repute for sancity and purity of life—of thy sternness to thyself and thy tenderness to all beside, that I rather choose to trust my thoughts to thee than even to those whose minds and habits more nearly resemble mine. Thou blushest, father! Is it possible that praise from one like me should thus disturb thee?"

"Pride," said the Oratorian, "never quite deserts us. Thou couldst almost find some sparks amid the ashes of the dead. But, pray thee, to the purpose. What is it, lady, thou wouldst have me do?"

"Alas, sir!" said the lady, "my object is entirely selfish. I do but seek some peace for a disordered mind —for a heart oppressed with guilt and self-reproach. Thou hast, they say, beyond all other men, the art of healing a diseased mind. Thou must, in thy long study of the souls of men, have met, no doubt, with many labouring, like me, beneath the self-inflicted torment of remorse; with many who have bartered fame and virtue

for an illusive dream of happiness, and found lasting bitterness where they have looked for joy."

"Lady," said the Oratorian, "thy language has not the clearness that becomes a spirit conscious of weakness and desirous of health. If thou wish that my assistance should avail thee anything, speak I pray thee, without disguise ;—speak with the plainness that becomes a mind sincerely anxious for the best and happiest peace—peace with itself and Heaven."

Lady Harriet bent down her head and wept profusely before she answered. "It is long, very long," she said, "since I have heard words that showed so near an interest in my wretched fortune. I will then, charitable father, speak sincerely. Thou beholdest (I yet have grace enough to blush at the avowal) the mistress of him who owns the mansion in which we stand,—the guilty mistress, who leaving for him (ah, rather for herself—for her own shameful passion!) her friends, her country, and her honourable fame, now writhes in ceaseless anguish, at the sense of her degradation—at the consciousness that what she rashly, criminally cast away in joy, not all the sorrow that resides in human bosoms can restore."

"There is a difference," replied the Oratorian, "between the judgments of the world and of its Maker, that the one are always placable, the other seldom."

"The Duke of Monmouth once was known to thee?" said Lady Harriet. "I heard that thou wert present when Lord Crofts committed him to the care of thy religious brethern at Paris."

"I remember him well," replied the Oratorian after a pause, and sighing as he spoke.

"I forsook for him," continued Lady Harriet, "a gentleman who had been my friend and intimate from childhood, and to whom I was at length engaged, though privately in marriage. His wrong is not the least of what disturbs my mind at present."

"It is but natural," said the Oratorian, "that injury and crime should breed remorse."

"And yet how is it," said the lady, "that others whom I see pursue the same dark track appear quite free from that unquiet spirit that makes my nights and days one ceaseless agony? Oh, sir, there are solitary moments, when, as I sit in my room alone and think of all the past, a fire seems to arise within my breast, and courses through all my limbs and every sinew of my frame, until I am compelled to press my face with all my force against those cushions, lest I should shriek aloud in suffering. I tell thee, that when I read in childhood of those who rend their flesh and tear their hair in exquisite torment of mind, as if the sharpest anguish of the body were a relief in the comparison, I thought the whole a wild poetical exaggeration; but now such hours are those of which I speak, that to save myself a single one, I would gladly walk barefoot on burning iron while my limbs continued to uphold me. Yet others do not feel the same remorse. How many at the English court, even now, with guilt like mine upon their minds, live gaily, shine at feasts and junketings, and often put the innocent and timid to the blush!"

"And do you envy them, madam," asked the Oratorian, "their frightful and unnatural repose? If so, you are not so wise as experience might have made you. Rather bless your Maker for that inward torture by which He seeks to draw you to Himself. The living heart that still can feel remorse is not quite abandoned by the Deity. Besides, be not too surely guided by appearances. Perhaps some fellow-creature draws from your own demeanour when in public, conclusions similar to those which you deduce from the apparent gaiety of your contemporaries at the English court.—Madam, you have dealt with me without reserve, and you have a claim to equal openness from me. If you would be freed

from this unhappiness, remove its cause. Renounce this detestable intercourse. Break off an attachment that cannot be maintained with peace of mind or honour, and return to your country, where you will find in the consciousness of acting right, not only a refuge from the terror which you feel, but a more solid happiness than ever your unhappy paramour could bestow upon you,—the sum of which, perhaps, consists in bursts of passionate affection, which are more than neutralized by long intervals of bitterness, by torturing jealousies, and misconceptions frequently recurring."

Lady Harriet shook her head in deep feeling, as if assenting to the truth of the picture which the friar had drawn of her daily life with Monmouth. "Alas!" said she, "I sent for thee as the physician of human souls, and thou prescribest me already a desperate remedy."

"Be convinced," replied the Oratorian, "that no remedy can avail the heart that is not willing to be healed. In this particular the power of him who administers medicine to the mind is less than that of the physician of the body; for the latter does not, like the former, require the co-operation of his patient's will. Ah, madam! abstinence from sin and the flight of its occasion is a light penalty to pay for everlasting pardon."

"What; never see him more!" replied the lady. "Were it not enough, good father, to refrain from guilt? To what purpose were the cruelty of forsaking him who is of the two the less in fault?"

"Your common reason will inform you," answered the clergyman, "that if you did not, while yet surrounded by the guards and grace of innocence, preserve that innocence from injury, you scarce would show more fortitude now, when the descent to guilt has by custom grown familiar—when shame, alas! is weakened, and when grace is dead. You would fall before you well had risen. For the vanquished there is left no safety but in flight. If

you truly hate the sin, you will flee from the temptation. But, madam, I fear you rather long to be relieved from self-reproach, than to be restored to virtue."

"Oh, sir, do not think so hardly of me yet!" replied the unfortunate lady. "The condition on which you offer me some prospect of repose is unexpected, and, alas! it seems severe, but I have not rejected it."

"Neither, madam," said the Oratorian, do I desire to press you to any step which you may not sincerely judge essential. I have dealt with you as it became me,—plainly. You showed me your disease, and I have furnished you the only remedy. Return to your country madam, to your friends; break off at once, this day, this very hour, the guilty passion that enslaves your soul; and remember that every link you add to the long chain of crime but makes the hope of liberty more faint."

Lady Harriet, who could not but acknowledge the truth of what he said, sat musing for some moments at the picture of recovered peace which the words, "return to your country and your friends" called up within her mind.

"My reason hath not an argument, father," said the lady, "to urge against your counsel, although my heart has many: but, alas! that heart has been to me too treacherous a guide already. I believe you truly mean me well; but what means, what opportunity have I to put your counsel into act? I am alone, an unprotected woman."

The Oratorian paused for a moment and then said:

"I can at present suggest no remedy, and my hour is already almost come for returning to the convent; but I will think of it, and doubt not to find some means of enabling you to fulfil your resolution, if you should hold it between this and morning."

He departed, and on the following day a passage was procured for the unhappy lady in a fishing vessel bound

for the southern coast of England. With the assistance of the Oratorian, Lady Harriet and her attendant were enabled to reach the vessel without observation, and on the following evening set sail in the same direction which had been taken by Monmouth only a day before. Her voyage, however, was not equally favourable. The small vessel in which she took her passage was more than once obliged to put back and come to anchor; and almost the first news she heard on her landing, exhausted by fatigue and anxiety, upon the English coast, were, that the fate of Monmouth's expedition had already been decided, and that he was himself a prisoner."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

After the decisive battle of Sedgmoor, being ordered to continue the search for the fugitive Duke, Colonel Pembroke took the way toward the sea-coast, where he soon learned the intelligence that Monmouth had fallen into other hands. Finding his services no longer needed in the field, he resigned his command, and retired to his own mansion, where he began to devote himself, as before, to the care of his dependants and to quiet study.

Pembroke was not one of those beings who are driven on the first disappointment to despair, to indolence, to misanthropy, or dissipation. Few were aware how far his prospects with regard to Lady Harriet had proceeded; and when they changed, he turned his failure to a better account than he might, in all likelihood, have made of his success.

"I can declare with truth," he said, speaking with a friend who remonstrated with him on the secluded life which he was leading, "that I was ignorant of my own

nature till what you have called and what the world calls disappointment, taught me to open my eyes upon myself, and to discover within my own mind and breast a field of action far beyond that narrow one which the world presented to my eyes, and on which I was once so eager to become distingnished. I look upon that mind as a garden committed to my charge by the All-seeing Owner, who is one day to demand a strict account of that which is purely and originally his. If Cicero, a heathen, refrains from blaming the philosopher who secludes himself from the world with the sole view of cultivating wisdom, do not you, a Christian, censure the man who seeks in solitude a far nobler and more important end—the attainment of a solid virtue. You do not blame the geologist, the naturalist, the florist, whose whole time is devoted to the classifying of genera and species, though no one ever hears of him or of his labours. Then be consistent, and censure not him who devotes all his time to the rearing up within his own soul the flowers of moral and religious goodness. He beholds that garden which was given him that he might make it worthy the eye of its owner, overrun perhaps with weeds, a frightful hideous desert, where scarce an useful or an ornamental herb can be discerned amongst the rank entangling things that overspread the whole. Is it doing nothing, then, to pluck up one by one from that foul mind, the vicious weeds, the passions that deform its native beauty and devour its strength? And even suppose he has made clear the soil, how much even yet remains to be done—how much care and toil to be expended before the vices he has removed can be replaced by opposite virtues—before humility shall take the place of pride, patience of excess, and charity of self-love! The world calls this an idle and a useless life, and it is but consistent in so doing, for it is natural that it should undervalue all that is not done for its own sake. Until you

can show me, however, that the paths of ambition, of love, of pleasure, or of avarice, have something in them more rational than that which has for its end the regulation of the mind and the purifying of the heart, you must excuse me if I remain contented with my solitude and prefer my own busy idleness to the idle business which you propose for me."

One morning soon after his return home, while he was yet at the breakfast-table, a servant handed him a sealed note. It had been brought, he said, by an old man, who still was waiting for an answer. The contents, which were traced with a hand that seemed enfeebled either by sickness or agitation of mind, ran in the following words:

"If Mr. Pembroke will accompany the bearer of this note, he will lead him to an object worthy of his charity and his assistance."

There was neither name nor date; but neither was necessary. Pembroke took his hat and without asking a question of the messenger, he accompanied the latter from the house. After walking quickly for about a mile, they reached a miserable inn, which the guide informed him was the place of their destination. In a small and dimly-lighted apartment, which appeared still more dark to Pembroke as he came from the broad daylight that shone without, he beheld two female figures, one seated in deep mourning near the narrow window, the other reading aloud at her feet. As he lifted the latch of the unpanelled door, the former turned her head and looked upon him. Wasted, and pale, and wretched as it was, Pembroke was at no loss to recognise the countenance. The recognition was sufficient to awaken all his sympathy. Everything was forgotten, except that she had been once his friend, and that she now was miserable. There was even an eagerness of courtesy in the manner in which he hastened from the door to greet her. Yet

it conveyed unintentionally a severe reproof. The very generosity, the respectful delicacy and gentleness of his demeanour, cut deeper to the heart than the harshest words could do. A silent and almost unconscious form of greeting had scarcely passed between them, when, overcome by shame, and by a thousand recollections awakened in all their force by the sight of this friend of her childhood, the unhappy lady with a deep sigh fainted in her chair.

While her attendant, assisted by Pembroke and the people of the house, employed the usual means to restore consciousness, Alice gave him an account of their voyage, and of their landing two days before at a small village on the southern coast, where they were stunned by the intelligence of Monmouth's defeat and capture.

By this time Lady Harriet had recovered her self-possession, and made an effort to act her part with firmness. "Alice," she said, "and you, good friends, as I have something to say to this gentleman that concerns no other ear, I will beseech you to retire. Remain within call, but do not enter until you hear my voice."

They retired at her desire, and Pembroke with a restrained and respectful air, awaited her speech.

"You have kept your word, Mr. Pembroke," she said, "in answering my note as you have done. It was no longer dated from his house: no writing of mine shall ever be dated from his house again. It is not now my virtue, but his misfortune."

"I am glad," said Pembroke, "that you have at length come back to your friends. For Monmouth, let that name no more return to your memory. You were our ornament and our delight until he knew you."

"Alas!" said Lady Harriet, "he is now a dying man."

Pembroke paused for some moments, during which Nature struggled deeply in his breast against habitual

self-discipline. By what arts, he thought in his own mind—by what abhorred mystery of hell, what fiendish trick, what cunning of the arch-enemy, did he contrive to reverse affection, to shoulder Nature's self from her position, and turn love the inside outward, as even still to keep the name and sufferings of Monmouth of all others nearest to her soul? Ah, fire of lawless love! how arduous is it ever to restore to its first order and first beauty the house where thou hast once consumed and blackened!—to reinstate deranged affections—to restore the delicate sense of good and evil, that for the most part, once scorched by that detested flame, dies utterly and from the root.—But it is true indeed, he is a dying man.

After a few minutes' silence, during which the involuntary burst of feeling passed away, he approached the chair on which Lady Harriet was sitting, and wringing her hand hard between both his without being conscious that he did so, he said:

"See now—what a hypocrite is Pembroke! he prates of charity and he knows not what it means. Forgive, if I have said anything amiss. I can listen calmly now—and I have already told you that I long to serve you. What is there I can do for you? Speak, for you know you can command me."

"I fear to name it, Pembroke."

"Do not fear it. If it be not guilt, and sure it cannot be, what should you fear in speaking it?"

"In two days, Monmouth is to die."

"Monmouth again!"

"Oh, Pembroke, do not deal so hardly with me! That he is guilty, it is past denial. That I am guilty, it is full as certain. But now there is an end of guilt, though not of suffering or shame. There is now no need of counsul or remonstrance. The prison and the axe are vehement reasoners, and the divorce they make irreparable."

"What is it you would have me do?"

"Procure me speech and sight of Monmouth."

"Is it possible?" said Pembroke in a voice of still surprise.

"I knew you would refuse me," said the lady, "but my means were desperate. Yet hear me, Pembroke,—calmly, dispassionately hear me. If Monmouth had succeeded in this enterprise,—nay, if he had escaped with life from its disastrous issue,—I never would have seen him more. The Power that beholds all hearts and their designs knows truly that it was the firm and resolute purpose of mine never more to meet with Monmouth. A reverend, holy man, with whom I spoke in Holland, with words of calm and frigid truth so smote and chilled the sense of passion at my heart, so changed my reason and alarmed my soul, that I had firmly resolved no more to see or speak with James of Monmouth. But now the case is altered: he is to die—and what was crime before appears like duty now. I know not why it is I feel assured that I am right in this, but I do strongly feel it."

"Do you think," said Pembroke, "that your conversation is that which most would serve him in his dying hour?"

"Pembroke," said Lady Harriet, "the mind of Monmouth is not as the minds of other men. Thou may'st thyself be present at our interview. What I would say to him is neither unmeet for me to speak nor him to hear."

There was a conviction in the calm, distinct sincerity with which Lady Harriet said those words that Pembroke did not feel an inclination to resist.

"Harriet," said he, "I will comply with your desire, though I fear your hope is sanguine. I will be myself your escort in this journey, and I trust that Heaven may put that pursuasion on your tongue to make him see his heart with the same eyes with which you look on yours."

In something more than an hour after this conversation, Pembroke and Lady Harriet, accompanied by Alice, were on the road to London, in a travelling carriage belonging to the first mentioned of the three.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Soon after the apprehension of the Duke, Henry Kingsly, who was under the orders of Colonel Kirke, presented himself before that officer to solicit leave of absence. The severity with which the system of proscription was followed up made him anxious to do something with as little delay as possible for the safety of the Fullartons. He had heard nothing of the Fullartons. He had heard nothing of the particular directions privately given by Kirke for the apprehension of Arthur Fullarton, nor was he aware of the existence of any cause for such resentment; so that he anticipated no difficulty in obtaining the furlough which he sought. To his surprise, however, it was instantly refused.

"Home, sir?" cried Kirke, with a look of astonishment, "and your duty scarce well commenced! Impossible!"

"But for a time, Colonel——"

"Impossible, sir, I tell you."

Kingsly was piqued no less by the abrubtness than the determination of Kirke's manner in refusing his request.

"Well, Colonel," he said, "since you refuse me the favour I have asked, I must find some other means of accomplishing my wishes; for I could not think of absenting myself from my family at such a time, now that my services may be so easily dispensed with."

Saying these words, he was about to leave the room.

"Come hither, sir," said Kirke; "there are peculiar

reasons why I cannot just now comply with your desire. I have a dispatch to forward to General Feversham, who is at present in London, and you must be the bearer. On your return, you will be at liberty to take leave of absence for any reasonable time that you may judge convenient."

To this Kingsly had no reply to make, and he left the room, chagrined at what had passed, and wishing much that Kirke had found some messenger to whom the honour intended might be more acceptable. In a few hours after, Kirke sent for him again, and gave the despatches to his charge.

"Stephens!" said Kirke, laughing, after Kingsly had left the room, addressing an officer who stood near, "how foolish those high-mettled fellows look when they imagine they are carrying it off with the utmost dignity! How piquant it is to fool such spirited wiseacres! Playing a sturdy trout is nothing to it. That gallant yeoman little dreams what kind of commendation he carries in his despatch to Feversham."

"And what may it be, Colonel?"

"Thou wouldst be prying too? There may be a time hereafter to satisfy thy curiosity also.—But I see more prisoners. Rogues! how sturdily they brave it out!—No news yet of this young hero—this Fullarton, to whose family no less than to himself I have so much cause to feel obliged?"

"None whatever. I have caused strict inquiry to be made amongst the prisoners, but in vain. His family are still in Taunton."

"Any evidence against them?"

"Some against the sister."

"Let her pass. We shall easily hear of her at any time after we have laid hands upon the brother: so much I know of them. Let the search for him be still continued without delay."

In the meantime, Kingsly pursued his journey to London, where he found all minds occupied with the defeat and capture of the Duke. The deepest interest prevailed throughout the capital to learn what might be the result of the approaching meeting between the King and his rebellious nephew, though few anticipated any favour for the latter. On the third day after his apprehension, crowds had assembled in the streets leading to Whitehall and around the palace in order to witness his arrival. Understanding that Feversham was with the King, Henry waited near the palace for an oppurtunity of delivering his despatch.

"I doubt it will go hard with him, neighbour," said a citizen who had made holiday to see the prisoner, addressing a wealthy silversmith who had secured an advantageous position near the spot where Kingsly stood.

"Sir," replied the silversmith with an oracular look, "the pitcher has gone too often to the well: I question if it will ever go home sound again."

"He has friends at court, however."

"Ay, courtly friends mayhap. What says old Webster? 'Flatterers are but the shadows of princes' bodies; the least thick cloud makes them invisible.'—But see! there's a stir toward Charing-cross."

While they spoke, the carriage in which the Duke was seated drove rapidly through the crowd, escorted by a body of cavalry, who, as well as the equipage itself, were covered with dust from the journey. There was a rush to see the prisoner, and Kingsly had some difficulty in securing an advantageous place. The Duke descended from the carriage, pale and anxious, yet still retaining something of his customary gentleness and placidity. Next came Lord Grey, who seemed to Kingsly to bear his fate with greater firmness. Both were conducted to the apartment of Chiffinch. In a few hours after, the Duke reappeared with a countenance still more agitated

than before, and once more entered the carriage, accompanied by Lord Dartmouth. The whisper speedily circulated that he was to die, and that James, in answer to his entreaties for the royal mercy, had told him that by usurping the title of king he had rendered himself incapable of pardon. The carriage drove rapidly away to the Tower, and the unhappy Monmouth soon found himself within that dismal abode, made dreadful by the memory of the many royal and noble victims, as well as criminals, who had met a violent death within its walls. As he gazed upon the gloomy fortress, the tragical end of Essex and of other companions of his past career came back with an oppressive force upon his recollection, and gave a hue of deeper terror to his own approaching destiny.

There was again, as Kingsly learned, a remarkable contrast in the conduct of Monmouth and Lord Grey when in the royal presence, and generally since his capture. While Monmouth, who was never charged with a lack of personal bravery, now betrayed every symptom of weakness and of fear; Grey, on the contrary, whose want of courage had occasioned the repulse at Bridport, and even, it was said, contributed chiefly to the defeat of Sedgmoor, was firm and spirited, asking no favour and making no disclosure.

On seeing Monmouth leave the palace, Kingsly hastened to present his despatches to General Feversham. The latter glanced hastily through them, and desired to see Henry on the following forenoon. Young Kingsly left him, again chagrined at the delay and did not fail to present himself before him at the time appointed. To his utter disappointment, General Feversham now told him that it would be impossible to allow him to leave London for some days, as he had despatches in return for Colonel Kirke which could not be made out before that time.

After leaving Feversham, he walked slowly and with a mind full of uneasiness in the direction of the Strand, where he purposed lodging for the time of his stay in one of the principal streets which run at right angles to the water's edge. He had nearly reached his lodging, when he heard his name pronounced in a gentle tone by a person who had for some time past been following him at the distance of a few paces. Turning hastily round, young Kingsly beheld a figure which he had not much difficulty in recognizing. It was that of the man whom he had seen treated with so much cruelty by Kirke, some weeks before, in the barrack-yard, and whom at various times afterwards, while he remained attached to that officer, he had the opportunity of rescuing from similar chastisement. The man had afterward exchanged the service of Kirke for that of Feversham, but did not leave his gratitude behind him.

"Mr. Kingsly," he said, "can I speak a word with you in private?"

"On whose part?"

"It is your own affair."

"Come in then, and say what you will."

They entered the house, and on reaching Kingsly's chamber the man placed in the hands of the latter a torn letter which he had picked up at Feversham's soon after Henry left it. The name, he said, had caught his eye, and when he had read a few lines the nature of the contents was such as he trusted might render the breach of confidence on his part somewhat excusable. The letter was written by Colonel Kirke, and that portion of it which related to Kingsly, signified that Feversham would confer a favour on the writer, by detaining the bearer in the metropolis for as long a period as might be. Still Henry was more perplexed than alarmed by this discovery. What object could Kirke have in holding him aloof from his family? He determined, under

all circumstances, to wait a moderate time for Feversham's commands, and should the delay become unreasonable, to resign his commission and return home without them. With this view, he thanked the man, who took his departure after promising to be on the look-out for any coming mischief.

On the eve of the day appointed for his execution, the Duke of Monmouth at the usual hour was shut into the narrow cell in which he was to pass the night alone.

"The tenth?" he said to himself, as he paced uneasily the apartment in which he was confined, "and the fifteenth will be St. Swithen's day! If I could but procure a respite until that day were past, I might by the astrologist's prophecy live many years."

The chance was not too wild for a desperate mind to catch at. He wrote pressingly to the King, soliciting a second interview, and offering to make disclosures well worth the respite of a few days, for which he petitioned. In some hours after, General Feversham arrived at the Tower, on the part of the sovereign, to learn what it was he offered to communicate. Nothing, however, was elicited during the interview, and Monmouth was once more abandoned to his own reflections.

When he found all hope of life was at an end, he prepared to meet his fate in such a manner as to sustain his former reputation with the people. He received his friends with cheerfulness, and even gaiety, and seemed desirous rather to avoid his own society than that of the humblest individual with whom he spoke. Such was the state of Monmouth's mind as the hour approached in which he was to make his exit from the stage of life; and the poorest peasant, could he have read that mind in all its windings, need not have envied him his dukedom, though years of health were added to enjoy it.

All that remained to him of this world's business had been completed. He had seen and spoken with his long

forsaken wife and children, and exchanged, with little appearance of emotion, a formal forgiveness with the injured Duchess.

While he sat in the chair, his attention was caught by a noise at the prison-door. The key turned, it opened, and the Lieutenant of the Tower appeared.

"Well, Mr. Lieutenant, what's the matter?"

"My lord," said the officer, "a visitor desires to see your grace."

"So late, sir?"

"So late, my lord, that but for the company in which she came, she would have had much ado to find her way beyond the gate."

"It is a lady, then, who desires to see me?"

"One of Eve's daughters, an' it please your grace," said the Lieutenant; "and since they will all be called ladies now-a days, I see not wherefore we should refuse her a share in the title."

"Pray, Mr. Lieutenant, let her enter," said the Duke with his natural suavity: "yet I know not one in England from whom I should look for such interest in my fate." The Lieutenant retired, and soon after returned ushering in a female figure closely veiled and in the deepest mourning. Monmouth placed a chair, but his visitor continued standing.

"It is but a poor abode," said the noble prisoner, approaching the lady with a courteous air, "in which you come to visit Monmouth—will it please you to be seated? and say to whom I am beholden for so much charity."

"Oh, Monmouth," said the lady in a voice that startled him, "too little need there is to tell you who it is that comes to visit you!"

As she spoke these words, she raised her veil, and displayed a countenance as pale, and worn, and wretched, as grief, remorse, fatigue, and fear could render it.

"Is it possible, Lady Harriet! How kind, how generous, to afford this happiness to Monmouth before his earthly career must close for ever!"

"Monmouth," said the lady," did I not forwarn you of this evil?"

"You did indeed; you showed yourself a better politician than the best amongst us. Yet it went well enough at first; but that wily Ferguson and the dastard cowardice of Grey would have marred a thousand plots, though they had been planned with the wisdom of a prophet. 'Twould charm you to have seen how the people flocked to us."

"That's over now," said Lady Harriet.

"Ay, so it is indeed, and let it rest. But how did you make the voyage? You must have suffered deeply from a thousand causes. And more wonderful than all, how did you obtain admission to the Tower? for this Lieutenant is a very rigid fellow."

"My lord," said Lady Harriet, "you must pardon me if I answer none of those idle questions. It is enough that I am here, that I speak with you, and that both of us know you are to die to-morrow."

"Be certain," said the Duke, "the Lieutenant will not fail to remind me of that at the appointed hour. For us, dear Lady Harriet, while time remains, let us think and speak of something else—of what remains to you when the last act of Monmouth's tragedy is over."

"But, my lord, that must be thought of too, and in time," said Lady Harriet, "or it will be thought of when it shall be too late. There is a scene, my lord, beyond that act of which you speak, in which it is needful that we be well prepared to play our part with safety. The curtain may fall to the eyes of this world when the axe has done its office; but there is that behind—a dread reality, where no stage trick, no art of eloquence, no skill of tongue or gesture, can win us praise,—where, if we be

not what we seem, we must be worse than nothing. Oh, think of it Monmouth,—think of it while there is time !"

"Dear Lady Harriet," said the Duke, "what means this change of manner ?"

"My lord," said the lady, "I have sought you at this late hour, not to gratify a fond affection in our parting, but to startle and alarm you, if it were possible ;—not to soothe, but to disturb and shake your soul. Listen to me, Monmouth ! In four hours more the sun will rise again ; and before his next decline you will be judged on every word, and thought, and act, that has ever taken place between us. Our deeds of guilt and hell were done beneath the veil of darkness, but they shall be judged in open light. I would have you think of this, and not of what shall yet become of me on earth ; for, wretched partner of my crime, hear this ! What once I would have thought a judgment, now would seem a mercy. It would be now to me relief that I were not a mother,—that there remained no miserable living monument of our transgression to perpetuate our shame, perhaps our guilt."

"Is this your faith," said Monmouth with a reproachful look, "your tenderness—your affection ?"

"Oh, fatal word !" said Lady Harriet, lifting her hands with a look and attitude of utter misery,—"how many evils are inflicted in thy name ! If painters rise hereafter who would represent Affection, let them trace her on the canvass in the gloomiest colours of their art. Let her smile, but let the dagger lurk beneath her garment ! and let her mingle poison unseen with the very milk that feeds the baby at her breast. Love ! let the name no more be heard, but call him murderer instead for his trade is breaking hearts and damning souls. When he has ceased to feed in infant minds the thirst of soul-corrupting pleasures, to make the way of duty

more difficult to the feet than sloping ice, to deck vice in smiles and hand garlands on the brow of crime, then give him the old name, and let him take his seat amongst the angels: but until then, let him be called the fiend he is."

"There was a time," said the Duke, "when Lady Harriet regarded Monmouth's love with different sentiments."

"There was a time, my lord," said Lady Harriet, "when that unhappy being would have been anything that Monmouth would have made her. Think not, my lord, that in seeking to arouse you to a sense of your own guilt, I seek to make it an apology for mine. No: both have sinned, and each shall bear, I know, the burthen that belongs to each. But let me speak more calmly; for I wish to say that, Monmouth, which must not be weighed as words of passion are, but as we hearken to that which we know concerns our dearest interests. Think of your danger, Monmouth! Think of to-morrow morning—of your precious soul. I charge you, Monmouth, if there were anything of good in that love with which you once regarded me, by that I charge you to remember that Heaven is just, and that guilt shall not pass unpunished.

"To what purpose," said Monmouth, after a long pause and in an altered tone,—"to what purpose this warning now? You have spoken things too dreadful even to think of, and to no end that I can see."

"Is penitence nothing, Monmouth?" said the lady. "While there is life, there still is time for that. If amongst the thousand sounds that at every moment strike upon your mind, you hear a cherub voice that calls you to repent, be deaf to all beside, and give your ear to that. While time remains——"

At this instant the bell of the Tower was rung for midnight, and both started as if some spiritual voice had

suddenly called on them to separate. Before they had again spoken, the door of the cell was opened, and the lieutenant appeared, and having shown himself, again withdrew.

"I am coming," said Lady Harriet. "Monmouth, farewell!" He took her hand and bowed his forehead upon it. "I return to the home which many years since I left with you upon a mournful errand. I carry back with me in your place two gloomy fellow-travellers—a loaded memory, and a breaking heart. There are yet some hours to sunrise, and I conjure you use them well. Let me have at least the consolation of hearing in my solitude that Monmouth showed at his death some sense of what his life had been. I am called again. Once more, Monmouth, farewell!"

She departed, and Monmouth remained for more than an hour absorbed in overwhelming thought. The book of the past seemed distinctly to unfold itself before his eyes, and page after page was turned as if by some spirit-stirring hand, while none appeared that was not stained with some offence that now assumed to his eyes a dismal magnitude. Nor when, at length, exhausted by mental torture, he flung himself upon his pallet, did the half-waking sleep that visited his brain afford him respite from his terrors. The shades of the distant and the dead came slowly floating by his couch, and seemed to stare upon him with an air of menace and reproach. The form of Charles, his royal father, appeared to taunt him with his repeated treasons, his rebellion, and his disobedience. Then came the shades of Sidney and of Russell, —their gory tresses dabbled in blood, and their necks bearing the mark of the avenging axe; then Essex shook his bloody razor in his sight, and smiled upon him with a terrible despairing eye; and last of all, but not the least appalling, the ghosts of the wretched western yeomanry, who even now were suffering for his defeat, seemed

to muster in shadowy crowds around his bed, and to say, while their dead fingers were pointed toward his pallet:

"Ah, Monmouth! why did you bring ruin to our happy homes? To your ambition we have suffered in our blood!"

CHAPTER XXX.

On the following morning immense multitudes assembled to see the execution. Young Kingsly, whose increasing anxiety with respect to the Fullartons made him now most anxious to hasten his return to Somersetshire, was accidently compelled to remain and witness the closing of the young adventurer's career. Of the private faults or failings of the noble convict the crowd made little account: they remembered him as their former favourite and idol, and were far from sinking all memory of past attachment in his late unfortunate attempt.

While Kingsly stood pacing to and fro with an uneasy air near the place of execution, a young ensign with whom he had some acquaintance approached him hastily, and said in a low voice:

"Kingsly, have you friends in Taunton of the name of Fullarton?"

"I have," replied Henry, starting at the question: "why do you ask? what of them?"

"Nothing ill as yet that I know of," said the ensign, "but much that is empending. I would strongly recommend to you, if you have any interest in London, and feel any interest yourself for their security, to lose as little time as possible in exerting it on their behalf."

"What is it you have heard?" asked Kingsly in deep

alarm; "pray let me hear it. What danger is it that threatens them?"

"I will tell you all I know. You are aware that a certain mild and beneficient gentleman, named Kirke, is at this moment commanding at Bridgewater."

"I know it."

"Well, you know likewise that he is not altogether a very dove—that he can upon occasion overcome his natural feelings of lenity and kindness."

"I fear too many will have reason to know before the year is ended."

"Well, then, take a friends advice, and take care that your acquaintances, the Fullartons, be not amongst the number. I have it from good authority, that a youth of that name was reported lately to Kirke, as having distinguished himself pretty handsomely at the fight of Sedgmoor, and that Kirke is looking out for him with as eager an eye as ever fowler cast after a partridge in a stubble-field. *Verbum sapientibus*—you know the rest. It seems there was some old quarrel, of what kind I know not, but Kirke has been heard to speak of it—and he is not a man to waste words without the intention of making them good."

"I am most indebted to you for this—I thank you sincerely."

"Not a word: I'd expect you'd do as much for me. Farewell, and lose no time."

From the moment he had heard these news, the anxiety of Kingsly to hasten his departure increased to an extent that was almost intolerable. But Feversham had orders for the West which could not be made out until after the execution had taken place.

In the meantime, Monmouth prepared to meet his end in such a manner as might not disgrace his memory amongst the people, with whom the show of firmness and courage at the last hour will cover many a failing.

Two clergymen were appointed to attend him at his dying moments. They had been more than once with the prisoner since his condemnation, and now, about an hour before his death, entered a small apartment adjoining that in which he lay. One of these was a man of mild demeanour, and evidently desirous to make some impression on the heart of the prisoner; the other, by his stern and gloomy air, seemed one who was rather looking to wring from him a confession of error, than to be assured that he sincerely felt it.

"Is the Duke risen yet, master lieutenant?" asked the milder of the two.

"Long since, sir. He was up ere sunrise. He has passed much of the morning in writing letters to his friends. I think I hear him stir."

"I am concerned to tell you," said the more severe looking of the two, "that I cannot remain longer at present; but I hope to return ere all is at an end. I feel anxious to do so, for he requires to be aroused. I pressed him hard the two last interviews; yet, strange to say, the more vehement was my exhortation the less he seemed affected. I am afraid you take him too mildly —too quietly, and that his precious soul will slip through your fingers while you are considering how to put your admonitions in the least offensive form. The shock must be electrical that would arouse the dead."

"It is of importance indeed," said the other gently, "that he should be drawn to a feeling of his state."

"*Drawn* to a feeling! That is very well. You should know that it is only the innocent and child-like who can be *drawn* to penitence. The hardened sinner must be *driven* to it; and that is what makes me loth to leave him in your hands,—I fear you have not energy enough to *drive* him to it."

"I shall do my best in the case," said the other, desirous to avoid an argument.

"Well, Heaven prosper your efforts, and give you the strength you want! Above all things, remember that he be distinct in his declaration of religious principle, and that he make open profession of sorrow for his scandalous course of life. These are points that concern the souls of the multitude, who may be swayed by the example of one whom they almost adore."

"And while we lead him to make open profession of his sorrow, it may be as well moreover, if we can contrive to make him feel it.

"Thou carpest at my words, good brother; but it is surely necessary we should have something definitive to say upon the subject to those who may raise doubts of his conversion."

"In the mean time," said the other, "it may engage his attention a little, if he should see that his own welfare is not wholly out of our thonghts on the occasion."

"Why should you think that I would have it otherwise?"

Before any reply was made, the door opened, and Monmouth appeared, dressed in a suit of black, pale, anxious, and nnquiet in the expression of his features, but with an air of resolution, as if his mind were wholly bent on meeting the fatal stroke with a becoming firmness. He greeted the divines with his wonted courtesy, especially him who seemed the milder of the two, but not with the look of one who looked for either consolation or advantage from their society.

"My lord," said the more forward of the two, "I hope you have considered what I urged upon your grace when last we spoke together. Remember, my lord, that after death there is no time for repentance. The world is aware of the profligate course you have pursued; and it is fitting at this hour that you should make some atonement to the world, and to her who has been for many years the miserable accomplice of your crime."

"Sir," said Monmouth with an offended air, "there may be charity in your intention, but I would there were more in your speech. Yet one word may suffice for all: I think the connexion of which you speak was innocent in the sight of Heaven, and I trust that it may so be viewed hereafter."

"Oh, monstrous!" cried the clergyman. "He justifies it! This is worse and worse! Innocent, sayest thou?—take care, and heap not sin on sin—scandal on scandal! Is seduction nothing? Is adultery nothing? Is it nothing for the father to forsake his wedded wife and his children? Is that innocent in the sight of Heaven, which Heaven declares abominable in its sight?"

"Good sir," said Monmouth with impatience, "I desire no more of this. It is not in an hour that men's minds are changed, and I do not know the length of time in which such language and such demeanour as yours could alter mine."

"Hardened and obstinate man!" exclaimed the clergyman, "I leave you in your wilfulness! Yet, remember that the condition which you represent as innocent is one accursed of Heaven, and shameful in the eyes of man. So mingle soulless things their mortal destinies: there is no mystery—no holy rite at the espousals of the race that beat the air and grovel on the earth; so live they—so they die; but not so will it be with them when life is at an end!"

He departed, much to the satisfaction of his companion, who, after a little pause, addressed the prisoner in a kinder tone.

"My lord," said he, "you were to blame to let the good man go away in anger."

"How dared he, sir, to taunt me with such words?"

"Alas, my lord," said the clergyman, "if the manner and the heart were one, the name of friend and foe would oft change places."

The Duke paused, and then said:

"Speak you, sir—I will listen to you."

"I had rather not, my lord," replied the clergyman. "I had rather you would look into your own breast, and never heed me. You will there find a better counseller than either of us."

"Pray speak, however, sir," said Monmouth: "it was listening to the counsel of my own heart that brought me here."

"My lord," said the clergyman, "I should be loth to offend you, and yet I should be still more loth to see you close your days in error. Do you think you said the truth when you declared you thought that criminal intrigue, to which my friend alluded, was innocent in the sight of Heaven?"

"I do!" cried Monmouth with vehemence; "I am sure that it was innocent."

"The sense of good and evil, my lord," replied the counseller, "is more delicate than good repute itself. Did you think it innocent, my lord, when first that thought suggested itself to your mind,—when you first beheld that lady, and first thought of abandoning for her the claims of a husband and a father? My lord, your Duchess honoured and was true to you. Is it not true, my lord?"

"It is—most true—it is."

"And in return for that," continued the monitor, "you have bequeathed her misery; while to her wretched substitute in your affections you have left a moral ruin irretrievable for this world, and it may be for the next. Do you call that innocent in the sight of Heaven, my lord?"

"Sir," said Monmouth, "I see it was not to flatter me that you reproved the roughness of your friend."

"Whatever your own loose opinions were, my lord, you saw plainly enough that you led that unhappy lady

to violate the strongest natural feelings of conscience and of duty. What you say you did with the sanction of your false conscience, you led her to do against her true one. Do you call that innocent in the sight of Heaven?"

Monmouth raised his person as if to answer; but meeting the steady eye of the questioner, he drew back again and was silent.

"In your own person to transgress the law of Nature itself, and to lead a hapless fellow-creature to violate that of Nature's Lord,—to destroy her peace of mind, to cut her off from the good and pure amongst her species —to leave her destitute of that which on the throne or in the cottage is woman's crown of gold, and stripped of which she is but a lump of clay—spiritless—graceless—lightless—valueless!—Do you call that innocent, my lord?"

Monmouth rose hastily, and looked as if he would gladly have left the room if it were possible. He paced rapidly two or three times across the floor, stopping short several times as if about to speak, and then resuming his hurried pace in full conviction of the weakness of his argument.

"You best remember whom you chiefly injured," continued the clergyman. "Methinks you will not find them amongst the foremost to join you in that sentiment."

While he was speaking, Monmouth's mind reverted to the past. Old scenes, old recollections, thronged upon him; his heart, naturally compassionate, was stirred at the painful retrospect. The memory of years gone by—years wasted in idle pleasure, or stained with sin—came vividly before his mind. Again he saw his monitress of the preceding night a gay and happy girl, bounding along those walks and hedges with the elastic joy of innocence; again he saw her features brighten up at his approach, as she flew to meet him with unchecked and

unsuspecting ecstacy. And then the dreary change came darkly on his mind. He saw that home deserted—that happy countenance grown haggard, thin, and conscience-stricken,—that happy heart consigned to lasting anguish; and while the thought "this was my work" came over his mind, the heart of rock was softened, and he covered his face in silence. The reverend counseller, raising his hands and eyes unseen behind his chair, seemed to pray that Heaven might take him in his tender moment, and change the heart while it was melted.

"You would not now say, my child," said the clergyman, laying both hands on the shoulders of the Duke, and addressing him with a paternal air,—"you would not now say that bond was an innocent one?"

Monmouth stood up, and giving his hand to the clergyman, was about to answer, when the second divine, who had left the room, suddenly returned. He had evidently caught the last words that were spoken by his companion, for he repeated them.

"No," said he, "you would not now, my lord, I trust declare it innocent? I am glad to see that you have come to a sense of your unhappy course. Those tears, my lord, look well. Though often a deceptive mark of penitence, they are often likewise signs of the sincerest sorrow. I ask you now again, if you think that bond was innocent?"

"I do sir," said Monmouth, laying aside all appearance of emotion; "I consider it innocent in the sight of Heaven and man."

As he said these words, the bell of the Tower tolled, the door was thrown open, and the guards appeared who were to conduct the prisoner to the scaffold. From this moment Monmouth's whole mind seemed bent on meeting his end with firmness, and doing nothing to forfeit in his death that sympathy and favour of the multitude on which he had fed through life.

"Lost in his error!" said the clergyman who had last addressed him.

"Brother," said the other, "thou hast done irreparable evil: thou hast thrust thy zeal between him and the grace of Heaven."

So ended the hopes of Monmouth: but not so ended the consequences of his fall to his numerous adherents in the West.

CHAPTER XXXI.

We left Arthur Fullarton in the act of making his escape from the disastrous field of Sedgmoor. The royal army still occupied a portion of the highway leading to Taunton; so that he found himself under the necessity of avoiding the public road, making his way on foot through the pasture and woodlands, with which he was well acquainted. With the utmost speed that he could use, the second evening had begun to close before he came within sight of the town; and even then his apprehension of encountering the victorious royalists made him linger about the groves and thickets in the neighbourhood until the night had fallen.

In the mean time his return was expected with the most intense anxiety in the cottage. The uneasiness evinced by Aquila was so excessive, that her father began to be alarmed no less for her health than for the safety of his son.

"You *must* be patient, Aquila," he said to her at length with anger: "I desire that you will not once more leave the cottage. It will not quicken his approach one step, though you should run to the door a thousand times in an hour, and devour with your eyes every object

that appears upon the Taunton road. Your very anxiety will defeat itself. Your conduct will be observed by strangers, and will excite suspicion."

"I am weak, sir," answered Aquila,—"very weak. I thought I had strength of mind, but I have not,—I have not the least. Exactly in proportion to my pride and confidence am I now cast down and powerless. There is no use, father, in attempting a disguise which I cannot support. I——Hark! did you hear a knock?"

"Stay, stay! it is your fancy, child."

"I was sure I heard a knock at the front door, a low tap—tap, like that," (tapping with her bended finger against the wall,) as if some person wanted to come in, but was afraid of being heard by somebody else beside the people in the house.—I heard it fifty times last night between asleep and waking. Every time I dozed, it came,—tap—against my door or window: but when I started up and flew to answer it, I found all as silent and as lonesome as the grave."

"You let your fancy run away with you."

"Oh, father, there is still a difference, and a wide one, between my case and that of even the wretchedest beings who are at this instant lamenting over the misfortune which as yet I only fear."

"And what is that?"

"I stimulated Arthur to this course. He was about to fly from Taunton, for he saw that Monmouth's hopes were at an end, but I urged him to remain and join the camp. Rash fool! how dearly have I suffered for it! If anything happen Arthur, father," she continued, starting from her seat with a wild air, "I will not answer for the consequence to my mind. I know it is a weak one—miserably weak, and I am sure it could not bear so dreadful a calamity."

"It is weak because you will have it so," said her father, angrily; "our will is always in our keeping.

Pray, child, be quiet, and do not add to our disappointment by such impatient words."

"Well," said Aquila with a troubled air, "a little prudence is worth all the fervour in the world. I would I had been better advised! It is easy to endure misfortunes which are not of our own making."

"There is merit still," said her father, "in enduring those that are."

He had hardly said the words, when Aquila started from him with a faint cry, and rushed from the room. He had heard nothing, but her more watchful ear had now for the first time detected a real sound at the front door. It was already near midnight, and the moonlight shone so brightly through the uncurtained window as to render lamp or candle needless. In a few minutes Aquila returned leading in her brother, who was muffled in his riding-cloak, and even by the imperfect light showed evident signs of long fatigue.

"I was afraid to be seen approaching the cottage before night," he said, "although I knew you were anxious. Has there been any search?"

"Are you safe and well, Arthur? No hurt? no wound?"

"None, none."

"Thank Heaven for that! All's ready, everything is packed in the rooms; we can leave the cottage in an hour if you desire it."

"Impossible!" said Arthur! "it is now too late to think of making our escape by flight. We must only shift our quarters as we can until the storm has blown away. For you and for my father I have a plan arranged, by which I think it probable that you may rest unmolested even here; but for myself, there is no corner too close for me until the first fury of the government has passed away."

"They have begun their work already, I can hear," said Gaspar.

"And I could see it too," said Arthur, "notwithstanding all my care to keep out of the way of the troopers. The whip, the gibbet, are already active."

"Already! is it possible?" cried the old man.

"I have seen it, so that I may well believe it," answered his son.

"Oh, tyrants!" exclaimed Aquila, with a look of horror, "the day shall come when you must answer this! But, Arthur, what is to be done? You must not tarry here—and—stay!" she added, pressing her hand upon her brow, and remaining for an instant wrapt in thought, "I have it! I know it! I will yet secure you!"

"How do you mean, child?" asked her father anxiously.

"—Look yonder!" cried Aquila, drawing Arthur toward the window, and pointing to the distant church, the spire of which appeared above the trees, looking spectral in the sombre light,—"look yonder," she added in a whisper, audible only by her brother; do you remember the story of the cavalier and the little heroine of the tombs? our mother's vault!"

Arthur started.

"You have fixed upon a dismal lurking-place," he said, "but a secure one."

"Come, then, Arthur, come quickly, if you deem it so."

"They will not think of searching there indeed."

"Come, Arthur, life is precious—so is reason."

"What was it brought that gloomy story to your memory, Aquila? I should have died a thousand times before I could have thought of it."

"Come, Arthur, why do you delay? I'll tell you all when you are safe.—Ha! do you hear?"

The tramp of horses was heard distinctly in the calm

moonlight: it approached along the Bridgewater road. Without farther delay than was necessary to provide themselves with the means of entering the vault, Arthur and his sister left the cottage, going out by a back door, and hurried together in the shadow of the hedges toward the churchyard. They reached it unperceived. All here was silent, calm, and motionless. The faint, low wind of the summer midnight scarce moved the aged and ivy-mantled boughs that overshadowed the melancholy village of the dead. Before them stood that building within whose walls, a few weeks before, Aquila had almost given her hand to Kingsly, and where her fatal enthusiasm in the cause of Monmouth had first burst forth in all its vehemence.

"Quick! quick!" she said, as Arthur paused to look upon the grass-grown vault in which he was about to take up his dwelling; "I still can hear the echo of those terrible feet behind us."

Having opened the vault, Arthur Fullarton bade farewell to his sister and prepared to descend.

"I will come to you before dawn and after nightfall every day until we are sure there is no danger, or until some certain opportunity of escape presents itself. Farewell, dear Arthur!"

He entered the vault and his sister so drew the neighbouring shrubs and briars across the mouth that the opening could not be detected. Having made all sure she hurried back to the cottage, where she told her father in what manner her brother had concealed himself. Before daybreak, Aquila was at the vault again with a supply of food sufficient for the day, or even, in case of any interruption to her visits, for a long time. Morning and evening for more than a week she continued to present herself before him at the appointed hour, and to give him all the information which she had been able to collect of the proceedings of the royal army.

CHAPTER XXXII.

After the death of Monmouth, Henry Kingsly took his way from the metropolis, full of the intelligence he had received before the execution, and in the utmost anxiety to ascertain what had become of those friends in whom he had so much cause to feel an interest. As he approached that part of the country which had been the scene of the insurrection, the fearful evidences of its failure became manifest at every step. Parties of horse were seen galloping in all quarters in search of the proscribed. Within sight of the public road, the gibbet groaned beneath its victims, and the shrieks of the unhappy wretch who was doomed to the triangle made the summer noon more terrible than midnight. Desirous to avoid the sight of evils which he could not alleviate, Kingsly put spurs to his horse, and continued his journey at the top of his speed. It was late in the evening when he entered Taunton. The streets were deserted, many of the shops closed, and although the royalist generals had not yet proceeded with their sanguinary inquest farther than Bridgewater, the silence of the place, the throwing up of a window now and then as he trotted through the streets, and the look of timid curiosity that was cast upon him as he approached, gave token of some public calamity either experienced or expected.

On entering his father's house, he beheld upon the dimly-lighted staircase a figure in black, which he quickly recognized as that of his sister Tamsen. Greeting her affectionately, almost his first inquiry was after the Fullartons. Respecting Aquila and her father, Tamsen was able to set his doubts at rest; but of Arthur she had learned nothing since the battle. It was rumoured indeed amongst their acquaintance that he had been seen

about Tone Cottage a short time before that event, but with what truth she was unable to ascertain.

While they were still conversing in a low tone upon the staircase, the voice of Captain Kingsly was heard above.

"Tamsen, whose was that knock?"

"A friend's, sir,—'tis my father," she said to Henry. "Come and speak to him."

They ascended and found the old royalist at the open door of the withdrawing-room, leaning on his crutch, and looking worn with anxiety.

"Ha! Henry? Thou art welcome," he exclaimed, embracing him. "Art thou come to take thy share in the great lesson? There is now some hope that men will see with clearer eyes. Look all around! There is not now a point of the compass to which you can turn your eyes, where you may not discover some of the disastrous effects of disloyalty and insubordination. So that unhappy nobleman, that three-piled rebel, has paid at last the public forfeit of his crimes?"

"Sir, I saw the Duke of Monmouth die?"

"Well, silence to the dead! How did he die?"

"With more firmness than I should have expected from one not wholly callous to remorse, who had so much cause to fear that passage. When he came upon the scaffold, it would almost appear as if he were about to dispense some general good amongst the multitude, so fervent was the sympathy which the sight of him awakened in their bosoms. He bade the executioner, with the gentlest voice, to do his work well, and not, as in the case of Lord Russell, to make it necessary to repeat the blow; but the wretch seemed daunted by the counsel, for he struck so faint a blow that we could all see Monmouth raise his head from the block and look fixedly into his face. The pity of his executioner made death more cruel to this unhappy nobleman, and it was not until

threats had been employed to make him renew his efforts that the work was done."

"So let him rest! His last few weeks amongst us outwent his whole past life in evil. Let him rest! So fares it, soon or late, with the rebel and the peace-disturber!—But the Fullartons, Harry!—thou hast heard of them?"

"Something I heard, sir——"

"What—not all? Not that they have declared for the Duke, and were over head and ears throughout in the rebellion?"

"I heard all that—and it was hardly more than I anticipted long before. I foresaw the almost certainty, from what Aquila said on that morning, that in case of Arthur's return, he would be stimulated to join the camp of Monmouth; and it was therefore I sincerely hoped that he might not return. But it is now too late to grieve for their delusion."

"Yet not too late to rejoice in your escape."

"Escape! From what, sir?"

"From a connexion which would have bound you for ever to that nest of rebellion and of treason."

"Is it possible, sir," said Henry, "that I hear you speaking thus of a family with whom you have lived upon such intimate terms!"

"I knew them not!" cried Captain Kingsly: "but now that I do, I bless the chance that we all considered then a deep misfortune;—I bless the chance that saved you, and saved us all from such an union."

"Are you serious, sir," said Henry, after a pause of some astonishment, "in what you say?"

"Have you ever seen anything in my conduct, sir, that would lead you to doubt it? Have you ever seen me desirous to become hand-and-glove and hail-fellow-well-met with rebels and conspirators, that you think I should be anxious to do so now?"

"That the Fullartons have been misled," said Henry, "is their misfortune and ours—but I have not learned that they mingled with their error any wilful and positive offence; nor, while they remain free from the taint of anything knowingly dishonourable, can I cease to look upon them as the friends they have ever been to me since we were first acqnainted."

"What do you say?" exclaimed his father, looking with sternness in his face. "Do you say that you will still continue to meet the Fullartons, avowed and open rebels, as your friends?"

"Assuredly, sir: we know the Fullartons too well to doubt the purity of their motives at least in what they have done; and now that it is no longer in their power to do evil, it would be ridiculous in us to maintain even the form of hostility against them."

"And so," said the captain, folding his arms and walking towards his son, "I take it for granted you will visit this family again, and be on the same terms as formerly with them, if they should escape the claw of justice?"

"Certainly, I intend it," answered Kingsly; "nor do I think you could really desire otherwise."

And, perhaps—he-he—perhaps you—he-he—perhaps you may even be disposed, if they should press you on it, to renew the very creditable union that was on foot between the families—eh?"

Henry was silent; and his father said, in a serious tone:

"Do you think, after what has occurred, of renewing your addresses to Miss Fullarton?"

"I should look upon myself as base no less than stupid," said Henry, "if anything that has occurred since I left home could make the least change in my sentiments towards her."

"There 'tis!" said Captain Kingsly; "I was right from the beginning. It was the first time in my life I

ever thought it possible that an acquaintance might be safely formed with a person of suspected principle, and in that solitary instance I have been disappointed. It will be a lesson to me for the time I have yet to live! And for that time, now hear me. I have set my face against this connexion. Do you hear ? I command you, as——"

"Dear father," exclaimed Henry, "do not utter commands that it is impossible I can obey. My honour and my conscience both forbid it."

"Your honour and your conscience may forbid what they please ; but I tell you plainly, that a loyal father before me left me a pretty estate here, near Taunton, which it is my hope to leave to a loyal son after me ; and if your conscience and your honour persuade you to marry Miss Fullarton, a square foot of that estate you never shall possess."

Henry Kingsly made no reply, and soon after, his father left the room for the night.

In the course of the evening, after all the news, with which the reader is already acquainted, had been communicated on both sides, Miss Kingsly observed her brother sink into a mood of deep thought, from which she made many fruitless efforts to arouse him. At length she questioned him directly respecting its cause.

"I will tell yon plainly," said he, "what troubles me. I was thinking of the danger of the Fullartons."

"It is a thought that has often broken my sleep within the last few weeks," said Tamsen ; "but where's the remedy ? I see no way to deal with our suspense except to endure it."

"There is a way," said Henry, "by which some chance at least of safety might be secured to them."

"And what is that ?"

"That Aquila should fulfil her engagement to me, and that her brother and Mr. Fullarton both should leave

the country. For her, I can find it easy to secure her safety."

"And what of our father's menace ?"

"Oh, that will be forgotten when the affair is past remedy. He is not to be argued with just now."

"I fear," replied Miss Kingsly, after a pause, "that you would find a difficulty in putting such a plan in execution. These miserable times have altered all things—they have changed the face of society, they have turned the hearts of friends. I doubt whether you will even find Aquila's still the same as when you left her."

"I will try it, however," said Henry, rising from his seat, "and try it even to-night, although the hour is rather late ; and what is more, I feel the strongest assurance of success."

His sister did not oppose him ; and having changed his uniform for a suit of plain clothes, he threw his cloak over his shoulders and hurried across the fields in the direction of Tone Cottage.

With a lonely heart, he opened the little gate which led to the cottage, and walked pensively along the gravelled path which wound by the scattered shrubs to the front door. There was no stir in the house as he approached, and he missed the form of Aquila, which, almost as soon as he had laid his hand upon the gate, used to appear at the open door to welcome him with such a smile as he could not meet elsewhere. He had now to knock and to question a strange-looking woman-servant, (for Donald had followed, and had not since returned,) from whom he learned that Miss Fullarton was in the parlour. Her father was confined to his chamber with a slight indisposition.

Young Kingsly paused for a long time before he could command sufficient calmness to present himself before his betrothed and almost wedded bride. Before he had done so, the parlour-door opened, and Miss Fullar-

ton, pale, worn, and anxious, appeared at the entrance. Seeing a stranger, she retired hastily, and Kingsly immediately followed. Her alarm increased on perceiving Kingsly close the door behind him, and it was even apparent in her manner.

"Am I so changed in a few weeks, Aquila," said Henry, "that you should not know me?"

At the sound of his voice, Miss Fullarton uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"Henry!" she exclaimed; and then suddenly restraining herself as she was about to hasten towards him, she arrested her steps half-way, and supported herself with difficulty, while she added with the deepest agitation—"I—I am glad to see you, Henry,—you are welcome—you are always welcome—I——"

"Alas, Aquila!" said Henry, taking her hands and speaking with kindness, "there is now no need of this restraint,—'tis out of place—'tis idle. It is six weeks, now, since I took this hand in mine, and was about to call it mine indeed. Was I not a prophet then?"

"Oh, Henry!" exclaimed Aquila, bursting into a convulsive fit of weeping, "my kind—kind friend! I would give worlds that I had listened to your counsel on that morning! Would I had heard your voice!—You wonder now, I see, how entirely all that bravery has left me; but it was a false and an unreal strength. I make no effort to conceal my weakness, for it has even overcome my pride. My spirit rose with our success, and with it fell. I was ever but the creature of the hour and the event, and yet always ready for a hazard. However, I was right at least in doing what I thought my duty; but what imprudence governed all our fortunes? Would—would I had been guided by your words, my friend and counsellor! but I was proud and confident, and now I pay the penalty of pride even in my inmost heart."

Again she burst into a fit of weeping, which con-

tinued long in proportion as it had been long denied her.

"And were the past and present all we had to tremble for," Aquila continued in a calmer tone, "our lot were very tolerable still—nay, blissful in comparison with thousands of our friends: but the future it is that harrows me."

"You fear for Arthur? Have you heard of him?"

Aquila was silent.

"Am I not right? Was it not for Arthur's sake you feared?"

"It was."

"Do you hesitate to tell me of him?" said Kingsly with a smile. "Do not fear that I shall play you false."

"Oh," said Aquila, "the danger I apprehend is from a quarter far less placable. Yet thus much for the present,—Arthur is safe; where, you may learn in time. And now, Henry, shall I own to you my folly, my despicable weakness? Do you conjecture who it is that fills my mind with terror of the future? You cannot; for except from my own lips you would not credit the account of my feeble-mindedness: and yet there is also the most actual cause of fear. Do you remember Kirke?"

"It is not a month," said Henry, "since I spoke with him."

Aquila started as this speech brought to her mind the recollection that Kingsly was engaged on the same side with the person whom she had named.

"My dread of him," she said, "was once imaginary: it now is real. It is not now the memory of his hideous looks and fearful voice that troubles me. It is the accounts which reach us day after day of the appalling cruelties he is perpetrating in Bridgewater that strike fear into my soul. The very thought that any friend of mine should fall into the hands of such a monster, is to me a

thousand times more terrible than death or anything I can conceive of bodily torment."

"You have named him truly. He is indeed a monster."

"No plea heard—no question asked—no proof—no trial;—to be a prisoner is to be guilty, condemned—and with no barren condemnation neither; for it is his custom, they say, to superintend in person the execution of his judgments. But, Henry, to imagine Arthur in the power of such a man!—If I dread his very name for love of those whom I have never known, how great should be my fear when I foresee the possibility that Arthur—my only brother—born in the same hour with myself, and my companion even from the cradle, may, before many hours have passed, be in the predicament of those whose fate makes us shudder day after day, as we hear it from the people who pass through Bridgewater on their way to the south and west!"

"They say," added Kingsly after a pause, feeling that it would but facilitate his views to let Aquila see the full extent of the danger in which her friends were placed,—"they say that his house in Bridgewater is more like the den of some carniverous beast of the forest, or the palace of some cannibal monarch, than the abode of a Christian gentleman. The executions take place before his very windows, and at his very meals. Those who know him are no longer at a loss to form a conception of the character of those tyrants whose lives have darkened ancient history. He seems, say they, to feel a genuine and piquant pleasure in the sufferings of his victims; and not altogether neither from that vicious thirst of excitation which stimulates the petty tyrant of the tropics to his cruelties, for Kirke knows nothing of lassitude—he is active in his work, a zealous blood-spiller. Whatever sympathy he holds with his species appears to act by contraries; for their suffering is his joy—their fear, his

hope—their pain, his pleasure. Oh no, Aquila! far from looking lightly on your dread of Kirke, I share it; and it was my share in it that brought me at so late an hour to speak with you."

"And with what view?" asked Aquila in an anxious tone.

"I would not trust what I have to propose to your ear alone, Aquila," said Kingsly, "for it does not depend on you alone to receive or to reject it. Let me see your father, or Arthur if he be at hand, or both."

"Arthur you cannot see to night," said Aquila; "although I intend myself to be your guide to-morrow morning to his place of concealment: but my father is—— But I will let him know you ask for him."

She departed and in a few minutes returned, desiring Kingsly to follow her to the old man's chamber. Gaspar Fullarton received his intended son-in-law with delight, and listened with evident satisfaction to his proposal that the union which had been interrupted by this unfortunate enterprise should now, for all their sakes, be completed.

"You are generous and faithful, Henry," said the old man, wringing his hand; "and may you find in long domestic ease and happiness some part at least of the reward you merit! Well, speak, Aquila,—what say you to this? Why do you look so drooping?"

His daughter came to the side of the bed on which her father lay, and taking his hand in hers, said with tears:

"My father, can you wonder I am silent? Henry proposes that you should leave the country—you and Arthur—and that I alone of my family should remain in Taunton."

"And is it anything new or unheard-of, that a wife should prefer the house and country of her husband to every other in the world?"

"But at such a time, my father, and with so much cause to fear for your security——"

"The surest and the easiest way to accomplish that, believe me, Aquila," said Kingsly, "is to act on my proposal. Any member of my own immediate family I can easily secure, but no one else, though he had been my highest earthly benefactor. Let me entreat you therefore, now at least, to be guided by my wishes, and not to lay the foundation for any new calamity."

After much discussion, it was agreed that the plan should be submitted to Arthur Fullarton; and in case of his approval, Aquila declared her willingness to accede to the general desire.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

It was arranged that Kingsly should be at Tone Cottage once more before daybreak on the following morning, in order to accompany Aquila to her brother's place of concealment. After a night of troubled slumber, he arose, and previous to his setting out threw up a window-sash, in order to ascertain whether there were any persons in the street who might be likely to watch his movements. He saw no one. The town was solitary, though not dark; for the clearness of the heavens, even without the aid of moonlight, would have enabled him to see a much smaller object than a human figure. It did not follow, however, that because he could not see others, he was himself unseen.

There is a vulgar adage, that "Providence gives a long tether to the wicked." An instance in point presented itself, in the street of Taunton, no less than half an hour before Kingsly threw up his window to look out.

While many a sturdy fellow who had followed Monmouth to Sedgmoor, because he thought him his king, and believed he was doing his duty, lay now a stark and mouldering corse beneath the plain which he had moistened with his blood, some of those adventurers, who had taken arms in the same cause from the basest and most sellish motives, survived the scene of carnage to prolong their span of roguery and meanness. Amongst these, were three of those recruits whom Dare, the luckless emissary of Monmouth, had enlisted at the inn of the Three Crowns some months before. In verification of another adage respecting birds of similar plumage, it happened that these three worthies were re-united within less than a week after the battle, and entered Taunton together on the morning of which we speak.

"Step aside, Andrews," said one, "and let us consult in this corner on what course we had better take. The shade is best for our complexions in this sultry weather."

"It was an evil day," said an other, "when first I sought or listened to your counsels! What will become of me now?"

"As for me," said the first speaker, "the very air of the country will be poison to me ere long. When I passed through Chard in triumph, a few weeks ago, a maggot bit me to play off my foolish dignity of captain upon my old master, as he stood gaping wider than one of his own gallipots behind the counter:—a freak that may cost me the stretching of a neck or so before the summer's out; for the rogue owes me something for the short warning I gave him at my departure, many a year since."

"Have you not wit enough remaining, Caryl," said another—"or have we not wit enough amongst the three of us, to discover how the gallows may be cheated yet?"

"Hist, lads," said Andrews; "I think I heard a noise."

"I heard a window open," said Mowbray.

"I see it," exclaimed Caryl, "and a man looking out."

"I know the house," said Andrews; "the great cavalier captain—Captain Kingsly—lives there."

They drew back into the shade, and in a short time beheld the door open and Henry Kingsly make his appearance.

"It is the cavalier's son," said andrews; "what business can he have a foot so early in the morning?"

"Stand close," said Caryl, "and let us watch him. It may lead to something worth knowing."

They kept close in the shade until Kingsly had passed the spot where they were standing; after which they followed him at a cautious distance. They tracked him through the fields and to the gate of Fullartons' cottage.

"My lads," said Andrews, "here's something worth our heed. Those folks were friends of Monmouth; I know it well. What can the young cavalier have to do at the house of a Whig at such an hour in the morning?"

They continued to observe the movements of Kingsly while he proceeded along the avenue and knocked softly at the cottage-door. It was opened immediately and in a short time after three figures issued from the house, one of them bearing a dark lantern. They proceeded along the small shrubbery near the cottage, and entered a green lane which led to the church already so often mentioned.

"Come, follow—follow, lads," said Andrews in a low voice; "here's game worth seeking. Let us keep a civil distance, and we shall see some sport ere long."

Arrived at the church-yard, Miss Fullarton caused the servant to cover the lantern before they approached the vault. Arthur Fullarton had been now so long in this dismal place of concealment, from which he ventured only in the night-time, that he was desirous at almost any risk to change his situation. Disheartened by the failure

of the cause in which he had been engaged, and feeling deeply for the misery that failure had brought on all around him, he became almost indifferent to his own destiny; and but for the necessity now stronger than ever, which bound him to his father and sister, he would not have regretted much any accident which might place him in the power of Kirke. On this occasion, when he heard the sound of more than one voice at the entrance of the vault, an involuntary hope started into his mind that they might be Royalists, who had discovered his lurking-place. His suspicions were augmented on perceiving a man in a cloak, and bearing a dark lantern in his hand, descend into the vault. The dismal apartment of the dead was capacious and well built; nor did the rays of the lamp which Kingsly carried in his hand extend to the figure of Fullarton, who sat at a distance on a heap of heath and rushes which had served him for a bed. When Kingsly at length had found him, he was astonished at the change which disappointment, the want of wholesome rest, and anxiety of mind, had made in his appearance.

"Do you not know me, Arthur?" he said, in a low whisper, stooping over him.

"Know you? What! Kingsly?"

In an instant the young men were silently folded in each other's arms.

"This is pleasure indeed," said Arthur, still speaking in a whispering tone,—"and unexpected pleasure too. Oh, Kingsly, I would give five hundred I could name of Monmouth's men for such a Royalist? Well, my good fellow, and are you well?—quite well?" he added, smiling, with the strongest delight, as he laid his hand on Kingsly's shoulder.

"I had more need to ask that question, Arthur."

"Tut, no! I am well enough—too well for an honest man to be, when so many are—tut! what was I about

to say?—words heal no bruises. How did you find me out?"

"I had a guide."

"I guessed it,—and I guess whom too. Oh, Kingsly, forgive me! but our dead King was worth your living one, a dozen times over."

"Still loyal in your disloyalty, Arthur?" said Kingsly with a smile.

"Well, perhaps I should not speak of the King; let it pass. Your Colonel, perhaps I should say, Henry,—the tyrant whom you call your Colonel. Was it not enough that the leaders of this wretched enterprise had shed their blood upon the scaffold, that many who were taken in arms immediately after the battle, were hanged or shot or scourged, to glut his vengeance, but he must still hunt out new victims by the cottage fire-side—new sacrifices to his Nero-humour?"

"Come out, Arthur,—come out into the air. This is no place for angry looks and words."

"No, you say right, it is not. No, indeed,—lead on: much as I abhor your Colonel, good fellow, I am glad to see you well."

"They passed into the air, where Aquila and her maid awaited them on the most shaded side of the monument. Arthur Fullarton tenderly saluted his sister, and then, full of his subject, turned round to Kingsly.

"I say, your Colonel, sir,—this Kirke—your Tiberius—your Caligula—whatever you may please to call him—I heard of him as I came hither. Is this to be a conquerer? There is scarce a hedge near Bridgewater that does not bear some instance of his miserable wrath. It is nothing to him that they are his country-men as well as fellow subjects,—that the same soil nurtured him and them, the same sky smiled or frowned upon them, the same tongue told their earliest wants and wishes; it is enough that they once startled the successful rival in his

royal dream of power and indolence to make them to the gibbet and the stake his enemies. Oh, cowardice! thou bitterest avenger! there is none of all the passions that possesses the heart with half so deadly a hate, or wields the sword so mercilessly as thou dost."

"Arthur," replied Kingsly, "you speak of one you know not. The King may be, and I dare aver he *is*, as far a stranger to the cruelties his generals are enacting in his name, as I am from approving either them or the provocation that occasioned them. When time allows the truth to reach his ears, we shall learn if he were really the author of all that is laid at his door."

"Well—well, we will not quarrel in the case," said Fullarton; "only I would that the poor wretches were left to till the soil in quiet. If you strike a cur with your staff, he will turn and bite the instrument that galled him; but it is not so with us; we look from the weapon to the hand that wields it, and the detestation that Kirke and Feversham excite is all referred to James."

Here Andrews nudged his companions.

"Stand close, lads," he said, "and listen. We may gather something out of this little conversation that may go far to save our necks."

"'Tis plain treason," said Mowbray.

"High treason," added Caryl.

"Ay, steeple-high, mountain-high,—*lese majeste*," whispered Andrews.

"Arthur," said Kingsly, "I did not seek you here to waste time in useless controversy, but to consult on what we had all best do for our happiness and safety."

"I am sure of it. And what would you propose?"

"I have already made my wishes known to Aquila and her father, and both refer me to you. You know in what a juncture the first intelligence of this unhappy enterprise arrived. Aquila then was all but mine. Let

her become entirely so, and she will be secure; while for you and for your father I can provide a safe conveyance from the country."

"Mark that, my lads," said Andrews."

"Ay," added Caryl, "a pretty Royalist!"

"What say you, Aquila?" asked her brother, after a long pause.

"Nay, what say *you*, Arthur? I have already spoken."

"I agree with all my heart," said Arthur; and a blessing on his heart who thought of it! And now how is it to be put in execution?"

"You must run a little risk for a few days, in order that you may be secure for all your after-life," replied Kingsly. "I will leave town immediately for Minehead, where I can make arrangements so that the marriage may be celebrated. An open boat must be your refuge there, and some point of Ireland your place of shelter for a time. To-morrow evening, as soon as the sun goes down, it will be time for Aquila, you, and Mr. Fullarton to set out upon your journey. I will have all things ready before you, and the whole may be happily concluded within two days from this time."

"If it be so," said Arthur, "I may venture to take up my lodging in Tone Cottage for one day, at any risk. Since it is to be almost the last before our parting, I could wish to spend it with Aquila."

To this Kingsly saw no objection, and they prepared to leave the place of death together.

"It is something," said Aquila, "since we are to part, that we shall be together for a day at least."

Farewell, said Arthur in his own mind as he left the place of tombs,—farewell, thou dismal lodging, where for so many days my companions have been the bitterest and the saddest thoughts that ever yet, I think, took up their dwelling in a human breast! Farewell, too, moul-

dering clay, whose neighbourhood made even that gloomy house endurable! The dead, at least, are peaceful. Kirke may play the hangman, and they feel it not; they care not who is King or Duke, who conqueror or convict. Here, with a heartier will than Nero had, Kirke could not play the tyrant that he does amongst the living.

"You heard all?" asked Andrews of his companions, as the party from Tone Cottage left the grave yard.

"Ay, ay, we heard it plain enough," they answered.

"The King's a tyrant. You heard that?"

"Yes, and Colonel Kirke another."

"Very well. Now listen to me. What think you might be his fate who should enable Colonel Kirke to lay his hand on such a pair of arrant rogues?"

"He would reward him handsomely."

"Fair play the whole world over. Now if I were that scurvy trickster you would sometimes make me appear, what hindered that I should privily seek the Colonel and earn his favour for myself alone? But being no such thing, I hereby move that we all set forward to Bridwater together, like honest fellows as we are, and tell our tale in chorus."

"Well, Andrews," Mowbray exclaimed, "if ever there be a kingdom established where the chief officers of state shall be filled by rogues, traitors, and ingrates, I warrant thee for a chance of rising high in the government."

"Then make me prime minister here," replied Andrews. "There need be no delay to my promotion, for the world is already full of such states as thou describest. But why dost thou choose the present moment to pay me such a compliment?"

"Are not these the worthy folk with whom thou and I, some weeks since, spent a comfortable day on our escape from that precious enterprise in Scotland?"

"Shall I help thee to some mineral waters? What a stomach thine must be, to be unable in a whole fortnight to digest a kindness!"

"I warrant thee for needing no jesuit's bark in that regard."

"Well, say how you are disposed. If you will take share in my good fortune, welcome; if not, I go the road to Bridgewater alone."

The proposition was accepted on the instant, and the three worthies were on the Bridgewater road before the morning dawned.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

That morning broke terrific on the inhabitants of Bridgewater. The many who thronged the prisons, who loaded the gibbets on the wayside, or who shrieked beneath the torture, had not yet half sated the thirst of cruelty that burned within the breast of Kirke. There are some minds inspired with a principle of action and of energy that loathes the very thought of rest: for good or evil they must be ever active, and in neither can they bear the sense of mediocrity. Fortunate is it for such beings and for their species when their energies are directed aright, for they will excel in virtue; most disastrous when they take an evil aim—for neither will they be surpassed in evil. It is observed by moralists, that after a certain age the human character rarely receives a change. "There is a tide in the affairs of men," is true in a far more important sense than that in which it was intended by the unrivalled bard who penned the line. While youth continues, even though the mind may wander far astray there is yet a hope of its security. The

character is yet malleable—it wavers—the shining tide of truth presents itself before it; there is a struggle still between habit and conscience, and it may embrace the happy opportunity and float on to safety. But when once maturity has arrived, there is an end of doubt, and the fate of the individual is commonly decided. If he be a devotee of pleasure, he will continue so until the sod shall cover him; if he hunger after gold or worldly honour, old age will find him still following the same niggard path; and if he have despised religion, his heart will rarely open after to her sacred voice. And, what is equally observable, his devotion to the course he has embraced, whether it be good or evil, will increase in proportion as it obtains exclusive possession of his mind.

With all his hideous thirst of blood and pain, it seemed strange to many that Kirke was not altogether and at all times in his appearance and in his manner, while he remained in Bridwater, the dreadful monster his actions proved him to be. To those with whom he associated, and over whom he had no power, he was social, gay, and even polite. Even those who watched him with the closest eyes could not detect in his countenance or demeanour the slightest symptom of compunction, or even the faintest consciousness of the hideous nature of his life. Neither fear, nor pity, nor remorse, seemed known to Kirke. In him the voice of conscience appeared to be utterly silenced: and while he smiled and jested and played the savage, he presented a horrible example of what man may be, when, in punishment of good inspirations repeatedly disregarded, the Deity visits him with the direst curse our race can undergo—tranquillity in guilt.

The most fearful tales were related by the peasantry and townspeople of the detestable levity which the Royalist Colonel mingled with his cruelty. But the ex-

pression of his indifference was not confined to mere levity: he could even talk eloquent sentiment, and speak of the charms of nature, and indulge in romantic retrospection, between the acts of the terrific tragedy in which he was the leading actor. How is this possible? There is no man who possesses ten acquaintances in the world, but must have found amongst them more than one instance of this blind and seemingly unconscious hypocrisy,—but must have turned disgusted from the sentimental parade of feelings which were belied at every instant in the conduct—but must have heard with loathing the *fade* finery of poetical sentiment, or the flourish of wordly generosity, where he well knew he could find little either of poetry or generosity, except the talk about them? Was it that Kirke really did not think himself the wretch he was? or was it that he thought he could so blindfold others as to make them give credit to the sincerity or sentiments which every act belied? It were vain—utterly vain and idle to inquire. The Searcher of Hearts alone can read those mysteries.

On this morning Colonel Kirke arose, as was customary with him, at an early hour. The subaltern, Stephen's, who, by some tact in adapting himself to the humour of his Colonel, enjoyed at present the largest portion of his confidence, was at his bedside before the dawn, and both walked out together.

They proceeded in silence along the banks of the small river which runs through the town, the parasite not daring to commence the conversation, and Kirke apparently absorbed in thought. As they walked along, the morning broke around them in all the brilliancy of summer. Full-disked, and promising a burning day, the sun already mounted in the East, restoring to the rich and varied landscape by which they were surrounded its innumerable charms of light and shade and hue. The wind scarce stirred the surface of the Parret, and though

favourable to the shipping going down the stream, was so little capable of impelling the unwieldly hulks, that the crews were obliged to go ashore and tow the vessels onward.

"Is it not strange, Stephens," Kirke said at length out of his reverie, "that all the parties I have sent in pursuit of this runaway adherent of Monmouth should have returned without being able to give me the slightest intelligence respecting him?"

"I assure you, Colonel, the fault is not mine," replied Stephens. "I charged them all to spare neither horseflesh nor men's labour in the search."

"I do not speak as imputing blame to you," said Kirke, "though I have cause to feel dissatisfied. I cannot tell you with what feelings I look upon every object that reminds me of the time I spent in this part of the country after our return from Tangiers. You know not, Stephens, the cause I have to remember it; nor why it is that the Fullartons, beyond all the rest of its inhabitants, are so near to my recollection. 'Twere difficult to say of how much importance to my own mind might have been the issue of that visit, had it proved other than it was. But, as in every case in which I have been especially interested, I suffered disappointment—bitter as it was unexpected—and with me grief ever turns to gall. I know nothing of that woman's woe which finds relief in tears. The hearts are numberless that ached and still are aching for that slight to mine."

He accompanied these words with a wicked tranquillity of look that to the eye of his companion seemed almost demoniacal.

"I had no idea, Colonel," said the latter, "that you ever thought of seeking any permanent connexion with that family."

"Why, not at the first. But there arose a cause which led me to desire it. That I failed in the attempt,

I well remember: nor do I forget the manner of my failure. Enough of that. It were best for my own quiet, and perhaps for that of many another mind, that I should not recall it too exactly. But I only alluded to it now for the purpose of giving you a hint why it is that I am now so anxious to learn tidings of the Fullartons. Be diligent. Inquire amongst all such prisoners as are brought hither from their neighbourhood—all such as you can find to have known anything of him we seek either before or after his becoming engaged in Monmouth's cause."

"Never fear any want of vigilance on my part, Colonel. The goal of Bridgewater shall not want his countenance for lack of any industry that I can use."

With such discourse they returned to the town. They had just reached the front door of the house in which Colonel Kirke for the present took up his residence, when the estimable party who had left Taunton before daybreak entered Bridgewater. The frightful appearance, the shrieks of the wretches who were led to torture, the lamentations of the friends of those who were condemned to death, the ferocious looks of the soldiery, and, what was more terrible to them than all beside, the sight of the numerous victims who were hourly led forth to execution, combined to shake their resolution. Putting a bold face upon it, however, Andrews and his companions entered the town with a hasty pace, and approached that part in which Kirke resided, just as the latter, with Stephens, was about to enter the house.

"Well, who are you?" asked Kirke, as they drew near.

"Lads, please your honour," said Andrews briskly, "who would be glad to serve the King."

"Ay, but we are on no recruiting party now: we are on the look-out for the Duke's recruits, not for the King's."

"An' please your honour," said Caryl, "perhaps we could give you a helping hand in that way too."

"What do you mean?"

"We have found a rebel, sir," said Andrews.

"So—so. And which amongst you is the knave? for you have all three, to my apprehension, an equal portion of gallows written in your countenances."

"An' please your honour, he is not amongst us. He was somewhat too sturdy game for us to meddle with, seeing that the boar is in his own lair. But if you will furnish me with a sufficient force, say six of these worthy gentlemen whom I see on horseback, I will be bound to bring him tied neck and heels to Bridgewater before the moon is up."

"Say you so, friend?" cried Kirke. "And what now if I were to 'furnish' you as you are pleased to term it, with half a dozen of my lambs—in what direction would you choose to lead them?"

"To Taunton."

"Ha!"

"Where you will find, in a certain cottage on the banks of the Tone, as thorough a Whig as ever opened his lips against the state—Master Arthur Fullarton, who caused more trouble to those gentlemen at the fight of Sedgmoor than any fifty, I will be bold to say, in Monmouth's camp besides."

"Soft you, sir," said Kirke; "did you say this person's name was Arthur Fullarton?"

"I will be sworn to it."

"And that he lived——"

"At his father's house, Tone Cottage, within less than a mile of Taunton."

Kirke seemed profoundly struck, and maintained a long and thoughtful silence.

"And you are sure that Arthur Fullarton was at Sedgmoor?"

"Sure of it, your honour? I am as sure of it as that I stand here this instant."

"I do not ask you now, how you obtained the knowledge. I will furnish you the men you ask for; and I promise you, if you bring not Arthur Fullarton here to my lodgings alive or dead before moonrise, I will furnish a halberd's point with your knavish head, and with those of your honourable comrades."

"With all my heart, Colonel," said Andrews: "in the name of my comrades, I accept the terms,—only stipulating, in case of success, at least *vice versa:* that is but fair, I think."

"Thou art an impudent rogue," said Kirke, "and wilt not lose thy head at any time for lack of speech, I'll be thy warrant. Well, get you gone, and do your business rightly. Let Cornet Green with six dragoons accompany this man to Taunton."

"And harkye, Colonel," cried Andrews, gathering confidence with success, "you will do well to secure at the same time a young cavalier of the name of Kingsly, who is a sharer in his treason."

"What, Kingsly of Colonel Pembroke's regiment of militia?"

"The very same, Colonel."

"You are treading a step or two beyond your tether. The young gentleman of whom you speak is an unimpeached and unimpeachable Royalist; and, indeed, the very fact of his connexion with the Fullartons might lead me to listen, with more doubt than I might otherwise have done, to your imputation against them."

"Well, Colonel, as you please; but all I will say is this,—that on this head (which you are pleased to let me know I hold till sunset only as it were upon *tick*) there are certain appendages called ears, and those ears, as my companions here (poor fellows, for whom I must implore your worshipful clemency,) can witness, were

privy to a conversation held this morning before daybreak in a certain churchyard nigh Taunton, in which Master Kingsly and Fullarton both bore a part, and in which it was determined that the latter should be smuggled out of the country by the way of Minehead; Master Kingsly being thereto aiding and assisting, in consideration of certain family connexions, concerning which your honour may obtain more exact information from the parties themselves, when safe in custody."

"This is not improbable," said Kirke. "You will also, then," he added to the officer, "take into custody any male members of a family of the name of Kingsly, to whose residence in the town of Taunton our worthy friend here will direct you."

The officer bowed; and Andrews being furnished with a seat behind one of the dragoons, the whole party soon left Bridwater. His companions were ordered into custody until the success or failure of their spokesman should decide their eventual destiny.

CHAPTER XXXV.

The day had just broke after their early visit to the lurking-place of Arthur Fullarton, when Kingsly retraced his steps, through the town of Taunton, to his father's door. It was opened by his sister, who knew of his design, and was eager to learn its issue.

"Well, Henry, have you seen him?"

"Give me joy," said Kingsly; "all is as I hoped, and before another sunrise, if I be not the most unfortunate knave in England, I shall be the happiest that ever breathed. She has consented—all have consented—and I leave Taunton in another hour to see all put in order for the marriage."

"May it prove a happier bridal than the last!" said Miss Kingsly.

"You must go with us, Tamsen; so prepare your travelling-dress. We have arranged that Mr. Fullarton, you, and I leave town immediately; and Arthur and Aquila follow after sunset."

"But my father——he is so totally altered in his feeling toward the Fullartons. There came a neighbour in to us last night, who told him for the first time of Arthur's having been seen in arms at Sedgmore; and there is no being, since, too bad to be Arthur's parallel."

"We must find some cause to divert his suspicions for a day," said Henry. "My father is unreasonable only where there is any question of loyalty: there is no reasoning with him, but he will approve it all when its done."

While Kingsly was busy in preparing to depart, Aquila and her brother took their way homeward by the most unfrequented paths that lay between them and the cottage. Until the afternoon of the same day, both were busy in preparing for their journey. The former was in the act of fastening in her small trunk a dress, which was intended to grace her bridal, when a sudden bustle before the hall-door attracted her attention. Looking up, she beheld a number of horsemen in the act of dismounting, and one or two had already entered the open door. There was not even time to think of concealment or escape. Arthur Fullarton was writing at a table when one of the soldiers, led by Andrews, entered. There was but one chance, and even in this dreadful crisis Aquila did not lose her presence of mind. She rushed upon the foremost man the instant he appeared. The ruffian struck at her, and his weapon just grazed her neck sufficiently to draw the blood; but the violence with which she darted on him was sufficient to drive him backward past the threshold, and she shut and locked the door upon the instant.

"Fly, Arthur! fly!—the window!—you will yet have time."

But before she could say more, and before her brother could form a clear understanding of her meaning, the thin partition door was shattered to fragments, and the irritated troopers burst into the room. The contest that ensued was soon decided. Seeing his sister amongst those ruffians, Arthur drew his sword and struck at the man who had wounded her. Almost in the same instant he received himself a thrust which deprived him of the use of his sword-arm, and rendered him an easy prey For him, and perhaps for Aquila, all might have been ended at the instant, but that the voice of Cornet Green was now heard outside, commanding the soldiers to desist from further violence. Arthur was bound, and immediately placed on horseback, before one of the dragoons.

"And now away with all speed for Bridgewater," said the cornet.

"Stay! stay!" exclaimed Andrews; "It is ill done to make the haul before the net is full. What's to be done with the fairer rebel? she should not be left behind. By this time to-morrow we might play hide-and-seek for her to no purpose, in case the Colonel should choose to have a sight of her shining countenance."

"Let her stay and keep house," exclaimed the officer: "we had no commission to bring women this turn. And now for this Eitherside—this Captain Kingsly: let us see the place at once, or we shall be late in Bridgewater."

"As you please, sir," said Andrews: "the place is not far distant."

"Let Sergeant Duddle and two of the men," continued the cornet, "convey the prisoner on the Bridgewater road, while the rest proceed with me to the residence of this same equivocal loyalist."

The order was obeyed, and before his sister had

recovered from the swoon into which she had fallen, immediately on beholding Arthur in the hands of Kirke's all dreaded "lambs," the latter was already out of sight and hearing of Tone Cottage. His fate was now, as he conceived it, certain, and he manned himself to meet it with a becoming spirit. He called religion to his aid, and endeavoured, as they hurried him along, amid the coarse jests and coarser ruffianism of his escort, to collect his thoughts to prayer and resignation. What most he feared for the present was, that the sight of Kirke, reviving the remembrance of his former insulting conduct to Aquila, might surprise him into the expression of feelings which now were best suppressed, for any good their utterance could do either to himself or to his friends.

Captain Kingsly had but just arisen from table, when Cornet Green, accompanied by Andrews and the men, rode into the streets of Taunton. Perplexed by the absence of his son and daughter, who had long since set out for Minehead with old Gaspar Fullarton, he paced the parlour to and fro in a fretful and impatient state of mind, venting his indignation on all the rebels who had ever taken arms, from Absolom down to Monmouth.

"That ever I should have the misfortune," he exclaimed, twitching his wrist with an impatient air, "to allow the name of Kingsly to be committed by such an alliance! What! take a whig—a slip of the detested Roundhead stock—into my house and call her daughter! And whom have I to blame for it?—whom else but my own weak and yielding self? Did I not see it all? Were not my eyes wide open? clear of sight, and not like Harry's, dulled by the fog of passion? Did I not know they had a taint—an old, inveterate taint—a Scottish taint—the worst and most indelible of all? And how know I what may be taking place this instant that I speak? At this very moment they may be plotting with the Fullartons to heaven knows what end.

Oh, because I am an old man, now I am despised! They think to hoodwink the poor old cavalier; but they shall see I have that within me which will not be fooled nor frighted. I am not too old to love my sovereign still, and serve him. I'll—I'll—Well? what's the matter now?"

"Oh, maester dear!" exlaimed the old woman-servant, running in with a countenance aghast with terror.

"What? any news of Miss Kingsly or Mr. Harry?"

"Oh, dear maester, no; but there be theazamy horse-dragoons that are hunting after the Duke o' Monmouth's men——"

"The Duke of Monmouth, woman! there is no such person or title as the Duke of Monmouth. Speak of James Walters, for such he was, and nothing more, the instant that he raised a rebel hand against his king. Well? what do those soldiers want?"

"Oh, tha za there be rebels in the house vor zarten, an' tha be comin' in to zeek vor'n."

"Rebels in my house. They are welcome to search it. That were a tale indeed!"

Here the voice of Cornet Green was heard below.

"Let the men divide and mind the doors in front and rear, while one comes up to search above with me."

Though somewhat offended at the unceremonious manner in which his house was thus intruded on, Captain Kingsly's heart was too warmly interested in the royal cause to allow him to complain. He therefore met the officer at the parlour-door, with a smiling and courteous aspect.

"You are welcome, sir," he said,—"you and all who come recommended by that uniform. If any of these knaves have crept into my house through chink or crevice without the owner's privacy, you will do me a service and a pleasure by getting it rid of them."

"Sir," said the officer, "your courtesy is nothing the

worse that I happen to have no need of it, for it is my duty to take leave whether you are pleased to give it or no."

"Your duty, sir," said Captain Kingsly, "is paramount to all beside: I know what it is to serve the King."

"Indeed?"

"It is true, sir. Old as I am, I have seen hot work in my time ere now, I promise you. Ah, those were days! Well, all must have their turn: it is but fair. But I can tell you, sir, though now I carry a staff,—or, to say better, though a staff carries me,—I have seen the time when this poor old arm could do something in the King's cause.—No matter."

"The Duke's, sir, you would say, perhaps," replied the officer in a frigid tone.

"The Duke's? Eh?"

"Come, sir," said the cornet, "we have got no time to waste. If you feel so much friendship for the King as you would have me think, you will probably save me the trouble of a search by answering honestly a few simple questions."

"Speak, sir," said the Captain with courtesy; "let me hear the names of the person or persons whom you seek, and I will readily tell you whether you are likely to find them on my premises or no."

"The name is easily told," replied the cornet. "Is there any person in the house of the name of Kingsly?"

"Kingsly? Kingsly?" said the Captain with a look of perplexity. "Why, sir, that is a very extraordinary question to ask in this house."

"Perhaps so, sir; but my duty compels me often to put even more unpleasant questions still."

"Pray, sir," asked the old man, "is it possible that your present quest is after a person of the name of Kingsly?"

"I have said it, sir," replied the officer, "and will feel obliged by your answering me with as little delay as possible."

"Why, sir," said the Captain, "there must be some strange mistake in this, or the Kingsly after whom you seek is a person of whom I know nothing; and a heavy affliction I deem it that any person bearing such a name should disgrace it so far as even to become a subject of suspicion."

"That is all very fine," cried the officer, "but it has nothing to do with the business I have in hand. It is enough for me, if his name be Kingsly, and if he reside in Taunton or its neighbourhood. He must settle the rest with Colonel Kirke and the court-martial."

"And pray, sir, may I ask," said Captain Kingsly, looking still more perplexed, "what grounds there are for supposing any person bearing that name to have rendered himself obnoxious to the judgment of a court-martial?"

"In courtesy, sir," replied the officer, "I shall answer your question, although the pressing nature of my orders might well excuse me. Know then, sir, that a certain Captain Kingsly, of Taunton, stands accused of treason to his King."

"Poh—poh!"

"—That he was overheard in the act of plotting with some of Monmouth's adherents——"

"Poh, poh!—ha, ha!" interrupted the Captain, forcing a laugh. "Kingsly—Monmouth's adherents? Very good. Ha, ha!"

"—In order to forward the escape of some of the most notorious rebels in the shire——"

"Ha, ha! Very good."

"—And was seen in close communication for that purpose——"

"Ha, ha, ha! Indeed?"

"—With a family of the name of Fullarton——"

At this word a sudden light seemed to flash upon the Captain. He started back and lifted his hands with a look of horror, and remained for some moments fixed in astonishment and dismay, while the officer concluded—

"—Who, but for such timely information, might have effected his escape by means of Mr. Kingsly's aid, and so have defrauded the King's gibbet of one of the most egregious malefactors that ever died by the cord. Now sir, are you content?"

"Fullarton! I see it all,—persons of the name of Fullarton!" exclaimed the old cavalier in a faint tone, and staggering as if he had received a sudden blow. "My poor Harry! Oh, woe! unhappy old man that I am! and is it come to this?"

"What!" exclaimed the officer, "you know this person then?"

"Alas, sir!" exclaimed the old man with tears in his eyes, "I know him but too well, and often have I warned him against the danger of disloyal associates. Will you have the goodness to let me know of what nature is the charge which is preferred against him?"

"Nay, that is past my power. My commission reaches only to his apprehension. So, say at once if he is in the house."

"Not in this house," replied the cavalier. "Would he had never entered it, rather than he should be sought there upon such a quest! He is not in the house at present."

"Nor any person of the name of Kingsly?" said the officer.

"Nor any person except myself, who have the misfortune to be the father of a suspected son."

"Oh, ho! So you, then, with whom I have been speaking, are the very Captain Kingsly of whom I have heard so much upon the road from Bridgewater, and

whom I have it in commission to arrest upon a charge of treason."

"Treason! *Me!* Arrest *me* upon a charge of treason?"

"It is even so, as I fear you will find to your cost. Arrest him, soldier, and look to him, while I search the house for any other masculine bearers of the name, pursuant to my orders."

Astonishment and indignation for a time deprived Captain Kingsly of the power of utterance. The unparallelled effrontry, as he conceived it, of daring to charge him with treason, whose foible, as all his friends could but too truly testify, lay all the other way, was too much for the old man's stock of patience. Without saying a word of reproach or of exculpation, he raised with both hands the cane on which he leaned in walking, and discharged what he meant to be a heavy, but what was in reality a very feeble blow, upon the iron headpiece of the dragoon. The latter did but laugh at the doughty onset, and twitching the cane from the hands of the insulted loyalist, in an instant pinioned them behind his back, and awaited at his ease the return of his officer.

"Ye mushroon knaves!" the Captain exclaimed, as soon as he could gather breath to vent his anger in speech—"ye growth of yesterday! to think that ye should dare to utter your calumnies against a head grown grey in a cause in which ye are as yet but lisping babes! Ye school-boys of the camp, is it for such as you to rise against your masters? for the foal to kick against the sire? But when I reach your head quarters, I promise you I will find a way to teach you better manners!"

"Bring him along!" cried the Cornet, who entered at the same instant. "The other birds have flown. It is something at all events, to have caught the old one."

"Oh, I'll catch you, sir! I will, I promise you!" exclaimed the Captain between his teeth. "I promise you, young sir, you shall be heard of at the War office for

this. Hands off, thou knave! I begin to suspect you for worse than you appear. You may, for aught I know, be a pair of arrant rebels in disguise. Hands off, I say!"

Having seized on this idea, the old Captain struggled with all his might against his captors, who were eventually obliged to convey him down the stairs perforce between them. What added unspeakably to the mortification of the sturdy royalist was, that the appearance of the dragoons around the door had attracted to the place an immense multitude of the towns-people, who could not avoid expressing aloud their surprise and commiseration at beholding so notorious a cavalier as Captain Kingsly, in custody, upon the score of treason. Half weeping with shame and with vexation he was placed on horseback, and conveyed through the crowd amid general exclamations of regret and consternation.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

The escort, which conducted Arthur Fullarton, had nearly arrived in Bridgewater before it was overtaken by the Cornet and his prisoner. Each absorbed in his own misfortune, both captives had reached the quarters of Kirke before either had recognised or was aware of the other's presence. When they did recognise each other, their greeting was embarassed and reserved, and almost without exchange of speech.

They were conveyed, handcuffed as they were, into a kind of waiting-room, where they found a number of wretched beings, male and female, and of various conditions in life, as might be inferred from their variety of attire, awaiting, like themselves, the fiat of life or death

from the stern and vindictive being, before whom they were shortly to appear. Sighs, groans, and stifled sobs of anguish and of fear, bespoke the anxiety which filled the breasts of the unhappy inmates of this dismal chamber. The streets around appeared deserted, save by a few of the poorer citizens, who, safe in their obscurity, crept about from corner to corner, casting as they passed a shuddering glance upon the numerous gibbets which were erected throughout the town. There was no lack, however, of noise and conversation about the residence of Kirke. His "lambs," as he called them, who were here mustered in strong force, seemed to be allowed every license that was consistent with unreserved obedience to the will of their commanding officer. They talked, swore, quarrelled, all but fought, without any interference on the part of their colonel; a freedom which was carried to a far more terrible excess at night, when the leading officers had gone to rest, and the drinking-houses in the neighbourhood were crowded with the unbridled soldiery.

From time to time, the door of the apartment in which the prisoners were confined was opened, and a ruffianly-looking soldier, holding a paper in his hand, entered, and called aloud the name of him or her whose fate it was next to appear before the military court—or rather, mockery of a court, which was held above. The remaining prisoners listened in sympathetic terror and suspense for the return of each succeeding victim, and despondency or hope were visible in the eyes of all, according as the brief process of inquiry was followed by the sentence of acquittal or of condemnation.

Captain Kingsly, as it has been already stated, avoided any communication with Arthur Fullarton, partly through embarrassment at his own awkward position, and partly through indignation, on reflecting that the whole of their misfortunes originated in the first

connexion they had formed with the family of the old Scot. He reproached himself in secret with the weakness he had shown in tolerating an intercourse from which, at the very onset, he had foreseen nothing but evil, and acknowledged to his own mind, in bitterness of feeling, that he had amply merited his present ignominious position, by the facility he had shown in yielding to the wishes of his children. Arthur Fullarton, on his side, felt more than once a desire to speak with the old man, but was prevented as well by the place as by the reluctance manifested by the latter to enter into any conversation.

While the prisoners still brooded, apart, over their own bitter thoughts, the doors of their dungeon opened, and loud shrieks were heard in the streets, as some prisoners, who had just received their hasty sentence, were led out to execution. A rough looking fellow, with a written paper in his hand, now presented himself at the open door.

"Kingsly?—Is there a prisoner here of the name of Kingsly?"

A deep groan from the old cavalier was heard in answer, the expression rather of shame and confusion at hearing his name uttered under such disgraceful circumstances, than of uneasiness arising from the apprehension of danger to his person.

"Will no one answer?" cried the man. "Is a prisoner of the name of Kingsly here?"

"I'll answer you!" exclaimed the cavalier, rising with an angry countenance! "I'll prisoner ye when I come to speak with General Feversham, be sure of it."

"Very well then," said the man, "follow me, and you will have that pleasure before many minutes,—perhaps much sooner than you care to do, for all your talk."

Disdaining to reply further than by an emphatic "Umph!" Captain Kingsly followed the summoner, and the door was closed behind them.

In the mean time, Kirke, Feversham, and other officers were seated in court-martial in an upper room. On a table which stood before them was placed a quantity of cake and wine, the latter circulating freely, and gradually annihilating whatever remnant of restraint or decency was left to these grave administrators of the law. By the roars of laughter which proceeded from the room, as Captain Kingsly was conducted up the stairs, it appeared as if the dismal tragedy was interrupted at the moment by some untimely and repulsive admixture of the comic.

"And so you say——Feversham, take your wine—— So you say, sirrah, that this prisoner whom you have brought in, is your brother—is he?"

"I have that misfortune, Curnel. A crack'd sthray of a fellow that I never could keep a hoult of. It's well become him to put on the Duke of Monmouth's unicorn——"

"Uniform you mean, you dunce!"

"Uniform or unicorn, whichever your honour will plase to have it. Sure it's a wondher I ever knew him. If it wasn't, as I toult ye, for the smell o' the dhrop he had in his pocket, I might pass him fifty times without ever bein' the wiser o' who it was I had there."

"Well, Morty, for your sake——"

"Long life to your honour!"

"Hark you, sir," continued Kirke, addressing Shamus: "have you any objection, now, to doff that wolf's hide, and put on my gentle lamb's wool in its place?"

Shamus looked as if at a loss to comprehend the meaning of the question. He was speedily aroused by a ringing box on the ear from no less near a hand than that of his brother Morty.

"Why don't you answer, you impident fellow," he said in an indignant tone, "when the Curnel's honour goes for to demane himself to condescind to spake to the likes

o' you—an' that if he did right, may be, 'tis to have you swingin' like a scare-crow abroad in the sthreet he would in five minutes, or any wandherin' vagabone o' your kind that there's no sort o' ho with."

"If I could undherstand—" said Shamus.

"Undherstand! you vagabone, what business has the likes o' you to undherstand? only to do as you're bid. 'Tis your undherstandin' an' your gentility an' your capers that was always comin' again' you."

"Hark ye, sirrah," said Kirke.

"Listen to the Curnel!" cried Morty, accompanying the suggestion with a severe blow of the elbow in the side.

"I *am* list'nin' to him," answered Shamus angrily, and returning the blow with interest.

"Very well, put down your hat then an' hould up your head, while 'tis left upon your showlders."

"Will you promise to be faithful to the King, in case he should grant you life, and permission to be enrolled with your brother amongst the lambs of Colonel Kirke?"

"An' plase your honour," said Shamus, "I'll go bail you'll find me faithful to whoasomdever I'll engage with. Only there's one thing that I'd wish for to make mintion to your honour."

"And what is that?"

"Some foolishness, Ill go bail," said Morty in a low tone.

"Only that it would be plasin' to your honour to gi' me some sort of a commission, an' not to send me in among the common sogers. I come of a good stock, although bein' in a poor way now. I'm descended——"

Before he could proceed further with his genealogy, his brother Morty had tripped up his heels and laid him prostrate before the court, amid a roar of laughter from the officers.

"You are descended, indeed," cried Feversham, "and somewhat suddenly too."

"Ravin' he is, gentlemen," said Morty,—"touched in the head he is, poor boy. There was ever an' always a bee in his cap. The ould father used to say, from the highth o' that, that poor Shamus had a rat in the garret. Lave him to myself, Curnel, if it's plasin' to your honour an' the coort, an' I'll take care of him. The common sodgers, inagh? Why, then, 'tis you that oughtn't to go among 'em, for you're the uncommon soger, sure enough—an' the uncommon boy moreover. Will nothin' ever send you sinse?"

"No, but you, I suppose, that has the whole of it," exclaimed Shamus, at length aroused to indignation. "One would think there was nobody able to do a ha'p'orth but yourself. You remind me of the story they tell o' the two boys that was once goin' lookin' for a place, and that I'd like to tell, if the company was agreeable."

"By all means," said Kirke, "let us hear it."

"Here goes then," resumed Shamus. "There was of a time two boys, just aiqual to myself an' Morty here, goin' lookin' for a place. They called together at a jettleman's house. 'Well, my boy,' says the jettleman, spakin' to one o' the two, 'an' what can you do for me?' 'Anything, sir,' says he. 'Indeed!' says the jettleman: 'can you tend a horse?' 'I can, sir.' 'Can you lay a table?' 'I can, sir.' 'Can you brush clothes?' 'Oh, elegant, sir.' 'An' clane knives an' forks?' 'Yes, sir.' 'An' do all the inside work?' 'All, sir.' 'An' do all the outside work?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Very well, I see you're a very clever boy,' says the jettleman. 'An' now,' says he, turnin' to the second boy, 'what can you do for me?' 'Nothing, sir,' says he. 'What! nothing?' 'No, sir,—[here Shamus winked with one eye familiarly on Kirke and pointed significantly to Morty]—No, sir,' says he, 'the other boy left *me* nothing to do.'"

"Do you tell me, then," said Kirke, after they had laughed now at Morty's expense, while the latter regarded his brother askance and with a supercilious air—"Do you tell me, then, that you could do something to serve his Majesty in case I spare the hangman the trouble of stretching your neck a couple of inches longer?"

"I do, to be sure."

"And what is it? Let us hear your accomplishments."

"I'll tell you that—an' let it be a clane bargain between us. I'll meet any man he'll name, fair play an' a clear ground—skene, pike, or battle-axe, an' I'll lave your honour to judge. If he gets the upperhand o' me let him hang me at once—'tisn't to say for a rebel alone, but for a *bosthoon*, and that's fifty times worse. But if I get the betther of him, all I ax is what your honour offered me already."

"Fair enough," cried several voices; "a bargain let it be."

"Ay," said Kirke, "but I have no man who is accustomed to fight on foot. My lambs are all mounted."

"A-horseback or a-foot, 'tis all one to Shamus," said the prisoner; let him dhraw out into that green behind the house, an' if he was upon forty horses, my hand to you, your lamb will be mutton before half-an hour."

"A bargain! a bargain!" was now the general cry, and Kirke named one of his "lambs," as he called them for the combat. The officers stood at the open windows which looked out upon the green in order to see the issue.

The soldier selected for the contest was a fierce-looking, broad-shouldered fellow, armed with buff-coat and helmet, and all the heavy furniture worn by the cavalry of the time. A lance of unusual weight was resting against his knee, and the opposite side was provided with a sword the very weight of which, in falling, would have

been sufficient to inflict a wound of no trifling kind. To all this formidable apparatus the kern opposed his unprotected person with no other weapon than a short pike and the small skene he carried in his belt. It seemed to the spectators as if he stood more in the similitude of a victim about to undergo an unresisting sacrifice, than of a combatant prepared to measure force by force.

When the signal, however, was given for the onset, they began to alter their opinion. In the first charge the horseman lost his lance, being deprived of it by a sleight of the pike, which seemed a magic weapon in the hand of Shamus. Somewhat irritated by the laughter which this disaster occasioned, he drew his sword, and setting spurs to his horse, rode down at full speed on the devoted kern. The latter, however, was evidently long practised in the kind of combat in which he was engaged. Springing lightly to one side in order to avoid the shock, he fastened the hook of his pike (an appendage to that weapon wholly new to the beholders) in the upper portion of the buff-coat of his antagonist with so much dexterity, that the dragoon was unhorsed by the impetus of his own steed, and, came to the ground, armour and all, with a crash that resounded through the place. The man was no sooner down, being as yet somewhat stunned by the fall, than Shamus placed his knee upon his breast, plucked the skene out of his belt, and seemed about proceeding to complete his work by cutting off his prisoner's head.

"Hold! hold!" cried Kirke.

"You, sirrah!" cried the dragoon, recovering himself, and struggling, but in vain, to free himself from the wiry grasp of his conqueror, "are you going to cut off my head?"

"To be sure I am," replied Shamus: "stay quiet, I tell you."

"No, no!" said Kirke; "let him rise."

"Plase your honour," said Shamus, looking up at the

window with a half-suppressed smile, while he still made good his hold on the dragoon, "at home we never consider a man as fairly bate until his head is off."

"No matter," said Kirke; "there is enough."

"As your honour will have it," said Shamus, releasing his prisoner and quietly replacing the skene within his belt; "that's only childs play. Well, soger, gi' me your hand; we're not the worse friends for anything that's said or done to-day."

"So, Kiswick," said Kirke, "you have let the Irishman give you a fall?"

"Poh—the knave!" cried the dragoon, rising and recovering his weapon, "what can be done with a fellow who fights with that pot-hook, that seems more fit for dragging a mill-race than for any civilized warfare. Who ever heard of Christian soldiers fighting with iron hooks?"

"How bad they are!" said Shamus as he was reconducted to the presence of the court. "Indeed, to be sure, it isn't your business to praise 'em this turn."

The pardon accorded to Shamus was now unanimously confirmed, and he was committed to the care of his brother in order to his receiving the suitable preparatory drilling.

"Your honour is too good to him," said Morty; "hanging would be betther than he desarves; but it won't be my fault if he doesn't show a sinse of his duty."

Saying this, he removed Shamus from the room, amid the laughter of the court.

"Gentlemen," said Kirke, "send round the wine. Feversham, the bottle is with you. I will give you a toast: Here's the mute Alchoki, the chief hangman of Tangiers, and the nimblest fellow at his trade, from hence to his own quarters. Give him a bumper!"

"Knaves that you are!" the voice of Captain Kingsly was now heard exclaiming at the chamber-door, "you

shall soon learn how to distinguish between the King's servants and his enemies! Is General Feversham in the court?"

"I am here," replied the latter. "What! is it possible? My old friend Captain Kingsly, the very pink of loyalty, the terror and the scourge of all the Whigs and Roundheads west of Somerton, in handcuffs as a rebel! Speak, sirrah!" he said to the dragoon attending him; "what mistake is this?—for mistake it surely is."

"Sir," replied the dragoon in an humbled tone, "it was the Colonel's orders."

Feversham looked at Kirke.

"He says the truth," said the latter. "I know nothing of the prisoner; but a fellow who came hither this morning deposed against him as aiding and abetting in the escape of a notorious rebel of the name of Fullarton."

"Who, likewise, is at present, an' it please your honour," said the dragoon, "a prisoner in the guard-room."

"Ha! have you taken him then?"

"Your honour can have him up here in an instant," answered the soldier.

"No—I have particular reasons for examining that prisoner in private."

"Meanwhile, Colonel," said Feversham, "my friend here may be set at liberty. I'll answer for his loyalty,—and sorry I am that so flagrant a mistake should ever have occurred."

"As you please, gentlemen," said Kirke: "you will excuse my leaving the lives and destinies of his Majesty of Monmouth's loyal subjects in your hands, while I hold a little conversation with this new-comer in another room."

Captain Kingsly, whose complacency had been gradually returning in the course of the foregoing conversation,

now suffered the handcuffs to be removed, and was invited to take a seat at the table close by Feversham. A few examinations more took place, followed by sentence of death or exile, when the court adjourned for the night, and Colonel Kirke prepared to receive Arthur Fullarton alone and in another room.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

A DISSOLUTE and selfish mind is commonly an unforgiving one. From the moment he heard of the apprehension of young Fullarton, Kirke had resolved upon his death. He was far from having forgotten his interview with Aquila, and he remembered with a malign acuteness the involuntary abhorrence of his character which his offended self-love enabled him to detect in her looks and gestures, in her general demeanour, more plainly than in her speech. *That*, he could not deny to his own mind, was ever, until then, courteous and good natured, such as the speech of a daughter should be to her father's guest. But her very sense of moral evil was her crime to him. His feeling was that of a malignant hunchback who sees some prejudiced eye directed towards his deformity, and it was proportionably more intense as the distortion from which Aquila Fullarton recoiled with terror lay deeper than the frame of flesh and blood. All merciless as he was to all beside, the remembrance of what had passed between himself and Aquila afforded no reason why her brother should hope for an exemption in his favour.

Still fettered at the wrist after the manner of felons, Arthur Fullarton was conducted to the chamber in which Kirke expected him. Both, on meeting each other's eyes, exchanged a formal sign of recognition. Kirke,

seated in a chair of carved oak, and staring from beneath his closely-drawn brows, gazed fixedly, with an expression meant to be intimidating, into the countenance of the prisoner. Young Fullarton, however, evinced no mark of awe or of anxiety. Collected, steady, and tranquil, without any appearance either of apprehension or defiance, he stood waiting to be questioned, and manifesting no uneasiness with respect to the event.

"We are met again, young gentleman," Kirke said at length, "under different circumstances from those in which we became first acquainted."

"Different indeed!" said Arthur, betrayed into a momentary expression of sadness.

"I remember, then," said Kirke, "you were somewhat sanguine, sir. You talked much of war and arms, and were brimful of questions concerning the camp and barrack. If rumour say the truth, you have since become qualified to discuss the subject with the advantage of experience as well as zeal."

"Rumour, no doubt," replied the prisoner, "can be busy with the humble as well as with the great. Of late she has taken many liberties with higher and worthier names than mine."

"You think I am seeking to entrap you," said the Colonel, "but you may spare your caution. It is not my way. The sack and storm were ever more congenial to my spirit than the mine or ambuscade. I have the power, and never yet was wont to be dainty about the pretext.

"So indeed men say of you." Arthur was about to reply; but he restrained his speech, and suffered the sentiment to expend itself in a melancholy smile, which was fully understood by Kirke.

"They say you fought at Sedgmoor?" exclaimed the latter suddenly.

"If they do," replied Arthur, "it is a charge which I

have not the inclination, even if I had the power, to disprove."

"I see," said Kirke with a contemptuous air, "you are of the lofty class of rebels—one of the sublime lawbreakers whose ambition is the fame of martyrdom in the cause they have embraced. In truth, I grieve to tell you, it is but a grovelling aspiration to bring with you to our doors. Ours is but a sorry barn for the heroic strut. A halter, somewhat the worse for wear, and a limb of an old ash or oak, or in lieu thereof a lamp or finger-post, are the most glorious accommodation we can furnish on the highway to historic eminence. A somewhat obscure, uncomfortable exit for the spirit of a political martyr. How say you? With your high and ardent throbbings in the cause of Monmouth, could you be content, now, with the finger-post at the next cross, a foot or two of tether to swing freely in the wind, and the index pointing—THE SHORTEST CUT TO SEDGMOOR?"

To this taunting speech Arthur Fullarton made no reply, and Kirke, after a malicious pause, resumed:

"Rather a sorry and a hasty ending to so magnificent a scheme as that devised by Monmouth. You see, sir, the sound of the trumpet, and the glitter of the sword and spear, and the waving of painted feathers in the wind, and the tramp of horse, and all the visible glory of the field, are but a small portion of what belongs to the profession of arms. War has its harvest of woe, as you have seen, no less than of success."

"I have seen enough," said Arthur, "of its horrors to know it for the necessary evil I have always heard it called."

"I warrant ye. Necessary, say you? Ay—I warrant ye for logic enough to justify the bloody dream that has betrayed you all. But I have not leisure to chop syllogisms. With most of you, defeat and failure are more powerful awakeners of the reason,—those, and the

arguments of hemp and wood that line the highways and the streets 'tween here and Langport. Blind things of sense! that only can instruct you which affects your eyes and ears—not that which warns your reason. You see more clearly now."

"I see nothing," answered Arthur. "at which I murmur, or for which I was unprepared. It has been so disposed, and the eyes that saw and suffered it are farther-sighted than any that are weeping over the event."

"Well, comfort yourself with that," said Kirke impatiently; "but see how easily all this might have been spared. A word—one word of the easiest utterance to a woman, would have made Kirke the friend of Aquila Fullarton and of her friends for ever."

"Better,"—Arthur exclaimed hastily, and then restrained himself; and after a pause he added calmly and fixedly, "Better she should be friendless, even as she is."

"You are in my power," cried Kirke, "and you dare to address me thus? You will have cause to repent that speech before we part."

"I never will repent it," answered Arthur: it is said —and it is truth."

"Depend upon it," said Kirke, "I will fill up the sketch you draw for me. Since so you judge of Kirke, you shall not be disappointed."

"You can do nothing to surprise me, be assured," said Arthur. "It is not wonderful that the man who could stoop to menace a feeble girl with vengeance should be capable of tyranny."

"Said I not true then, sirrah?" Kirke exclaimed, with a sudden burst of passion and malevolence.

"Was the menace vain? Was I a hasty prophet? Kirke is not wont to be a break-promise."

"Colonel Kirke," said Arthur after a pause, "you will force me to speak though it be against my intention and my desire. Nothing can be more purely wanton

than your rage against my family, nothing more unprovoked than your hatred. In all our intercourse, no member of our household ever used either a word or gesture that ought to have given you offence. We received you with open and unsuspecting hearts ; nor even after you had repaid our courtesy with an insult of the deepest kind that you could offer, did we give you reason to complain of our doing more than we were in self-defence compelled to do."

"I warrant you for an orator, sir," said Kirke : "but you must not carry it all away with you. My words were fully explained ; not so those which were used in answer to my jocular and unmeaning speech to your young high-flown mistress. If I had said in mirth what might offend, I said afterwards, in sober earnest, to you what should have taken away offence."

"You said so at the time," replied Arthur, "and for the sake of peace we were content to take them in that sense : but they did not cease to be insulting and unwarrantable, nor could your explanation make them otherwise. As to your own complaint you cannot but feel that it is groundless. My sister is warm-tempered as she is generous, and she had cause of provocation. I could wish for her own sake, not for yours, that she had been more reserved in the expression of her anger,— not that less was merited, but that less would better have become her. But enough of that. I only refer to it for the purpose of confirming what I say, that nothing can be more causless than your malignity against us. Strike then, since the power and the will are with you. I know you have resolved on my death, and I have no desire to avoid the blow. But, Kirke, think not that you in your turn shall escape the edge of justice. There is an Eye that sees your cruelty, and which you will have to meet one day, without the plea of royal warrant or commission to do evil. I know the shift of your miser-

able philosophy, which teaches you, like the stupid bird of the desert, to hide your head in unbelief and fancy that you are not seen; but I warn you, in the name of your victims, that you shall not escape the hand of their Avenger. You are exceeding your commission—the parliament has passed no martial law against us—and for every life which you thus take unjustly, you shall answer for a murder before heaven and earth."

"I wish you joy of your clients, sir," said Kirke," "and them of their counsel. Do not make yourself unhappy about my commission. No doubt you set much store by State authority—you showed as much at Sedgmoor. But neither must you find a salve for your wounded conscience in that other subterfuge, as if my passion, not your treason, were the occasion of your ruin. It is the arm of the law, not mine, that strikes you. Flatter not your soul that this is private pique. The shameful death you merit is wholly your own work, and before Feversham or Kirke your doom had been the same."

"Sir," exclaimed Arthur, weary of the idle altercation, "you will excuse my answering. I know full well my life must pay the forfeit of my deeds, and I desire not to waste my last remaining moments in angry conference. I beseech you therefore let me hear my doom, that I may prepare to meet it."

"Sirrah," said Kirke, "you shall not be hanged unknown to you, depend upon it. What, Stephens!"

The subaltern instantly appeared at the door.

"See this young gentleman taken to a cell and left there—alone—do you hear? until further orders? Let one or two of the lambs keep guard at the door, and look in now and then to see that all is right."

Gladly Arthur Fullarton received the order to retire with the guard, and was conducted to the common prison, where he was committed to a small apartment scantily furnished. From the close and heavy iron bars with

which the single window was secured, it was easy to judge that the apartment was not now for the first time appropriated to its present use. Fettered at the hands and feet, and with every point of egress, thus secured, the thought of escape, even if it had entered into his mind, could not have been rationally entertained for an instant.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

"That which I feared has fallen upon me!" was the thrilling thought which, from the moment of returning consciousness, beset Aquila's mind, and filled it with dismay. Such too were the very words which she repeated to herself in hurried whispers, as she paced from room to room of the now desolate house, clasping and wringing her hands, and flying from thought to thought, and from conjecture to conjecture in search of some mode of deliverance from the mesh of terror and of agony in which she was entagled.

"A prisoner!" she exclaimed,—"Kirke's prisoner too! What! Arthur—my brother, with whom I was conversing but this morning—a prisoner now, and doomed perhaps—What's to be done? If these dreadful thoughts —these fears and sinkings at the heart—would only suffer me to think——" She pressed her hands for some moments on her brow. There was unfortunately now no friend to whose counsel she could look for aid: the Kingslys were already on their way to Minehead, with the exception of the old Captain, to whom it would be idle to have recourse.

An appeal to Kirke himself? There was something in the thought, all bold and hazardous as it was, that

had a charm for a mind like Aquila's, at the same time sensitive and impatient. She would strive to check the evil at its source. He was a tyrant hard at heart and merciless, but she had tears and prayers to soften him. She would fling herself at his feet, she would conjure him with such ardent words to spare her brother's life; she felt that she must conquer, that the iron soul would melt. It was impossible that she should not prevail. Alone and unprotected as she was, she would seek the tyrant in his very lair. Not the distance, nor the dread of interruption from the armed ruffians who beset the road, nor the inclement change which already began to deform the summer twilight, should come between her and the hope of safety for a brother dear to her as Arthur was.

The scheme was no sooner formed than it was put into execution. Taking the servant's cloak and bonnet, under which she hoped to be less exposed to observation, she set out with a rapid pace upon the road to Bridgewater. Notwithstanding all the speed that she could use, the second hour had passed before she reached the outskirts of the town.

And now, for the first time, she hesitated, not in doubt of her own purpose, but in perplexity with respect to the surest means of carrying it into execution. She heard, from time to time, on all the roads around, the tramp of the savage cavalry, who since the issue of the fatal fight of Sedgmoor had, like ferocious beasts let loose, filled all the West with havoc and dismay. Late as it was, there still was twilight in the heavens—the lingering twilight of a summer-eve, not wholly obscured even by the drizzling rain that for the last few miles of her journey had begun to fall. It was singular too, and added not a little to the melancholy aspect of the scene around her, to observe, as she performed her journey, that the ordinary course of rural industry, though chilled and saddened, was not wholly interrupted by the terrible

events that had occurred, and of which the consequences still were far from being at an end. Still, though rarely, she met a solitary peasant—sometimes a group of three or more, returning homeward with their implements of husbandry, not as before, mirthful and talkative, but silent, or conversing in low and distrustful tones, which indicated too plainly the subject of their dialogue. Sometimes, also, the lonely voice of the cowherd arose from the adjacent plains; and mingled with such peaceful sounds, as she approached the town, were heard the shriek of the victim who writhed beneath the lash of the executioner, or the still more piercing cry of the wretched wife or mother who watched the dying agonies of a beloved son or husband. Terrified at the heart, and yet but the more confirmed in her resolution, she turned aside for a few moments into a narrow farm-house lane, and kneeling with clasped hands beneath an overhanging oak, gave utterance to an indistinct and hurried prayer that her mission might be prosperous.

While she was thus occupied, the sound of several voices coming up the lane arrested her attention, and suggested the prudence of secreting herself more closely amongst the shrubs that clothed the hedges on either side. The dim light made the task of concealment easy, and she could hear from her hiding-place the conversation of the strangers.

"Theaze be what comes, Jimmy," said one of the speakers, the first who was audible to Aquila, "of getting auver ground. I warned ye all against it, did I not? I tawld ye well enough, an' oten enough, that I niver knew much good come o' creepin' long about upon the zurvace o' the wordle,—and I've zeen years enough under-ground to knaw what I speak of. It's more naturaller, I'll maintain it; it's the nat'ral end of man; all are miners in the long run, however long tha may ztrive to put off the practice o' tha profession."

"Ay, Ned, ye did warn us, showr enough; an' I would vor one I had taken your advice, an' niver put my head an inch above the shaft to run a wild-goose chase ater Monmouth an' his nonsense. Ah, the merry hills o' Mendip! We were snug enough in our warren till themmy rebel ferrets got us out o' 'em to get our neck in the inzide o' a halter. I warrant we ha' zeen our last o' 'em."

"Ay, Jimmy, I doubt we shall niver handle a pick in the Mendip vein again."

"The more the pity, Ned, zay I. The more I zee o't, the more showr I be that there's no life anver-ground. It's all a wilderness; there's too much light an' room—my eyes will be dazzled out o' my head wi' tha zun-shine avore I get into the bowels o' the yarth again. And then, why as vor makin' out the way ye want above-ground, it's clear unpossible; I have lost mine fifty times a day zunce I came upon the zurface: zo many roads, an' paths an' cross-turnings, as would dudder longer head than mine. Now, under-ground, ye zee, a the way is straight avore ye—a child ood'n miss o't. But all's anver now; I doubt we shall iver enter into the bowels o' the yarth again, until we're carried in, a-ma-be, in a deal qut, vor good an' all, nif Curnel Kirke leave us even thic luck azell, an' not rather hitch us up for a sign on zum o' themmy vinger-posts about Bedjwater."

"Hoo, man!" cried the former speaker in a more cheering tone, "don't ye goo on croakin' at thic rate. There be coal-pits out o' Zummerzet, an' as deep as any in the Mendip range. Stay here a bit, till it gets dorker. The dragoons are not abed yet."

They drew aside near the entrance of the lane. Presently a low whisper was heard at a short distance in the direction by which they had approached.

"That's Pitman," said one.

"Ay, he went to the yalhouse a-near the wood

to hire news o' Kirke. We shall have zum tidings now."

They answered the signal by a similar sound, and presently Aquila heard another pair of feet approaching hastily up the lane.

"Well, Pitman, what's the news?"

"What! are ye zafe there, lads? The news are bad enough—worse than before."

"Worse?"

"Ay—they zay Curnel Kirke is to give up the command in theazamy parts avore long."

"Call you that bad news?"

"No—but they zay there's a worserer coming in iz place."

"That cannot be," said the first speaker, "unless they zaught ater the t'other in a place that I won't name."

"But it is true though, only with one small difference. They zay this new-comer is a great law judge, saprising fierce, and desperd fond o' money. He will do nothing vor love, put anything vor money. Now the whole country knows Kirke ood do nothing either for love or money. Zo there's zum small differ to rejoice at for the rich, but worse than nothing for the poor."

"Bad news you bring us, showr enough," said the first speaker. "Well, comrades, let us move—strange doings in this upper wordle!—the more fools we, not to keep our noses in our holes when we might."

They passed on, and Aquila leaving her hiding place, resumed her journey to the town, which now lay close at hand. Before she entered the place, however, she was again interrupted by the approach of footsteps, and once more turned aside to avoid the risk of falling into ruffian hands.

"Well, Shamus, here's your post," exclaimed one of the soldiers (for such she could perceive they were), who

now approached her; "an' let me see now how you'll behave, an' what an account I'll have to give o' you to the Curnel in the mornin'."

"Well, an' what am I to do here, now that I'm come?"

"Nothin' in the world, only to keep watch, and not to let one pass but what's able for to give you the countersign. It's asy work. Let me see now what a hand you'll make o' the beg'nin'; an' there's no knowin' what the Curnel might do for you yet."

"It's well in my way," said Shamus, "to be shoulderin' a musket here on the high-road aiqual to a common soger; it's well become my parentage to do the likes!"

"A', d'ye hear?" Morty exclaimed, in a tone of surprise and indignation—"is it talkin' that way you are still, now, afther havin' as narrow an escape o' the gallows this mornin' as ought to satisfy any one? How would it become your parèntage, do you think, to have you goin' up laddher-lane this morning in the sigth o' the whole place? Would it be well in your way to be hung, do you think?"

"There's no great disgrace in that, these times," said Shamus; "there's a dale o' genteel people takin' to it of late. If it goes on as it did this time back, I wouldn't wandher if every body got ashamed to die afther any other manner."

"That's all as people fancies it," replied Morty; "all's in likin'. One man is for one death, one for another. Some likes hangin', more likes drowndin', more would be betther plased you'd shoot 'em, an' so on. But where's the one at all would be so cracked an' to say he wouldn't rather be left alive than any one o' the whole?"

"Well, maybe you're right," said Shamus in a yielding tone. "I never was a patch upon you for argufyin', so I won't thry it now with you."

"Very well ; I must go back, now, and keep guard at the Curnel's own door. There isn't one only myself, that he'd thrust for to keep guard upon him when he's asleep; which is the greatest o' compliments, to say that next to himself 'tis me he'd thrust to watch him."

"More luck to you, Morty, an' good night."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

The instant Aquila heard the Irishman say that he was about returning to the quarters of Kirke, she determined on placing herself under his protection, rather than trust to the perilous interruptions she might anticipate in attempting to arrive at the presence of the Colonel without a guide. Accordingly she advanced hastily from her place of concealment and approached the speakers.

"Stop !" cried Morty, as he heard the footsteps drawing near—"There's an opportunity for you now, Shamus, to show if you know your jury. Let me see now how you'll do your business. Mind, you're to let no man pass that isn't able to give you the countthersign. Well, why don't you cry 'Halt ! who comes there ?'—Why, man, they'd be a-top o' you while you'd be thinkin' of it, if that's the way you go on."

"Halt ! who comes there ?" cried Shamus in a loud voice.

"A friend," Aquila answered timidly.

"Well, what'll you say now ?" said Morty to his pupil, observing him hesitate.

"There's the puzzle—why," answered Shamus, "you toult me not to let e'er a man pass that couldn't give the

counthersign, but you didn't tell me a word at all o' what I was to do in case it is a woman that come."

"E' then, d'ye hear?" exclaimed Morty. "Sure 'tisn't at a wake or a weddin' you are, man? Sure the world knows that, in the coorse o' war, any one at all that would come out frontin' you, an' you undher arms, goes for a man."

"Oh, very well, if that's to be the way of it," cried Shamus—"Advance, frind, an' give the counthersign."

"That's right," said Morty. "Well, stop asy, now, till we see what she'll have to say for herself."

"Good friends," said Aquila, coming near, "can you lead me to the quarters of your colonel?"

"That's not the right counthersign, Morty."

"'Tis too late now for you to see the Curnel," answered Morty. "Who are you, or what's your business with him?"

"Have you a sister, friend?" exclaimed Aquila in a beseeching tone.

"I have so—a batch of 'em."

"If there be one amongst them," said Aquila, "whom you love more dearly than the rest, for her sake I entreat you, good fellow, to be kind to me."

"Well, Shamus, I'm blest but that's tindher. Well, an' what do you want me to do? or what is it that makes you be goin' rovin' this hour o' the night? Sure you know this is no place for anybody to face to these times."

"I have business with the Colonel."

"Well, gi' me your message, an' I'll take it to him."

"That would not answer. I want to speak with him myself."

"Well you're too late to-night. The Curnel will be in bed by the time I get back to his quarters; an' I'd like to see the man that daar wake him up when he'd be asleep, without his own ordhers."

Aquila paused for a few moments in the deepest distress of mind. Her uncertainty with respect to Arthur's fate, and yet her fear of learning the worst, made her hesitate before she spoke again.

"Can you tell me, friend," she asked, at length, "whether there were any prisoners brought into Bridgewater to-night?"

"There was—a power."

"From Taunton?"

"Yes—I hear talks o' there beiu' two from Taunton also."

After another pause she asked,

"Do you know what has become of them?"

"There was none of 'em thried yet, exceptin' one ould man that was taken by mistake. There's a dale o' prisoners from different parts that's to go before 'em yet."

"Was there one amongst them," said Aquila, "of the name of Fullarton?"

"I don't rightly know—I didn't hear their names," said Morty, hesitating; and then starting with a look of sudden recollection, he added, "From Taunton?—Fullarton? Eh, Shamus, don't you think you know that name?"

"If I don't, I ought," answered his brother, "an' you likewise. Sure 'tis the very name o' the ould jettleman that paid our bill at the Three Crowns that time when we happened to be short taken for small change."

"It's the truth your tellin'. An' is your name Fullarton?" he added, turning to Aquila.

"It is."

"An' is it the ould jettleman himself that has the misfortune o' beiu' in?"

"No," replied Aquila, weeping at the sound of kindness and of interest, though from a stranger; "it is his son—my brother."

"More's the pity! An' you're comin' to Kirke to beg him off? Why then I'm betther plazed than what I won't mention, that you perched upon myself to-night; an' you have some rason to be plazed at it too. I'll engage I'll show you the way an' welcome; an' proud I'd be I could do more than that for your father's child. I'm in dhread it's no use for you to think o' seein' the Curnel to-night, but you'll be safe and sound for the night, and you can see him as airly as you like in the mornin'. Won't that match you?"

"Are you sure, good friend," asked Aquila in an anxious tone, "that this prisoner, my brother, of whom I speak, is still in custody and living?"

"I'm sure I know he is. Make your mind aisy."

"Then," said Aquila with deep feeling, "I accept your offered kindness with the warmest thanks. I am sure I can rely upon you, for you speak like one who is sincere. If you be otherwise, may heaven forgive you!"

"Don't fear, a-chree! Am n't I an Irishman? an' arnt you a faimale,—not to spake o' bein' your father's child, that showed himself a jettleman to us of ould, which we don't forget, I'll engage I'll take the same care o' you as if you war my own sisther; an' what more can I say?"

"I believe you—I place my sole dependance on you," said Aquila. "I am a poor weak woman; I have now no other friend but Heaven."

"Don' cry now, or you'll desthroy me entirely," exclaimed Morty, entirely melted; "only thrust to my honour, as I tell you. Did you or anybody else ever hear of one o' the name actin' the vagabone? I'll engage you didn't. You may depend your life upon me, now; and that's more than I could promise you for some of our commerades, if you had the luck to meet with 'em. So come along now, I tell you, an' don't be one bit in dhread."

Without further hesitation, Aquila hastily wiped the tears from her eyes and accompanied her Irish escort. She soon had reason to congratulate herself on having found so influential a protector. They were repeatedly challenged, as well by the sentinels on guard, as by the intoxicated soldiery, whom they met staggering toward their quarters from the neighbouring ale-houses, and whose insolence it required all the address and authority of her companion to restrain within due bounds. On arriving opposite the gaol, to which the prisoners had been removed immediately after the court had broken up, Morty paused and addressed his protegee.

"Would you be in dhread o' facin' into the gaol if you were sure o' being safe there for the night?"

"I am ready to go wherever you advise me: I place my entire dependance upon you."

"Very well; that's enough. The turnkey is my friend, an' you're sure o' bein' let out airly in the mornin', when all the prisoners will be brought before the coort. I'll take care an' see you well provided for the night."

"I have nothing but my thanks to offer you."

"An' isn't it enough? Don't be talkin' that way, I tell you."

They were interrupted by the challenge of the sentinel, as Morty approached a small door leading to the turnkey's rooms. Morty gave the countersign.

"Pass on," said the sentinel, turning from them. "Stay,—who have you got with you?"

"A prisoner," answered Morty, repeating the same answer which he had made to all who questioned him to the same purpose as they came along.

He knocked at the door, where he had to meet a similar challenge before he was admitted. The turnkey, on whose temper the gloomy and harassing nature of his occupations seemed to have produced its customary effect, received them with no friendly aspect.

"Prisoner—prisoner—prisoner," he repeated in a fretful tone; "is there niver to be an end o't? Why, nif the wordle holds on zo vor a little time longer, the course o' things must alter: all the honest men an' women must come inzide the walls, an' lock out the rogues and rebels, instead o' lockin' them in, for there's ne'er a gaol in Bedgwater will hold the half o' 'em. I war'nt there's no vear my locks and keys will get eaten with rust in the wards zo long as Kirke's in the West."

"Whisht! Misther Turnkey," said Morty, "an' whisper hether. 'Tisn't a prisoner at all I have for you—only all a sham. 'Tis a dacent girl, a frind o' my own, that I have bronght in here, thinkin' she'd be safer under the care of a credible, responsible family, like your own, for the night, than, maybe, in more places about the town, these times. An' I knew I might count upon your friendship."

"Eh? no prisoner, do you zay?" said the turnkey in better humour; "she's the more welcome then, an' just in the right time, vor my wife an' daughter an' myzel were goin' ta have a bit o' zupper inzide. Zo ztep avore."

Aquila could well have spared the hospitality, if it had been in her power to choose. While she hesitated, a door opened at a little distance along the passage, and a voice, female in its tone, but harsh enough in its expression for the ruder sex, was heard to exclaim:

"Well, what spoort are ye ater now, Teddy, that ye let the zupper cool vor ye?"

This query put the whole party in motion toward the inner room, to Aquila's great uneasiness, but to the hearty and undisguised satisfaction of Morty Delany. His presence contributed to render Aquila's presence at the supper-table of the turnkey less embarassing than she had anticipated. He talked, laughed, jested, sang, and ate and drank in such a manner as to divert the curiosity

of the women from herself with a dexterity for which she felt obliged to him.

Before retiring for the night, he took an opportunity of speaking with her alone.

"I was axin these what sort o' thratement they could give you," he said. "They havn't e'er a spare bed, so you must be contínted to take a share o' the daughther's, which I'm sorry for; but she's a very dacent good crathur for all. Is there anything more now you'd have me do for you before I go?"

"There is one thing," replied Aquila anxiously.

"An' what is it?"

"Could you enable me to see my brother?"

"Is it to-night?"

"If possible—yes."

"Oh, then I'm in dhread its quite an' clane impossible. But there's no harm in axin'."

He left the room to look for the turnkey, and in a few minutes returned with a more encouraging look than before.

"The turnkey offers no objection," he said, "since I'll be answerable to him; but there's two lads, cummerades o' my own, keepin' guard upon him, that must be spoken to first. I know them both well, of coorse. One of 'em would do anything for me, an' the other would do anything for brandy. So I must go an' thry what's to be done by plazin' both after their own fancy."

In something more than a quarter of an hour he returned and beckoned hastily.

"Come along, all's right. Don't be in dhread o' any one."

He left the room, and Aquila followed on the instant. The summer moon, which had already passed the noon of night, gave them light across the prison-yard. The turnkey received them at a small door on the opposite side. Ascending a staircase, worn and coated with mud,

they reached a landing-place, where two soldiers kept guard before a door. Passing between the sentinels, and turning the lock, Morty pushed in the door sufficiently to allow the entrance of a single person. Obeying a hurried motion of his hand, Aquila glided hastily into the apartment, and the door was shut to and locked behind her. There, on a low pallet, fettered and in his clothes, and with the moonlight from the grated window shining full upon his figure, she beheld the darling object of her search, her brother, sleeping the sweet sleep of an untroubled conscience.

CHAPTER XL.

For some time Aquila remained stooping over and gazing fondly on her brother, unwilling to break the repose in which he seemed to be so profoundly sunk. For the present it was enough for her that she stood watching beside him, and beheld him free from pain or injury. It seemed as if she had so far succeeded in snatching him from the stroke of death. The rest she left to hope.

While she stood thus irresolute, the sleeper was awakened by some accidental noise without. He awoke hurriedly, and started up surprised on seeing a female figure standing by his pallet.

"Who is there?" he said, confusedly.

"Dear Arthur, don't you know me?"

Instantly, and as by instinct, the brother and sister were locked in each other's arms. Aquila, already exhausted by fatigue and anxiety, and now wholly unable to resist her feelings, wept long and convulsively upon his neck. Arthur, scarce yet entirely recollected, striving to recall the circumstances in which he stood, unconscious

of everything but that he held his sister in his arms, and perplexed to think how it was that he beheld her in such a place, or what it was that made her weep, stood full of wonder and anxiety.

"Aquila? Is it possible? How's this? I can scarce —yes, yes, I see it all. I remember now; it is my prison. I had such dreams—such blissful, exquisite dreams, that I could have slept a year. But how did you come here? Where is our father?"

"He is well, I hope."

"You have not seen him, then?" said her brother. "And yet, fool as I am, surely I might well judge you could not in the time.—But how did you come here? and why? It was very hazardous?"

"Had I not motive enough to come and see you, Arthur?"

"Motive to desire it, but by no means to venture on the putting it in execution. It was exceedingly rash in you. Why did you not immediately set out for Minehead?"

"Ay," said Aquila, "and what answer then should I have made, when our father asked me what had become of Arthur?"

"Better lose one than both," replied her brother; "and infinitely better he should learn my lot from your lips, than hear, perhaps, of the ruin of both from a stranger's. Oh, my dear sister, it was fearful rashness!"

"Was it?" said Aquila, with a smile that had something of wildness in it. "Well, only the more like Aquila. When I am prudent, Kirke will be humane—and sooner a great deal, I hope, for your sake, Arthur. I was ever rash, you know—none should know better, for none more dearly paid for it. My rashness it was that crossed your prudence once, and left you trusting now to Kirke's humanity. Do not think of me yet, Arthur."

"But I must," replied her brother anxiously; "and the more I think, the more I am terrified for you and for our parent. Life?—why, what's that? In peace or in war we have hold of that. To death, the sleeping-chamber is just as accessible as the line of battle. I should die once, and by as sure a blow as ever Kirke can strike, even with his cruelest will. I could not fly from Nature, though I should never have fallen into the hands of Kirke —of Nature's deadly enemy. But war, Aquila, has accidents more to be feared than death. They can but take my life, which somewhere I must needs resign; but for you——"

"Fear not for me," exclaimed Aquila hastily; "though I am headlong, Providence can be kind and good. I have found a protector and a friend even here where all seemed foes, and who has already shown that I may depend on his sincerity.—You shake your head, as if you would say, 'Trust not to that too surely;' but is it nothing that he has thus enabled me to see and speak with you?"

She then gave Arthur a brief account of her journey, and of her fortunate meeting with the Irishman; suppressing, however, all allusion to the leading object of her undertaking. Her brother's uneasiness did not seem in any degree diminished after he had heard her to an end.

"You have seen nothing whatever," he exclaimed, "to lessen my regret that you should have thought of such a journey. But it is now too late to speak of that, and you must only provide, as speedily as may be, for your own safety. If it were possible, I would urge you to leave Bridgewater to-night;—at all events, I charge you, let the earliest light of morning witness your departure. It is no kindness, Aquila, to remain with me: if I must so soon be severed from this world and its interests, the less from henceforth they occupy my thoughts the better."

"But what," said Aquila in an eager tone, "if we were not to part so soon? Is Kirke entirely destitute of mercy? He must remember, surely, he was once our guest, and greeted with an open welcome to our fireside. He is not all a monster, surely, Arthur."

"Alas!" answered the prisoner, "there's nothing to be hoped from Kirke. They tell stories of him since his entry into Bridgewater that would show him capable of anything."

"Do you think," asked Aquila, "that if he were steel or adamant, words could not still be found to soften him?"

"They must be sought, I fear then," replied her brother, "in some language yet unknown to his victims in the West, for they as yet have found entreaty vain."

"Perhaps," said Aquila hurriedly, like one who strives to escape an unwelcome conviction,—"perhaps they did not strike the chord aright. There is no breast, however stubborn to the sound of prayer—no heart, however jarred and shattered by the discord of conflicting passions, that has not still one string in tune if it were only possible to find it."

"Aquila," asked the prisoner anxiously, taking her hand, "what is it that you think of?"

"To seek that chord in his," cried Aquila, bursting into tears,—"to fling myself at his feet and plead with him for my brother's life."

"Madness on madness!" Arthur exclaimed, in terror —"'tis the dream of an enthusiast, and full of danger! What? place yourself open-eyed in the power of our professed and unrelenting enemy? This indeed would be to consummate the misfortunes of our house. I conjure you, sister, by our father's reverend hairs, and by our mother's grave, to think no more of this."

"What, then, do you bid me do?" said his sister, turning away impatiently, and regarding him aside with

a look in which a degree of anger was mingled with petulance. "I am to stay here, am I? or go here or there, with a rein upon my tongue, while they are leading you to the scaffold? Am I, truly?—I, who have earned that fate for you by my self-will? Say you so brother? Am I to hear from this babbler's tongue and that, how Arthur Fullarton received his sentence from the lips of Kirke—how it was put in force, and how his sister hid her head in silence—she who had brought him to that fate by her presumptuous speech—and how she was silent, and beheld him die, and never cried for 'mercy!' though it might have saved him? Oh, talk to the walls and stones to hold their peace, and not to a despairing and broken-hearted sister!—What! I, with an immortal soul and human heart, should fall below irrational things in sympathy? The very beast that grovels in the mire will utter its piteous cry of misery when it beholds its fellow die, and shall I do less for a brother? Merciful Heaven!" she continued, clasping her hands in awe and looking upward through her tears, "thy lightnings sure would overtake me could I so forget the order thou hast made!"

"Aquila, hear me——"

"What! Arthur, my own brother, must thou die? shall he take thee from us, Arthur?" she continued, resting her hands on his neck, and gazing fondly and through floods of tears into his face; "and shalt thou who wert loved so much—so very much—not have one friend now who will cry 'Spare—spare us our brother!' Wouldst thou have it so, Arthur, indeed! I beseech thee, then, to turn to other ears than mine; for thou wert dear to me from infancy, and I cannot bear to see thee torn from me now without one shriek for pardon."

Saying this, she sunk upon his shoulder and gave full vent to her feelings in a fit of convulsive weeping.

Perplexed and troubled, Arthur remained for a long

time without answering. He knew his sister's vehemence of character—he knew how much of self-will there was mingled with her very integrity of purpose, and he feared to defeat his own end by thwarting her unseasonably.

"No, Arthur," she said more calmly after the long-gathering fit of grief had passed away, "Kirke cannot be, I am sure, the heart of flint that you would have me fear. I am sure that he will hear me when he sees me kneeling at his feet, and pleading for one whom he has no cause to remember with unkindness. Be not uneasy therefore, Arthur, on my account—for, surely, had he intended ill to me, he would not have exempted me when you were sought for."

Without making a direct answer, her brother took her hand and looked on her for a long time with a serious air, as if he desired to impress her deeply beforehand with the importance of what he was about to say.

"Aquila," said he gravely, I intreat you for a few moments to lay aside all question of mere feeling—all thoughts of our own earthly happiness, and hear me with attention."

"Well, Arthur, what is it you desire to say?"

"Will you promise to consider it?"

"I will—I do."

"Has it never struck you then, my dear sister, amid all these plans of appealing to the clemency of Kirke, (that refuge most forlorn!) that there may be an evil even worse than death to fear?—that your honour, my sister, may be concerned in the issue?"

"A woman's honour, Arthur," replied Aquila, with a calmness which showed the suggestion was not new to her, "is always in her power."

"The deep damnation of the will," said Arthur, sternly but calmly, "it may be always in her power to avoid; but what is to be thought even of the will of her who freely incurs the danger?"

"I have a Friend in heaven in whom I trust," replied Aquila. "He sees my motive, and He will defend me for the motive's sake."

"It is written," said Arthur, raising his hand with a look of solemnity and warning,—"it is written, 'Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God.'"

"I tempt him not, but trust in him," replied Aquila firmly. "It is not from the mission of charity that he withdraws his aid."

"It is enough, Aquila," said her brother: "I have spoken all. You see these irons—those fetters that confine my limbs—those prison bars that shut out the thought of liberty. Were I free from these, I would not trust to words. I would then be sure that you did not speak with Kirke; but now you are your own mistress, and I have only words and the authority which they should derive from Nature. I have no further power. I have told you all—I have done a brother's part."

"As ever, Arthur," replied his sister, "fully and faithfully. When, from a child, did you do otherwise? You have indeed discharged the duty of a brother—let me now do a sister's."

Arthur remained silent for some moments, and then said in an altered voice and with a softened manner:

"Since you have so fully deliberated on this point, Aquila, and since you will not be ruled by me, at least attend to my advice. Be prepared, Aquila, to be disappointed. Should Kirke refuse your prayer, (as I am fully assured he will not do otherwise,) do not yield to idle feelings of dejection, but bow submissively to the evil which Heaven permits. The longer I live, the more I feel the folly, not to say the wickedness, of all impatience."

"It is hard to think," said Aquila, "that Providence wills the cruelty of Kirke."

"But Providence permits it, Aquila, for ends beyond our power to penetrate; and that is enough for us. Be patient then, and do not suffer yourself to be hurried, either in the presence of Kirke or out of it, into the expression of feelings against him which you might afterwards bitterly repent. You are over warm Aquila, and I fear not your intentions, but your temper. Will you promise me then, that in whatever manner Kirke may receive your prayer, or howsoever he may act towards those you love, you will bear the result with patience?"

"I will strive to do so—I cannot promise more."

"I am satisfied. If I die, I die contented, be assured of that. We part earlier than we looked for, it is true; but we should have parted some day, and with perhaps less time for a farewell. Besides, not all your duties or affections die with me: we have yet one friend remaining, whose age—in that event left doubly lone—will demand all a daughter's care."

"Fear not," said Aquila; "I will remember all."

CHAPTER XLI.

The conversation had proceeded thus far, when the door was opened, and the voice of Morty Delaney was heard at the aperture.

"Well, it's time to be thinkin' o' movin'. There's raison in all things."

"I will follow you immediately," replied Aquila.—"Arthur, good night. I leave you with a mind more full of hope than I brought with me hither."

"Aquila," said her brother, as he returned her affectionate farewell, "there are yet some hours to morning.

Employ a portion of the interval, I entreat you, in considering the step you are about to take."

"Be assured," replied Aquila, "that I will leave nothing unconsidered. Good night."

They parted, and Aquila, following her guide, was reconducted across the prison-yard and into the turnkey's room. Notwithstanding her anxiety and supense, her sleep, almost as soon as she had taken the place appointed for her by the side of the gaoler's daughter, was sound and unbroken.

One dream she had—one of those singular fancies which sometimes leave an impression on the feelings, so much more vivid than any that is received even in the waking senses. She thought she was again in conversation with her brother. She was ardently combatting, as before, his evident repugnance to her making an appeal to Kirke. She spoke with vehemence, and, as she thought, with reason; but he appeared to listen sadly, smiling mournfully now and then, and seeming about to speak, and then stopping short, like one who can scarce restrain his thoughts and yet feels as if their utterance would be vain. At length, when she entreated him to say if he did not agree with her, he stooped down, and pressing her arm, whispered some words into her ear, the purport of which she could not distinctly gather, but which heard even partially as they were, filled all her soul, she knew not why, with a piercing and almost intolerable melancholy. She wished to hear them all, and urged him to repeat what he had said; but he refused to do so, nor could all her entreaties induce him to say again what he had said. She woke while pressing him to speak, but now could call to mind no portion either of the words or meaning of the whisper she had heard him utter. She strove with all the efforts of her memory to call them to her mind, but nothing remained except the thrill of wild and unusual melancholy which the sound had first excited.

Early in the morning, her protector, Morty, was faithful to his promise. The turnkey's daughter, a West-country damsel, too simple of mind and blooming in frame to be the habitual inmate of a county gaol, awoke her up with the news that the Irish soldier was already in the yard and desired to speak with her.

"I zed ye'd eat a bit though," she added, "avore ye'd go voath. Nif ther any o' yer vrends among theazamy prisoner vawk, ye'll have time enough vor 't avore they're taken to the court."

"I am obliged to you, my good girl," replied Aquila, "but I had rather speak with him at once."

"Well, I'se tell en zo; an' while you are rightin' yer clawze, I'se bid en wait below vor ye."

By Morty's persuasion, Aquila was induced to take some breakfast while waiting until the prisoners should be summoned again before the court-martial, as the board was denominated at which Kirke presided.

"Throuble's the word with the Curnel this morning," said Morty. "They say the command is goin' to be taken of him in these parts; so the sooner your business is done with him the betther, for I hear there's to be no ho with the jedge that's comin' in his place. Jedge Jefferies, they say; as nate a lad as you'd meet from this to himself. Often I seen myself, when the Curnel used to be dinin' an dhrivin' or ridin' about with him in London. They were very thick—'Birds of a feather—as they say."

This intelligence, coupled with the character she had heard given of the sanguinary Chief Justice on her way to Bridgewater, and with her recollection of former popular rumours, made Aquila doubly anxious to hasten her interview with Kirke, lest he might be replaced by a still more inexorable being, before he had time to decide upon the fate of Arthur. She counted the moments therefore

until the opening of the dismal proceedings of the day, with all the anguish of suspense.

Soon after, the prisoners were conveyed to the house in which the sittings of the court were held; and Aquila, putting on the cloak and bonnet she had brought with her from Taunton, accompanied Delaney in the same direction. She could not see Arthur amongst the crowd of destined victims, and learned through her companion that, by the orders of Colonel Kirke, he had been detained in his apartment in the common prison.

In the mean time, Kirke, fresh risen from sleep, prepared to enter on a new day of vengeance and of cruelty. It was his breakfast hour, and the materials for that meal were laid in the apartment where he usually spent his moments when alone. It communicated with the sitting-room occupied by the owner of the house, a somewhat elderly lady, and her young daughter, under whose tutelage the indefatigable Morty had contrived for the present to place Aquila, recommending her as "a responsible young lady from the West, who had business with the Curnel; an' that any civility shown her wouldn't be thrown away, she'd find, either on himself or on his masther."

Finding the old lady disposed to be accommodating, Morty introduced Aquila, who, timidly, and with a low obeisance took her seat in the small parlour. Here, in the midst of the reigning horrors, she perceived, with a strange alteration of feeling, that the ordinary business, and even the ordinary vanities of life, proceeded in their usual course. The younger female was sitting with her feet in stocks, her shoulders drawn back and closely confined in one of those machines to which perhaps we are indebted for the starched and rigid figures which stare from the canvass of antique portrait-painters. A book was in her hand, a spinet stood adjacent on which some sheets of music were lying open at the daily lesson. Nor

was it long before Aquila was called upon to judge of and pronounce upon the proficiency of the overtasked and somewhat ill-humoured pupil.

There was one object in the room which more than all beside had riveted the attention of Aquila almost from the moment of her entrance. It was the door which her Irish friend had taken an opportunity of pointing out to her as that which led to the apartment of "the Curnel." It was with difficulty she could withdraw her eyes from this absorbing centre of interest, so as to pay even an imperfect and distracted attention to the performance of the young musician.

"It is very well," said the old lady, addressing her daughter. "You can lay the music aside awhile and read us that ballad which you left unfinished the other day, of the lady in Irish history whose wedding-day proved so unfortunate. You will excuse us, young woman," she added, turning to Aquila, "if our reading should seem tedious."

Aquila begged that her presence might not be regarded, and the pupil, appearing to be relieved at her release from the instrument, read aloud the following version of a tradition still remembered on the western side of the Channel.

THE BRIDAL OF MALAHIDE;

AN IRISH LEGEND.

I.

The joy-bells are ringing
In gay Malahide,
The fresh wind is singing
Along the sea-side;
The maids are assembling
With garlands of flowers,
And the harpstrings are trembling
In all the glad bowers.

II.

Swell, swell the gay measure!
Roll trumpet and drum!
Mid greetings of pleasure
In splendour they come!
The chancel is ready,
The portal stands wide
For the lord and the lady,
The bridegroom and bride.

III.

What years, ere the latter,
Of earthly delight
The future shall scatter
O'er them in its flight!
What blissful caresses
Shall fortune bestow,
Ere those dark-flowing tresses
Fall white as the snow!

IV.

Before the high altar
Young Maud stands array'd;
With accents that falter
Her promise is made—
From father and mother
For ever to part,
For him and no other
To treasure her heart.

V.

The words are repeated,
The bridal is done,
The rite is completed—
The two, they are one;
The vow, it is spoken
All pure from the heart,
That must not be broken
'Till life shall depart.

VI.

Hark! 'mid the gay clangour
That compass'd their car,
Loud accents in anger
Come mingling afar!

The foe's on the border,
His weapon resound
Where the lines in disorder
Unguarded are found.

VII.

As wakes the good shepherd,
The watchful and bold,
When the ounce or the leopard
Is seen in the fold,
So rises already
The chief in his mail,
While the new-married lady
Looks fainting and pale.

VIII.

Son, husband, and brother,
Arise to the strife,
For sister and mother,
For children and wife!
O'er hill and o'er hollow,
O'er mountain and plain,
Up, true men, and follow!
Let dastards remain!

IX.

Farrah! to the battle!
They form into line—
The shields, how they rattle!
The spears, how they shine!
Soon, soon shall the foeman
His treachery rue—
On, burgher and yeoman,
To die or to do!

X.

The eve is declining
In lone Malahide,
The maidens are twining
Gay wreaths for the bride;
She marks them unheeding—
Her heart is afar,
Where the clansmen are bleeding
For her in the war.

XI.

Hark! loud from the mountain
It's Victory's cry!
O'er woodland and fountain
It rings to the sky!
The foe has retreated!
He flies to the shore;
The spoiler's defeated—
The combat is o'er!

XII.

With foreheads unruffled
The conquerors come—
But why have they muffled
The lance and the drum?
What form do they carry
Aloft on the shield?
And where does he tarry,
The lord of the field!

XIII.

Ye saw him at morning
How gallant and gay!
In bridal adorning,
The star of the day:
Now weep for the lover—
His triumph is sped,
His hope it is over!
The chieftain is dead!

XIV.

But O for the maiden
Who mourns for that chief,
With heart overladen
And rending with grief!
She sinks on the meadow
In one morning-tide,
A wife and a widow,
A maid and a bride!

XV.

Ye maidens attending,
Forbear to condole!
Your comfort is rending
The depths of her soul;

True—true, 'twas a story
For ages of pride:
He died in his glory—
But, oh, he *has* died!

XVI.

The war-cloak she raises
All mournfully now,
And steadfastly gazes
Upon the cold brow.
That glance may forever
Unalter'd remain,
But the Bridegroom will never
Return it again.

XVII.

The dead bells are tolling
In sad Malahide,
The death-wail is rolling
Along the sea-side;
The crowds, heavy-hearted,
Withdrawn from the green,
For the sun has departed
That brighten'd the scene!

XVIII.

Ev'n yet in that valley,
Though years have roll'd by,
When through the wild sally
The sea-breezes sigh,
The peasant, with sorrow,
Beholds in the shade
The tomb where the morrow
Saw Hussy convey'd.

XIX.

How scant was the warning,
How briefly reveal'd,
Before on that morning
Death's chalice was fill'd!
The hero who drunk it
There moulders in gloom,
And the form of Maud Plunket
Weeps over his tomb.

XX.

The stranger who wanders
Along the lone vale
Still sighs while he ponders
On that heavy tale:
"Thus passes each pleasure
That earth can supply—
Thus joy has its measure—
We live but to die!"

The melancholy nature of the story which formed the subject of the ballad procured for it a degree of attention from Aquila which, in her present condition of mind, she might not have accorded to its merits in any other respect. At the suggestion of the old lady the music was now resumed. Fearful that Kirke might proceed to the court before she had an opportunity of speaking with him, she began to consider in what way she could contrive to secure a speedy interview. The ballad and the music awakened in her mind the remembrance of the happy evening when Kirke was first admitted to their domestic fireside in Taunton Dene. One thought leading to another, suggested to her at length a mode of attracting the attention of the latter, which she hoped might be successful in procuring her admission to his presence. She called to mind the verses which on that mirthful evening she had sung at her father's desire, and which their military guest had repaid with so many flattering eulogies. While such recollections brought the tears into her eyes, they were accompanied by a suggestion on which she did not fail to act. She took an opportunity of making some observation, which showed that she understood the instrument, and which was followed, after a little further conversation, by an invitation to furnish a specimen of her skill. It was what she had desired, and accordingly she did not decline it. The old lady in the mean time sat, cautioning her daughter to pay attention, and to profit by what she saw.

Kirke took his morning meal alone, and almost in silence. The news of Jefferies' arrival in the West had somewhat disconcerted him, and by no means augmented the already slender chance of leniency on which the prisoners in his charge could calculate. Before him lay what might be truly termed a list of the proscribed; and the tyrant was occupied in marking out those individuals, with a pencil, on whom he intended that the visitation of the law, or rather his own arbitrary will, should most speedily descend. Amongst these the name of Arthur Fullarton was not forgotten; and his sister's, had Kirke been made aware of the existence of strong evidence against her, might possibly have found a place beside it. But in giving information, the double traitors, Andrews and his companions, had omitted all mention of her as a participator in the offence. The tyrant, too, singular as it might seem, preserved, amid all his real cruelty, a species of animal tenderness towards the person of Aquila, which would still have made the thought of violence towards her in some degree an outrage on his own feelings, all selfish as they were.

While he was still occupied in looking over the list of names, the music of the spinet ceased in the adjoining chamber. It was shortly afterwards resumed, by a more practised hand, as it would appear, and accompanied by a low, sweet voice, which, as well as the words that followed, seemed as if they had been once familiar to the ear of Kirke:

Fan, fan the gay hearth, and fling back the barr'd door;
Strew, strew the fresh rushes around on our floor;
And blithe be the welcome in every breast,
For a soldier—a soldier to-night is our guest.

II.

If we value the blessings that shine at our hearth—
The wife's smiling welcome, the infants sweet mirth—
While they charm us at eve, let us think upon those
Who have bought with their blood our domestic repose.

It seemed as if the singer were aware that the purpose, which had induced her to attempt the performance, had been already effected, for she did not complete the song, and the utterance of those few lines appeared to cost no little effort. The instant the voice had ceased, Colonel Kirke rose softly from his seat, and walked on tiptoe toward the chamber door,—not that which led to the room in which the vocalist was sitting, but that which opened on the common landing-place, and where the subaltern already spoken of awaited his commands.

"Stephens," he said in a low voice, "come hither."

The subaltern obeyed, and entered the apartment with him.

"Do you know," he said, after he had intimated to him to close the door with as little noise as possible, "what stranger is in the next room with the people of the house?"

"No, sir—but I can ascertain immediately."

"Do so; go boldly in at that door, and ask to whom we are indebted for the song I heard just now. Leave the door open, that I may hear the answer."

The officer obeyed at once. Entering the next room, after a brief exchange of courtesy with the old lady, he repeated the question almost in the same words in which he had received it from the Colonel.

"Oh, replied the good lady, evidently highly gratified, "it is too good of the Colonel to notice a poor little beginner. It was an attempt of Gertrude's. In time, I hope, she will do better. Gertrude hold up your head."

"No, no," said Stephens; "the Colonel has often had the pleasure of hearing that young lady. It was a stranger's voice he was so much taken with."

"Oh," said the lady, in an altered tone, "I see. A young woman from Taunton it is, Captain, that desires to speak with the Colonel. Poor creature, she seems sadly out of spirits!"

The officer withdrew, and in a few minutes returned, and approached Aquila with a gentle and obliging air.

"Colonel Kirke," he said, "desires me to say that he is quite at leisure now, if you should wish to see him."

Without the power of uttering a word in reply, Aquila rose and followed the messenger, concealing her face and figure as well as she could, in order to prevent her terror from becoming too apparent. For the first time, as the door of Kirke's apartment closed behind her, she felt as if, once more, she had added a wilder act of rashness to all that had gone before. The sight of Kirke's all-dreaded figure, standing, statue-like, in the centre of the floor—the hurry of her spirits—the confusion of a thousand dreadful thoughts, each following the other in rapid succession—his presence—his power—her brother's, her own danger—the warning of Arthur, all came rushing on her mind with an overwhelming force. All power of self-direction forsook her on the instant, and she moved and acted as if under the direction of an influence over which she had no control. At the moment when the subaltern withdrew from the apartment, she found herself involuntarily tottering towards the place where Kirke was standing, her hands convulsively clenched, and her whole frame shaking with her fears. She strove to say "Have mercy!" but nature yielded in the effort, and without having uttered a sound she fainted at the tyrant's feet.

CHAPTER XLII.

The passion, not the pity of the malignant conqueror, was excited by this picture of distress. Her very virtue had, to his depraved and hardened mind, a charm apart from that which souls not wholly lost to truth can find in the contemplation of innocence and goodness. Having procured immediate assistance for his unhappy suppliant, he remained standing by her chair, until her consciousness and even the composure of her spirits were in a great degree restored.

During this interval Aquila internally strove to gather all the strength that was necessary to enable her to discharge her arduous task. The silence at length was broken by Kirke himself, who spoke, to her surprise and hope, in what seemed an encouraging tone :—

"Pray be composed—be not alarmed, Miss Fullarton —you have no enemy here."

"Oh, sir !" cried Aquila, bursting into a fit of weeping, and lifting up her hands towards him, I thank you for speaking kindly to me. Heaven bless you for those words ! for they have given me hope."

"Be at peace, I pray you," said Kirke, observing her agitation still increase ; "take your own time—I am quite at leisure—I know why you have come to me—let me beg of you to be composed. Again I say, do not hurry yourself ; I will hear you at your own time and at the fullest leisure. Give free vent to your feelings—you will the sooner be at ease. Do not regard my presence in the least."

"Ah, sir, we are miserable now !"

"Well, well—be calm—do not speak again until you are composed."

Somewhat pacified by his words, Aquila did as he

directed, and indulged the fit of weeping until her agitation became almost exhausted. Kirke now approached her with a smiling air:

"Mistress Fullarton," he said, "when you sing of a soldier, and when you visit a soldier, it would be well done in you to bring a little more of the warrior along with you."

"Sir," replied Aquila in a beseeching tone, "I hope you will forgive me if I fail in good manners. Alas! sir, I am without a friend now, and it is little wonder that a poor weak woman should want the strength to act aright."

"Do not say without a friend," said Kirke with something like real kindliness of tone, "until you hear that Kirke is indifferent to your happiness."

"Oh, could I hope!—" Aquila cried eagerly, clasping her hands; and then restraining herself through the fear of presuming too far and prematurely on his words, she added, "Ah, sir! our house is mournfully changed since you beheld it!"

"It is not singular in that, Miss Fullarton," replied the Colonel drily. "We can scarce complain of an effect of which we freely will the cause."

"Alas! it is true," said Aquila, "and yet we will complain. I beseech you, sir, for the sake of that which you best love, to hear me with a merciful ear while I discharge the task for which I have come to you."

"Speak freely," answered Kirke; let me know what it is that you desire."

"The life of a dear friend," said Aquila with a supplicating attitude,—of my brother Arthur, who is fettered and in prison as an adherent of the wretched Monmouth. I have no other brother—our father has no other son. Should we lose him, we lose all,—our sole protector and support in a strange land. Grant us his life, and you will occupy to a poor old man and feeble girl the place

of Providence itself, for you will give us that for which we daily pray. And, sir, I have nought to give you in return ; but if there be anything in this world which you love more dearly than another, I pray Heaven that it may long be spared to you, and that you may never know what it is to nourish hope in vain !"

"Judge for yourself, Aquila," answered Kirke, "if I can comply with your demand. Your brother fought at Sedgmoor. The blood of the dying and the dead who strewed that field is yet moist and fresh upon the surface of the soil. The wretched low-born dupes of the adventurer, the Mendip miner and the Dorset yeoman, and the deluded clown of Taunton and of Lyme, have suffered and are suffering daily for their blind and ignorant treason. Justice and the offended law have sought their victims by the village hearth, and struck many a heavy blow in the hamlet and the cottage of the poor. Shall it fall on them alone, and shall their leaders pass unharmed? Shall he suffer who sinned in ignorance, and shall the wilful and instructed criminal go free?"

"When we kneel in prayer," said Aquila, "is there any one, sir, who asks if his demand be just? Or, if Heaven were only just, who would presume to kneel? for who at the hands of rigid justice could look for anything but penalty? I beseech you, sir, be merciful to us : it is for mercy that I seek, and not for justice."

"Aquila Fullarton," said Kirke, after a pause and in an altered voice, "your tone is different now from what it was when Kirke was the suppliant."

"If I offended then," exclaimed Aquila, suddenly kneeling at his feet and wetting them with a flood of tears, "I entreat you to forgive me. I declare to you in the sight of Heaven, who looks upon us both, that nothing was ever farther from my thought than the desire of injury or offence to you. But if I gave it, in the sight of Heaven and on my knees I ask your pardon."

For a considerable time Kirke remained silent and as if deliberating with himself in what manner he should give utterance to what he desired to say in reply. While he turned away and slowly paced the room for some minutes without speaking, Aquila remained still kneeling in the position in which she had flung herself at the feet of Kirke, her tears still falling on the floor.

"I beg of you to forgive me," she continued. "I am ready to make any reparation you can desire—to endure any penalty; I acknowledge my fault—my passion—everything; only do not strike this dreadful blow against us!"

Kirke still was silent.

"Every one will praise you for it—the King himself will approve it——"

"The King?" repeated Kirke, turning short with a look of derision. "The Duke of York, you mean——"

"Ah, sir, all that is past, and I can promise you in Arthur's name that it shall never be revived. The wild—wild dream is over, and we beseech you to forget the evil that we said and did while it continued. I promise you that we are well awakened now."

"'Tis easily said," Kirke replied at length; "and could all that we seek be had for the asking, it were easily purchased. Rise, Mistress Fullarton, and listen to me."

Aquila rose.

"Your brother's life, you know, is already forfeited."

"I know it," said Aquila.

"You love him, do you not?"

"Heaven knows that too."

"Why, look you then. Be still, and hear me speak till I have done."

"I will," said Aquila, "in the hope that you will hear me too in mercy."

"'Tis well and fairly said. Nothing for nothing: it

is the general law. Well, then, attend, for I have a tale to tell you, and a question to propose: Whether do you value more the good repute you bear amongst your friends, or your brother Arthur's life?"

"Surely my brother's life," replied Aquila. "Could I save that, most gladly would I consent to be the most despised and slandered of my species. For the tongue of calumny, pierce it never so deep, hurts not our innocence while the heart is clean; and what cared I, in the possession of a conscience pure to Heaven, for the lie of the defamer? But the blow that reaches to my brother's life will make a gap in my happiness that never can be filled on earth."

"See, then," said Kirke, "how even angels differ! With others, a good name is the more precious half of virtue."

"I do not understand you," said Aquila with a look of perplexity.

"And wherefore should it not," continued Kirke, not heeding her, and as if in communication with his own mind, "since it is that which is far more esteemed in life? For what is there which may not be done, provided the reputation be preserved unhurt? Without it, Virtue may go a-begging; with it, Vice may sit down with emperors. What makes the difference between a high-way cut-purse and the usurer who devours your estate, or the titled gamester who beggars you with a painted card?—Reputation. In what does the unjust judge who frames his sentences to please a royal patron differ from the footpad who takes life for gold? In his reputation. What advantage has the tradesman, who adulterates his wares, over him whom they send to the colonies for filching?—His reputation. So thought the law-giver of Sparta when he punished, not for the crime, but the detection—and the world thinks with him still, for all its wordy hypocrisy. Travel it all around, from

the palace to the hovel, and you will find throughout the reputation everything—the virtue nothing."

"Still," said Aquila, "I cannot guess what you would have me understand. If the multitude so judge, Heaven guard us from the error of the multitude!"

"You say that you really desire the boon you seek?"

"Heaven knows how I desire it!"

"You would make a sacrifice to obtain it?"

"A thousand!"

"If I said gold——"

"Oh, had I mines to offer!—but I am poor and fortuneless. Yet say what might content you, and our utmost means shall be taxed to pay his ransom."

"Or if I asked whether you would incur death to save your brother?"

"Readily: his life is far more precious than mine could be."

"Or something less—say exile?"

"Willingly!"

"Yet what I ask is less than even these."

"What is it?—name it," said Aquila anxiously.

"Your memory—" Kirke said after a long pause—"your memory might answer you."

It seemed from the instant that he uttered these words as if Aquila on the sudden lost all hope. A total change at once took place in her demeanour. A revulsion at first of deep and natural offence brought the blood into her brow and the fire into her eyes; but the recollection of her position, her utter friendlessness, the power of the tyrant and the danger of her brother, changed the emotion of anger to one of deep and silent terror, and a paleness like that of death succeeded to the glow of indignation."

"His life or death are in your hands," said Kirke: "one word from you can either destroy or save him."

"If no word can bring him safety," replied Aquila, in

a calm voice, "but that which brings dishonour to his sister—even let him die."

"Know you not," said Kirke, "that I have the power to make you repent these words."

"You have no power over my immortal soul," Aquila answered in the same calm tone, "and you never shall acquire it. My innocence to Heaven is at least beyond your reach. With all your terrible power, then, Kirke, I fear you not, while I preserve a conscience pure from the thought of evil."

"Do you not fear," resumed Kirke, "that such taunting words as these may force me to find a means of humbling you?"

"I do not fear it, Kirke," said she, still calmly, but with lips pale even in their quietude. "I read your mind too clearly, and I know you dare not act the ruffian part you speak of. There is a Power that awes your spirit even while you affect to brave it, and will protect me from your designs though they be dark as hell can make them. See now, Kirke, the difference between the wrong cause and the right. Here am I, a poor defenceless girl, to all appearance wholly in your power, yet calm in speech and mind; while you, with all your guards and warrants of authority, stand there confused before me, your eyes averted as if you dared not look in mine. Look there! I said it—you fear to look in mine! Oh, conscience! conscience! conscience!"

While she spoke, the demeanour of Kirke, embarrassed in his own despite, and becoming still more so as she proceeded, appeared to justify her triumph. After hesitating for some minutes with a vexed and disconcerted air, he said with an altered manner:

"Aquila, you are right, and let me for a time lay aside the thought of menace. Let us talk more calmly and at leisure. And now will you answer me one question?"

"Let me hear it."

"You have read, no doubt, that part of ancient history which relates the manner in which Rome first became rid of her kings?"

"I have."

"You remember the story of Lucretia?"

"I do."

"Is not her name vaunted throughout the world as another word for all that is heroic and excellent in woman?"

"The world speaks highly of many a tinsel virtue: I have not been taught to think in all things as the world may think."

"Well, well, the world esteems her so, however. It is enough. Then hear what I would say. In the dead of the night, when Tarquin sought the dwelling of Collatinus, the virtue of his wife, so vaunted above all the Roman ladies for her exceeding truth and honesty of mind, was still in her own power, freely to keep, freely to lay aside. How acted that paragon of womanhood in the fire of trial? To preserve that fair repute which you esteem so far beneath a brother's life, she accepted the alternative he gave, and yet how wide is her renown! and is not the very name Lucretia another word for heroic womanhood?"

"I am no way moved," replied Aquila, "by the example you have brought; she knelt to other gods. I had rather be the thing that Heaven would have me, than appear so in the eyes of men."

"You gather, then," said Kirke, "the purport and direction of my words?"

"If their purport be as I fear," replied Aquila, "may Heaven forgive you for the thought!"

"It is then plainly as you deem," said Kirke; "the alternative is balanced thus:—on the one side, life and freedom to your brother; on the other, the surrender of

that fanciful, unreal good which you call honour, and which exists but in the predjudice that gave it birth. Methinks, if there be truth in what you have said, and that a brother's life is precious in your eyes, you should not hold it cheaper than so many in the world who do as much and more for gold, for pleasure, or for passion."

"I pray you, say no more," said Aquila. "My brother knows how to die, but I know not how to save him on such terms."

"Soft you, madam," cried Kirke; "the going hence is not so easy as the coming here. We are not now in Taunton. I am master here, and absolute master too, as you shall know before we part! What, Stephens!—There are certain well-wishers of yours in the house, to whom it is right you should be introduced. They are, however, very pressing and hospitable, and I doubt when once you get into their company, if you will find it so easy to be rid of them,—What, Stephens!"

The officer appeared at the door.

"Hark ye, sir," said Kirke: "here's a young lady has an especial desire to spend a night in the barrack-rooms. Send hither one or two of my best-looking and sleekest lambs, that I may resign her to their tender keeping."

The officer withdrew at once. Stunned by what she heard, Aquila remained for some moments incapable of action or of utterance. The dignity of virtue which had sustained her in the interview with Kirke, and given her an ascendent over him which he could not resist, even while it stung his insolent temper, might, as she knew, have little influence on minds of a still coarser mould. Before she had recovered sufficiently to deliberate with freedom, the chamber-door re-opened, and the officer entered, followed by two ruffians whose characters were stamped upon their countenances and demeanour.

"Here are my lambs," said Kirke, with a malignant

smile, "of whom I spoke to you—the gentlest and the tenderest souls in Bridgewater. This young lady," he added to the soldiers, "is desirous to spend a merry evening with you in your quarters."

"Ay, come, my pretty madam," cried one of them, approaching her; "we 'll see to your comfort, never fear."

"Monster!" Aquila cried involuntarily—"Thou couldst not, Kirke, be so inhuman!"

"What!" he replied with a burst of malicious laughter—"what! taken by surprise, most heroic mistress?"

"Oh, Kirke, in the name of Heaven, have mercy on me!"

"Have mercy on yourself," replied the tyrant coldly.

"Remember my father's hearth! remember his grey hairs!—I conjure you," she added with increasing solemnity of manner, "by your mother's fame, and by your father's honour, to have pity on me——"

"Take her away!" cried Kirke, using an impatient motion of the hand.

"One moment," Aquila exclaimed as the soldiers approached to seize her; "let me consider—give me at least some moments to reflect——"

"Nay, there's reason in that," said Kirke, "and spoken just in the right time, for the trumpet sounds without, that summons me to my place upon the bench of justice. Take her to a chamber, Stephens, and take care that no one venture to intrude upon her meditations. One hour," he added, addressing Aquila as the subaltern conducted her from the room,—"one hour is left you to decide."

The wretched prisoner made no reply. Kirke added in a whisper some directions to the officer, and then motioned the whole party to withdraw.

CHAPTER XLIII.

The resolution of Aquila had been taken from the instant she had obtained the respite. Only one way now appeared by which she could preserve her honour. She had read in the early history of her native island an instance of womanly heroism on which she had often dwelt with admiration, and which now recurred to her mind more vividly than ever. During those dreadful times when the country far and wide was devastated by the "blue-eyed warriors" of the North, it happened that a large body of those barbarians surrounded one of those religious communities of women then so numerous in the land, and of which the ivy-mantled ruins still throw a reverential grace over many a lovely scene. The abbess and her nuns could not hope long to prevent the invaders from entering their gates, and polluting with blood and violence, retreats held sacred to religion and to virtue. They were placed in the situation from which Aquila now looked vainly for deliverance. To fly to death for refuge was an expedient denied to Christian virgins: but they thought of one more lawful, and not less effectual. The abbess setting the example to her community, disfigured her face with a sharp instrument in so hideous and ghastly a way as to render her an object of abhorrence and disgust to the invaders, and her example was followed by each of the sisterhood. They succeeded in preserving the sacred treasure of their honour, but their lives were made the forfeit of the disappointment thus occasioned to the brutal conquerors.

Such was the expedient which recurred to the mind of Aquila at the time when she begged a respite at the hands of Kirke. A small knife which she carried about her person afforded the means of executing her design.

She determined, however, first to allow the interval accorded to her by Kirke to draw towards its termination before she put so desperate a resource in act.

In the mean time the designs of Kirke had taken a new direction. For a long time after Aquila had left the room, he remained wrapped in thought and awaiting the return of his confident.

At length the latter re-entered, and remained awaiting the further orders of his patron.

"Well, have you disposed of your prisoner as I bade?"

Stephens answered in the affirmative.

"What think you of our chance of victory?"

"But very doubtingly, I must confess. There was that in her look and manner as we locked her in, that, coupled with former recollections, left little ground to think that she would change her mind."

"I do not hope it."

"What, then, do you propose? To comprise her in the accusation with her brother?"

"No, no; I have no such design."

"To give her liberty, then?"

"No, no; that would be to give her the triumph. Is your invention so soon at fault?"

"I acknowledge that I am at my wit's end."

"Thy wit is shorter than it should be, then, if it afford such scanty travelling space. This heroine cherishes her repute at high account."

"So it would seem."

"Can you think, now, of no means by which her chariness in this regard might be indulged, and yet without prejudice to the coalition I laid down?"

"Even if I could, I see not what advantage it would give us; for she is one of those scrupulous beings who will not be content with the mere outside of a whole conscience."

"And can you devise no means by which that objection, too, might be removed?"

"I am wholly at a loss."

"I have always found you faithful and zealous, wherever I required fidelity and zeal."

"And always shall find me so, be certain."

"I believe it."

"Is there anything now which you would have me do to serve you?"

"There is."

"Name it then, and you will find me ready."

"I have been thinking of a mode of quieting her delicate alarms, and I believe I have found it."

"If my assistance be necessary——"

"Do you remember, Stephens, that small house on the road-side betwixt this and Wells, where we halted to bait upon our route some weeks since?"

"Where the soldiers were so much diverted by the humours of the lunatic preacher?"

"The same place, and the same person."

"I remember both," replied Stephens, "perfectly well, and the singular stories which the people told of him. Some of the folks shuddered when he spoke, and looked as if they thought his mental malady had something supernatural in its origin."

"Well, he it is of whom I speak. Take instantly a sufficient force to the place, and bring him hither a prisoner and without injury. Thus, things the most seeming useless, at some time serve our turn. When I listened to the wild and incoherent jargon of that unhappy maniac, I remember to have thought, that of all beings on the earth, he sure was the most worthless to his race; and yet now no other being in this world could stand me so much in stead."

"Is it possible, Colonel," said Stephens, astonished, "that you wish me to make a prisoner of that lunatic?"

"It is even so," said Kirke. "I have my reasons."

"I fear," replied Stephens, smiling, "it will be said of us that we look out for danger to the State in heads that hardly hold it."

"Do thou thy part," said Kirke, "and leave the rest to me. Thou shalt know in time with what view it is that I command it."

The conversation ended, and Kirke went to take his place amongst the vindicators of the law.

The crazy subject of their dialogue happened about that very time to be in the act of affording a fund of entertainment to some, and of terror and dismay to other individuals of a crowd assembled at the small inn alluded to by Kirke. Being one of those periods at which the ailment of the sufferer amounted to the violence of a frenzy, he was fastened down with cords upon a bedstead, where he remained, now lying still and muttering to himself, now using all the efforts of his strength to break his ties, and mingling the fury of action with a corresponding vehemence of language and incoherent force of imagination. The fancy that seemed to predominate in his ravings was that of hunting, an amusement to which in his days of sanity he was said to devote much more of his time than was wholly consistent with the duties of his station. This latter circumstance his former neighbours and acquaintances did not fail to call to mind and to comment upon.

"Well, neighbour, an' how's Mister Fear tha day?"

"As ye hear, neighbour, an' wi' iz northering talk, tha zame as iver."

"Forty cocks," muttered the patient, as if counting on his fingers,—four into forty—that's ten—ten cocks for the tithe—more cocks for the tithe than souls saved for the paying—that's plain enough. Ho! ho! hillo! there, they go! Hillo! Tallyho!—Hirrups! there,

there we go—tantivy-th-th-th—High over !—now for a leap !—to it, Jessy, to it ! Three mile high, three mile high ! There we clear it ! Ten score of evil spirits hunting one poor soul—tantivy ! Hup ! Hilloo !"

Here he tossed his arms about and shouted, and acted as if he fancied himself on horseback and following the hounds.

"Poor seely gennelman !" ejaculated a mealy-looking individual who sat consuming a pint of West-country ale by the chimney-side.

"Vor as seely as a be," said the landlord, "I'll warn'd ye a knows which way tha wine blaws. Canst thee tell, Mister Fear, which be millers or innkeepers tha honester vawk to deal wi ?"

"Both rogues alike—all rogues alike," said the lunatic, "there be as many precious souls of millers in the lake of woe to-day as ever grains of wheat went down a hopper. Hups ! ho ! I know it, for I saw it.—Ah, ha ! Who's the fool now, Mr. Miller ? The neighbour's sacks went in the door all flour, and they came out half bran. Whom then did you cheat ? says Beelzebub."

"Nay, there you're out, friend," said the ale-drinker, "for I'm a baker's man."

"So much the worse," said the maniac. "I heard ten thousand bakers crying in the land of darkness, for all the good money that went into the shop, and all the bad bread that came out of it. Ha ! ha ! The poor reaped wholesome grain, and you poisoned them with filthy mixtures. Who's the fool now ?—Ho ! there they go ! Hillo !"

"Well," said another of the company present, "that's more at all events than can be said for the shoemakers."

"Ay, ay," resumed the lunatic, "if they had not sold their precious souls for the love of a neat's skin tanned. Ho, ho ! Ye think nobody sees ye cutting from the

damaged hide, and soaking in the ale-house on the shoemaker's holiday upon the forbidden gain. But Mammon was behind the door and saw through the keyhole. I know where a guild of shoemakers have no softer footing than an acre of pointed awls to skip upon. Heigh, Jessy, Jessy ! heigh ! They call it shoemaker's holiday there too."

"Why, Mister Fear, zim ta I, there be zum a' moast trades where ye mention," said the landlord.

"All—all—all—all," said the lunatic; "and gentlefolk too, and ladies. Hirrups ! There's tailors for cabbage, and grocers for false measures and lying weights, masters for pride and servants for insolence, lawyers for lying, and judges for selling poor men's lives for gold. All trades are there. Hups, ho ! There's old women for sins of the tongue, and young for sins of the heart. There's mothers and fathers, and sons and daughters there, together—some lost for love and some for hate Hillo ! There's husbands for no other fault than having loved their wives too well, and there's wives there for no other fault than having loved their husbands too well—all shrieking together, well away ! for times gone by, and no one to comfort them, poor souls ! Whups ! Jessy ! Ho ! There, they go ! Ho, ho !"

While he continued still running on after this wild manner, occasionally turning to rail at those who had fastened him down in the place where he was lying, the guard of cavalry commanded by Stephens arrived at the inn-door. The consternation at first excited by the sight of Kirke's well-known purveyors was changed into a feeling of astonishment and suppressed indignation when they discovered that the present object of their search was no other than the poor lunatic. The latter, however, was not one of those who showed discontent at the mission of the escort: on the contrary, he manifested the most extravagant delight at the prospect of being re-

leased from his present confinement, and was profuse in his expressions of gratitude toward his deliverers, and of triumph against his former guardians. In the midst of these ecstacies he was placed on horseback and borne away by the dragoons, the people in the inn continuing to watch his gesticulations as long as he remained in sight, and marvelled much what Colonel Kirke could want with "tha mazed pason."

CHAPTER XLIV.

The hour accorded to Aquila was drawing toward its close, and no prospect appeared of deliverance from the fate which menaced her less fearful than that which had already occurred to her mind. Accordingly, she summoned up her courage to put it in execution. In the small chamber in which she was confined hung a mirror, before which she stood for a few minutes wrapped in thoughts so intense that they at length almost involuntarily began to flow forth in words.

"Thou subtle and disastrous dower to many," she said with an of fixed earnestness—"of which I oft was vain, and which has been my snare! I resign thee without sorrow now. But for thee, Kirke never had sought to sow misery in our peaceful home—and now to fill it with disgrace and shame. So is it, here, with all that we admire and love! Nothing to which we cling with fondness that does not hide its share of danger and its share of pain. Well for us, if the sad experience answer the end for which it is divinely sent, and make us cease to prize the phantoms of a brief existence! Flesh that must perish, I wound thee without remorse!—Beauty

that is to wither, I cut thee from thy stem without regret!—Life is Thy gift!" she added, bowing her head with a reverential look as she laid bare the weapon which she was about to use—"Thy dread deposit, which none must fling away till Thou demand the reckoning of our stewardship; but all other temporal gifts Thou leavest us free to lay aside or to retain at will—"

Here, while she raised the knife, a faint cry broke from her lips, as, accidentally glancing in the mirror, she beheld the malignant countenance of Kirke close at her shoulder, and felt at the same instant her hand seized and the weapon wrested from her grasp.

"Thou couldst not be so cruel," he said with a smile, in which irony was mingled with upbraiding. "What! wound those delicate features in which the bloom of youth is yet scarce fully unfolded, and for which many a year to come, I trust, has smiles in store? Lay aside these desperate thoughts, Aquila Fullarton, and hear me for a moment. You have considered the proposal which I have made?"

"I have given it all the consideration it would bear."

"Take care how you provoke your fate, I warn you. Have you determined to accept it?"

"No."

"You still remain of the same mind?"

"I do."

"Then what remains but that I execute the alternative I gave, and deliver you over to the mercies of those soft Arcadians to whom you were introduced an hour ago?"

Aquila was silent.

"Do you refuse to answer me?" said Kirke. "On what do you presume when you provoke me thus?"

"I do not think," said Aquila with tears, "that you could ever act so black a part; but even supposing you capable of it, my resolution still remains unchanged.—

Listen to me, Kirke. You bid me damn my soul, that I may save my brother. I will not do it.—I will not become a devil, to save Arthur's life. Are you answered now? I hope to see him yet in heaven, where I could never come if I should do this deed. Are you answered? That soul was given me pure from every stain but that which all who are born of Eve inherit. Since I first could lisp, I never yet lay down to rest without commending it in prayer into the hands of Him who gave it —and how should I dare so act to-morrow even, if I could darken it to-day, by guilt like this? No; it is my part to be faithful, and to trust to Heaven for the event."

"You are determined, then," said Kirke, "to dare the worst?"

"I am."

"Why, hear me, then, Aquila," he exclaimed with a sudden alteration of manner, and an assumption of openness and ease. "You judged aright that I have no intention of fulfilling that menace, which was only meant to try your resolution."

Aquila looked at him with surprise mingled with some distrust.

"It is time at length," said Kirke, "that you should know me better. All this, Aquila, was meant but for your trial. I have always been, I confess it, sceptical with regard to the virtue of your sex: I did not believe that so disinterested a love of honour and of goodness reigned in the breast of any woman as I find to-day in yours. My doubts at first were shaken in our interview at Taunton; I have often longed for an opportunity of trying yet farther an integrity of mind which then appeared so new to me, and your firmness now amid so much that might both tempt and terrify has shown me fully that I was in error, and has set the seal upon my admiration. I am now convinced that I have found a

paragon I thought almost as rare as charity itself—a woman led by a disinterested love of goodness, and who truly prefers honour to even life or fame."

Aquila remained silent, wholly at a loss in what manner to account for this sudden change of manner, and fearing some new snare.

"You look as if you still distrusted me," said Kirke, "but I will prove to you that it is without a cause. There is still a mode by which you may obtain your wish, and without prejudice to that honour which you so justly prize. You still look doubtful. Could you, in such an event, forgive the terror which my desire to try to the quick your sincerity and fortitude may have occasioned you?"

"I could forgive anything," replied Aquila: "let Arthur live, and on no guilty terms, and I will have no feeling left but gratitude."

"But if I asked yet more? You know me, who I am, and that I might aspire to an alliance with the noblest in the land if I desired it. I stand high enough in rank and reputation, and higher yet in the favour of my King."

"I know," said Aquila, "that many a lofty house might deem itself honoured in the alliance."

"And yet, supposing I preferred to all such gaudy prospects the treasure of a solid, sterling worth, such as I have this day found in you? Do you shrink already? Must I believe, then, after all, that what I took for virtue was merely an abhorrence of my own person?"

Somewhat stunned by this unexpected turn, Aquila stood for some time confused and incapable of answering.

You hesitate," said Kirke. "I see, then, how it was. Not the crime alone, but the tempter also was the object of your aversion."

"Do not so think," said Aquila confusedly. "I cannot at once—I beseech you bear with me—"

"Use your leisure, Miss Fullarton," said Kirke, in a

frigid tone. "Consider and say, whether, in such a case, you could unite your fate, for life, with his who can confirm or take away your terror, and so escape the evils which you fear?"

"And obtain beside my brother's life and liberty?"

"Obtain all that you have asked. Have I not said enough?"

"In such a case"—Aquila said slowly: "but, ah! why should you offer a condition to which you are all the loser?"

"Let me be judge of that."

"And then—there are difficulties which I had forgot——"

"Difficulties!" Kirke exclaimed aloud and in an impatient tone; "now who has the better need of patience? Difficulties still? Let them prevail, then, if you will, and let the rebel die. Is there not yet enough? Then have your wish, for I will say no more, and the worst I bade you fear shall be fulfilled. Difficulties, say you?—What! Stephens!——I thought there was something in it more than the zeal for honesty—What? who waits there? Stephens!"

"Have patience with me!" said Aquila as he hastened towards the door—"I entreat you give me a moment's pause."

"Think of it well," he answered: I am come hither frankly to offer you a mode of reconciling what seemed lately so much at variance—your views and mine. There is a way by which you can yet save your brother's life, and without injury either real or imagined. I am come to offer you my hand in marriage. I speak it bluntly, but truly If you take it, all may yet be well; if you yet refuse, my lambs are still at hand."

"Kirke," said Aquila with tears, "is there then no way but this? My faith and word are plighted to another."

"Choose as thou wilt," said Kirke with impatience: "keep faith with him if thou wilt, and let me go."

"Hast thou no pity for a wretched woman?"

"None—nor for man neither—I know not what it means. I tell thee, at once, thy speech, and tears, and gestures, all are vain. Try if thou canst, and soften with thine eloquence those walls that close us round: they may have ears, but I have none for the accents of entreaty. I have seen and heard enough of human wailing to have grown custom-callous to the sound. I tell thee, then, thou wilt but waste thy precious time in seeking to move compassion in a mind that, if it ever felt, has now forgot its influence."

Aquila paused, and reflected for a short time in silence.

"And thou wilt surely, then," she said at length, "restore my brother to his home unharmed?"

"Have I not said it?"

"There's one will grieve for it: but better one than all.—And Arthur, then," she added anxiously, "may freely come and go throughout all Somerset, without question or hindrance?"

"I warrant ye," said Kirke, with a smile from which Aquila could not help recoiling, "wherever he may desire to go, there will be none to thwart him."

In this proposal, if happiness was excluded from it, so was crime. In the terrible dilemma in which she stood, there seemed no other resource, and it would secure at least the great object which had brought her from her home—the life and freedom of her brother. She consented therefore to the condition proposed, but was surprised when Kirke informed her that the marriage should be performed upon the instant. He had many reasons—the speedy resignation of his command, and consequent removal from Bridgewater—and, last and most effectual of all, his pleasure: Aquila could not order it otherwise,

and in less than an hour after, the ceremony was performed by the lunatic clergyman, whom Kirke had brought to Bridgewater for the purpose.

"There is but one thing now that I desire," said Aquila, when the hurried rite was at an end,—"that I may see my brother and inform him myself of his deliverance."

"And of the condition," asked Kirke, "on which it was effected?"

"No," replied Aquila; "let him find out that by whatever means he may. I only wish to have the happiness of telling him with my own lips that he is free."

"Be it as you will," said Kirke: Stephens will accompany you when you desire to go; but your visit must be brief."

Arthur in the mean time, awaited in strong anxiety the issue of his sister's interview with Kirke. The sun, already declining towards the west, and flinging a somewhat mellowed light between the bars of his grating, awoke within his mind that feeling of regret and tenderness which almost all at some time have experienced on beholding the approach of summer twilight, and which has been since so exquisitely sung by a great poet of our own time.

> O Hesperus!—thou bringest all good things,—
> Home to the weary, to the hungry cheer—
> To the young bird the parent's brooding wings—
> The welcome stall to the o'erlabour'd steer;
> Whate'er of peace about our hearthstone clings
> What'er our household gods protect of dear
> Are gather'd round us by thy look of rest—
> Thou bring'st the child, too, to the mother's breast.

After the departure of Aquila on the previous evening, his thoughts had, in spite of himself, begun to point toward this world's hope with more steadiness than he before saw cause to justify. He began to think there was more reason and more probability in Aquila's design

than he would at first allow, and he calculated the chances in her favour until the sun produced an aggregate sufficient to occupy his thoughts for a considerable portion of the ensuing day. He was still engaged with such reflections, when the door was opened, and Aquila, hurrying in with an apparence of wild and tumultuous delight, ran towards him with extended arms.

"Good news, Arthur! good news!"

"Have you seen him, then?"

"I told you that I should succeed. You are free now, Arthur, or will be so before a second sun goes down."

"Is it possible?" said her brother, his wonder now awakening with as much force as if hope had never found an instant's entrance into his mind,—"Is it possible that Kirke has felt remorse? Then there is no dream so wild in the very wildest delirium of hope that the future may not justify. Do you tell me, sister, that Kirke has heard your prayer, and consented to spare my life?"

"I tell you," answered Aquila, laying her hand on his shoulder and gazing in his face, with a smile which still was mingled with something of internal misery,—"I tell you that to-morrow's sun shall see you free to direct your steps wherever you desire. Is that not something to rejoice at? Is it not something to think whatever destiny may yet be mine, that at least one dreadful stroke has been avoided—that I have not been to you, my brother, the murderess I feared?"

"I am amazed past utterance," said Arthur, "at the news you tell me."

"You will trust me again," said his sister hurridly, "No wonder that necessity should be cunning at invention. It was terrible to me to know that I had been the cause of this calamity to you, and I hardly think my reason could have withstood the fearful thoughts

which must haunt my breast for ever in the shocking conviction that I had been the author of your ruin. It is therefore that my joy is now so great." And she laughed with a wretched and convulsive action.

"You are ill, Aquila," said Arthur, taking her hand; "your anxiety has affected your health."

"Thou wert always very dear to me, Arthur," his sister continued, "and I am quite content that thou art saved. I may be wretched yet. Men know not in this world what the morrow brings. But yesterday it promised death to you, and see now how falsely! This evening we have obtained what one of us at least most wished on earth, and yet who knows of what kind are the gifts which the rising sun may offer us? But this at least I have to rest upon:—in any event, I can turn to our beloved home and say—'Arthur at least is safe—our father does not want the prop of his old age: I have not been the means of cutting short my brother's days, and bringing down a father's hoary head with sorrow to the grave.' Why then, with such a thought to bear me up, what agony of mind or body is there that I cannot bear?"

"Aquila," said Arthur, taking her hand, and looking long and with an inquiring earnestness in her countenance, "there is something in this sudden mercy of Kirke beyond what you have let me know. Is it true indeed, as you say, that he has freely granted your request?"

"I tell the it is true: be satisfied, and ask no more."

Arthur paused for a time as if perplexed, and then said with increasing seriousness of tone:

"Aquila, you must forgive me if I am still unsatisfied. The question which I am about to put to you might seem unnecessary; but I am your brother, and though in chains, your natural protector, and I have a right to ask it. Answer me, therefore, candidly and

plainly, for I cannot feel as if I had discharged my duty without formally making the inquiry——Did Kirke propose any condition when he granted you my life?"

"If you will be answered," said Aquila, "he did—one—and it is granted."

"Granted!" exclaimed her brother with surprise.

"Yes."

"And without consulting me?"

"He would not suffer it."

"That looks not well," said Arthur. "And you complied?"

"I did," replied Aquila calmly.

"What was the condition?"

"You shall know all that hereafter."

"Why not now?"

"Why speak of it at all, Arthur? 'Tis past and gone."

"Aquila, I must know it."

"So you shall—hereafter. I cannot tell it now."

"And wherefore, my sister? Why not tell it me?"

"Simply," said Aquila, "because, when I solicited this interview, I promised Kirke that I would not reveal it."

"Listen to me, Aquila," said her brother. "Do you see these chains—those walls? Do you think I fear them? Do you think I fear the death that Kirke reserves for me?"

"I know that all love life," replied Aquila, "excepting the presumptnons or the perfect."

"Yet, without being either," resumed Arthur, "I tell you, Aquila, that were you to offer me a million of happy years, instead of the few miserable days that Kirke can spare to me, and were to accompany the gift with any baseness, I would spurn it from me with contempt and go to my gibbet as to a kingdom."

"I would not have you receive it otherwise," replied Aquila; "nor would I offer you a gift upon such terms."

"Still," said her brother, "there is one question which I have to ask, and on which I must be answered. Is there anything in this condition to compromise your honour or your reputation?"

"Nothing!" said Aquila, expanding her hands and smiling with a look of candour mingled with dignity. "Are you satisfied now, Arthur?"

"Or your happiness?"

"My happiness?" repeated his sister somewhat hurriedly:—surely that must regard my happiness which regards your life."

"You evade my question."

"What answer do you seek? Do you speak to one indifferent, or to a stranger! How should that bring aught but happiness to me which gives you life and freedom—which restores you to your house and to your friends from the very edge of ruin! Talk not of my happiness; I tell you I am not merely content—I am overjoyed at my success; I am better satisfied with my conditions than if I had gained a throne."

Her brother remained for a long time silent, and still perplexed in mind.

"Be satisfied, I entreat you Arthur," said Aquila; "you shall soon know all, and be the judge yourself if I have not cause for gratitude and joy."

"It is quite a mystery," said Arthur; but that he has some view beyond the satisfaction which better minds can feel in mingling the exercise of power with mercy, be fully certain. You have found some way to bribe him which you hide from me. What it is, I cannot guess; but I know that it is nothing which you are not free to use."

"So much at least you know," replied his sister.

"Well, then, perhaps I know enough; for the gift, I blush not to acknowledge, is a welcome one, and worth, on many accounts, any lawful offering within our power."

"Why, so I thought," replied Aquila quickly, "and it was on that I acted."

"I shall dance at your wedding, Aquila, after all," said Arthur, smiling.

"Are you sure of that?" replied his sister with a broken laugh. "I can tell you, you will have need to make haste then."

"Why? Do you start so soon?"

"No, no—but—Oh, I did but jest—you are so quick at questioning!"

"I would we were both at Minehead."

"Would we were!"

"Poor Harry!"

"Well, good night!"

"Does the mention of Henry's name drive you away?"

"No, no—but—you know it is late, and my time is measured. I hear the sentry at the door already."

"Good night, then, and good speed!"

"I thank you, Arthur."

"When shall we meet again?"

"As early as I can contrive it. To-morrow you shall be at liberty. I have, as you judge, found a way of bribing Kirke, and you shall know it soon. Till then, good night, and sleep in peace! for to you the trouble caused by Monmouth is, I trust, for ever at an end. I obtained leave to be the bearer myself of these delightful tidings, and the time allotted me is, I fear, already passed. Good night, my brother! good night, and sleep in peace!"

She departed, and Arthur, his chains relieved of more than half their weight, remained to watch, with joy restored, and hopes revived, the gradual close of the declining day.

CHAPTER XLV.

While, with a full heart, Aquila returned accompanied by Stephens to the lodging of Kirke, the calm summer twilight was gradually withdrawing its last glimmer from the town of Bridgewater. The streets were less crowded and less noisy, although from time to time the sounds of grief, of suffering, or of debauch, broke in with a startling effect upon the solemn stillness of the nightfall. Occasionally, too, the noise of music or of revel voices was heard from some neighbouring tavern. A part of the regiment was to leave town at daybreak on the following morning, and many leave-taking groups were assembled at the corners of the streets as they passed along. Aquila hurried on as if desirous to afford no leisure to reflection, and entered the house, while Stephens remained without in order to give the sentinels some directions for the night. He was thus occupied, when the front door re-opened and Kirke made his appearance.

There seemed at the first aspect something of more than ordinary malignity and gloom in his appearance. He walked slowly forward, closing the door behind him and seeming wrapt in thought. At length he beckoned Stephens to approach.

"Well, sir," said the latter after having awaited a long time in vain the orders of his patron, "you have succeeded."

"Did I not tell thee? Did I not plan it well? And did not our lunatic parson perform his part with admirable gravity?"

"Once or twice," said Stephens, laughing and still speaking in a low tone of voice, "I thought our fair young mistress suspected something. I saw her dart on

him askance one of those searching glances such as seldom fail to find the truth they seek."

"Didst thou so?" said Kirke, joining in the laugh. "Between ourselves, I feared she would find us out; but I trusted to her wit for not being too inquisitive. The ceremony, under all circumstances, was of that kind that it would be prudence in her not to be too scrupulous about the capacity of the minister. Better any day be married by a crazy parson than throttled by a rational hangman."

"A sound maxim," said Stephens, "and I warrant her for measuring the force of it."

"Didst thou mark," continued Kirke, still laughing, "when the huge blue-bottle flew across the book and then went buzzing round the room, how hard it was to keep his eyes from wandering. I wished more than once that he might fall foul of some royal spider and have an end put to his music by martial law. Even when our parson put the question to Aquila, I could scarce avoid laughing to see his eye still furtively following the blue-bottle."

"Ay," replied Stephens, "and when the troop went galloping by the windows, I gave up all for lost. I was sure he would close the lesson with a 'Tally-ho!' I saw it coming to his lips, when his eye met mine."

"For this prisoner—he must die."

"What prisoner, sir?" asked Stephens.

"This Fullarton, man. I commit that charge to thee and see that it be speedily fulfilled."

The officer appeared to be struck dumb with wonder.

"Let him die to-morrow morning before sunrise," said Kirke. "He's an arch rebel, and a fellow who might be troublesome to me on other accounts.—Have you given those the orders of which I spoke to you?"

"All shall be ready, sir, the adjutant has taken charge of them."

"It is very well. See to it that the prisoner is disposed of as I have said."

"Well, go thy ways," said Stephens in his own mind as his superior turned away and ascended the narrow staircase, "for the most finished specimen of barefaced tyranny that has appeared on earth since Heliogabalus danced before his idols! There is no disputing his orders; but if this be not the crowning of as evil a course of blood and profligacy as ever entitled mortal man to the first honours in a college of incarnate fiends, then Monmouth is at this moment reigning in Whitehall. Come hither, fellow," he added, as a low-sized individual, high-shouldered and shuffling in his gait, and as it seemed even now half brain-sodden with the fumes of liquor, passed by him, creeping along in the shadow of the houses. "Art thou weary yet of loading the gibbets of Bridgewater with unruly subjects?"

"Not, replied the fellow, trying to keep his balance, and labouring still harder to lift the eyelids from the drowsy looking pupil,—"Not if the King's glory and the good o' the State require it."

"The Colonel has another job for you."

"What is it then? Let me hear the cause and judge. Let it be none o' your common moral offenders. I leave such journeywork to my under 'prentice, who is a supple hand enough in the disposal of all sinners in the line of vulgar ethics—your burglars, highwayman, or filchers in a dwelling-house. I'm none of your every-day Ketches to soil my fingers tying up such knaves; my walk is in lèze majesté and misprision of treason."

"Some such affair it is at present," said Stephens, "that demands your interference."

"If it be a matter of state," said the finisher of the law, "I am ready for you; but let me not be put off with anything below my station. I have had to do

with some of your Ryehouse folk ere now in my vocation."

"Be satisfied," said the officer, "that I demand nothing which can derogate from the respectability of your calling. Be ready at the first glimpse of dawn to-morrow morning, when I will send to summon you."

While these scenes were passing, Arthur Fullarton endeavoured, but for a long time vainly, to compose himself to rest in his prison. The joy of his recovered life and freedom took away the desire of slumber, and even occasioned a restlessness which the fear of death had not caused on the preceding night. He thought of Taunton, of his home and friends, and of Minehead where they were now awaiting them. With such reflections, it was long before he could sleep; and when he did, his waking hopes gave place to dreams of happiness and peace.

The dusky skimmer of the midsummer dawn had scarce begun to find its way into his dungeon, when he was awakened by the entrance of Stephens and the gaoler. He arose hastily and advanced to meet them, supposing at first that they were come to give him freedom. Their silence, however, and their sombre countenances made him hesitate for some moments as in doubt.

"Mr. Fullarton," said Stephens, "I trust you have been expecting us?"

"I have been expecting, sir," said Arthur; "but to what end do you come?"

"Have you made your peace with Heaven?"

"What means that question, sir?" asked Arthur with surprise. "I stood, I know, under sentence, but it has been revoked."

"Who had the inhumanity to tell you so?"

"One who would not deceive me, and who had it from the very lips of Colonel Kirke."

"You were deceived, however."

"Impossible!" cried Arthur.

"At what hour did you receive this intelligence?"

"At sunset."

"You were deceived, then, for it was near midnight when Kirke gave orders for your death."

Arthur Fullarton looked as if stunned at these words, but showed no sign of weakness or want of fortitude.

"I pray you, sir," he said at length to the officer with firmness, "are you sure of what you tell me?"

"I had the orders myself," replied Stephens, from his own lips. They were almost his last words to me ere he went to rest."

Arthur paused, and in spite of himself the colour left his lips, and the anxious dew appeared upon his forehead.

"Poor girl!" he said at length in his own mind. "Poor, ardent, fond, believing fool! the tyrant then deceived thee! I thought there was something in it more than it could be rational to hope. As well expect—But stay—what have I now to do with phrases of resentment? His own deeds each shall dearly answer for. Let me rather think on mine—What now is Kirke to me—what should he be more than the senseless tree that is to be for me the gateway to another life?"

These latter sentences half passed in the mind of Arthur, half broke forth in words, as he stood endeavouring to compose his thoughts so as to meet the stroke of death with becoming recollection. After a pause of some minutes, he turned to the officer and said:

"Sir, you are a soldier?"

"I am."

"You have served your king and country ere now in moments of difficulty and danger?"

"Some fifteen years, with more blows than benefits."

"I cannot say so much," said Fullarton; "but I have

seen service enough to know that a soldier should be no stranger to the feelings of honour and humanity."

"Why, for that," replied Stephens, "you will find variety to be sure. I may be somewhat scant myself, perhaps; but I have seen worse and better in my time. But why do you ask?"

"To know if I might make you a request with the hope of obtaining it."

"If in my power, and in reason."

"Judge for yourself. I only entreat of you that I may see a clergyman, and have some little time in private to prepare for death."

"The time is short till sunrise," answered Stephens, "but it shall be at your disposal."

He withdrew with the gaoler, and the clergyman who usually attended on the prison was sent into the cell of Arthur. When Stephens returned before sunrise, he found the prisoner wholly restored to his customary tranquil manner, collected, calm, and easy in his address and speech."

"I am ready, sir," he said the instant he saw Stephens at the door. "I have but one question first to ask of you. Once more, is it true indeed that those orders came from Colonel Kirke himself?"

The officer again replied in the affirmative.

"Then I am ready," exclaimed Arthur, summoning up his fortitude to the task before him; and I wish, sincerely wish, that your Colonel may never meet his earthly end with deeper cause of fear. I have no malice against him nor any man. If he asks you how I died, say that I forgave, as I do forgive him from my heart, and as I hope to be forgiven. For whatever there was of evil at any time in my feelings or my speech towards him, I am now sincerely penitent. What more should I say?—If my friends should ask of my last words, tell them I died without renouncing my fidelity to the cause I had em-

braced, and yet without repining at its failure; for though that might be the work of man, it is the will of Providence to suffer it. If I have erred in casting my lot with Monmouth, may He forgive us all! I bow to Him—to Him I leave my cause, in death and life.—And now, sir," he added, suddenly raising his head, which had been for a moment reverently inclined, and smiling while he pointed forward with a look of gaiety and even triumph in his aspect, "lead on and do your duty!"

He was conducted from the prison without further exchange of speech, just as the morning twilight began to give place to the broader light of day. A redder beam already fell on the house-tiles, and the breeze of the summer dawn began to curl the surface of the Parret. When they had reached the place of execution, Arthur Fullarton's thoughts reverted in spite of himself to the inhuman cheat which had been practised on Aquila.

"My poor, fond sister!" he said in his own mind. "But it is over!—let me think of that which lies before me. I have one last request to make, he added aloud, addressing Stephens. "I have a sister, the same who was admitted to my cell last evening. Give her my last farewell, and tell her that with my dying breath I wish her to forgive all men as I do from my heart. We have evil enough of our own to answer for, without turning the crimes of others to our ruin. Bid her to remember me and be careful of our parent."

The drum beat at an early hour the reveillé to that portion of the troops of Kirke who were on this morning set out from Bridgewater. The inhabitants viewed their departure with the same silent satisfaction as if a devastating pestilence had passed from their streets after spreading amongst them dismay and death for many a day.

The sun was above the horizon when Stephens pre-

sented himself, as he had been ordered to do, at the residence of Kirke. The tyrant had already risen, and was waiting the return of his confident in a small room adjoining that in which he had received Aquila on the preceding day. He walked softly to and fro, and seemed to number the moments with impatience until the officer should arrive.

"Well, Stephens, is it done?" he asked in a rapid whisper, as the latter at length presented himself at the chamber door.

"It is. He hath followed Monmouth farther than he cared for."

"Is he dead?"

"He knows more now than all the doctors in Cambridge or Oxford to boot; and I warrant him for modesty. He will never speak of it—at least until the great examination day. His trooping is at an end. You shall hear no more of him until the last reveillé that is to sound for the review where all shall muster. I have seen many die in my time, but never one met his last moment with so gallant and complete an air. He went to his fate, as a man might unlock the gate of some delicious garden. Dead or alive, I warrant him as fine a fellow as ever handled hilt."

"And what have you done with the body?"

"It is still in the place where the soul left it."

"Get three or four trusty fellows instantly, Stephens, and let it be brought hither—privately, do you hear?—with as little delay and as little noise as may be.—I will await your return in this room."

The officer departed, and in little more than a quarter of an hour returned, accompanied by some men in the barrack undress, who bore the body between them. There was something horrible in the dry and barren indifference in which Kirke, after the men had left the room, removed the cloak which they had flung over the

deceased, and looked upon the dead marbly features, as if merely to be satisfied that there was no error. Covering the body again, he motioned Stephens to retire, and passed softly into the adjoining room.

There was more than usual fierceness and hardness in his manner while he waited the entrance of Aquila, as if he found an effort necessary to discharge the dreadful part which he had yet to play. He had sat down to a desk, and was in the act of writing some letters relating to the routine busines of the regiment, when Aquila entered the room.

"You are early stirring Mistress Fullarton," he said, continuing to write, after glancing for an instant towards Aquila.

The latter, whose thoughts were now concentrated on one sole object—the seeing Arthur free and on the way to join their relatives, did not notice the style of Kirke's address, though the name was pronounced with sufficient emphasis to awaken her attention.

"I have a request to make," she said, "if you are at leisure."

"Speak on," said Kirke, continuing to write, "I can attend to you."

"On what day," asked Aquila timidly, "do you leave Bridgewater?"

"Fourteen and seven—twenty-one—twenty and three ——" muttered Kirke, as if half absorbed in the calculation of some estimates that lay before him.—What day, did you say?—On Monday at the farthest. Why do you ask?"

"Because," replied Aquila, "it regards in some degree the favour which I seek."

"And what is that?"

"Forgive me if it seem unreasonable. It is, that you would allow me to spend the interval with my family; I long to see my brother restored to his home again."

"Pooh, pooh—is that all? You may go as soon as you will; why should I hinder you?"

"And remain till Monday?"

"Remain till doomsday, if it please you," Kirke answered with a short laugh; "what is't to me how long?"

Aquila paused in surprise, but supposing that Kirke did but give utterance to such jesting words as were familiar to his cruel mind, she made no observation on them. He intended the speech, however, as anything rather than a jest.

"I will be ready then," she said, "to go where you shall order—and to my life's end, fully, faithfully, and truly to discharge to you the duty and obedience I have vowed."

"In good truth, madam," cried Kirke, "I can readily spare you the pains. Such devotedness would be utterly wasted upon me. There is no one in the world has less fancy to play a part in the story of 'Griselda, or The Nut-brown Maid.' You are free to bestow your heroism where you will, for any jealousy that I shall ever feel at the loss of it."

"Aquila looked on for a time in silence, at a loss to comprehend his meaning. Unable, however, to form a conjecture on the subject, she forbore to speak in answer. Soon after, seeing him about to resume his occupations, she said, gently:

"I have your permission, then, to accompany my brother to-day?"

"You have my leave to go."

"And Arthur?"

"Pooh—what can I do with him? He must settle that with the court-martial."

Aquila paused again.

"With the court-martial?" she repeated in a wondering tone; "I thought you promised me that he should be free to-day?"

"Why, what could I do else? You would have it so."

"Is not the power with you?"

"There are other judges. To tell you the truth, I doubt it will go hard with him after all."

Again Aquila looked on him for a long time in silence.

"You jest with me," she said at length.

"I confess I did so yesterday, but to-day the merry humour is gone by. I tell you the plain truth: it is a bad case, and I do not think he will ever come clear with the court-martial."

Aquila looked stunned for a moment, and then lifted up her folded hands and eyes in utter astonishment at what she heard.

"What is it you mean?" she said, still endeavouring to preserve calmness. "Is it thus, then, Kirke, that you keep faith? Do you really mean to intimate that Arthur after all must go through the form of trial?"

"I owe you very little ceremony," said Kirke with a careless air; "if you put your memory to task for a few moments, you will acknowledge as much."

"Ah, Kirke!" exclaimed Aquila, "I thought you had forgotten that."

"See how you erred, then."

"You pledged your word to me that Arthur should be free to-day—this very day,—and if he would, upon the road to Taunton."

"Good madam," said Kirke, rising abruptly from the table, "I desire to be so far kinder to you than my word, that you may even take yourself the way you speak of, and as speedily as you will."

There was so much of roughness and vehemence in the manner in which this was said, that Aquila, though a moment before the permission accorded had given her the utmost joy, now hastened in alarm and doubt, as if

fearful of some new and hideous ill to follow. While she hesitated, Kirke seemed, by the rude impatience with which he trod the chamber to and fro, as if stirring up his nature to the highest pitch of brutality which was necessary to bear him through the task he had to discharge.

"And so now," he said,—"ha! so now, I warrant, you will be for reputing yourself a Colonel's wife amongst the worthy folk of Somerset? How say you? Eh?"

"Alas!" replied Aquila, "I have no desire to boast of it."

"As who should say, *but if I would I might.* Is not that it, madam? How easily you thought poor Kirke could be caught in that noose! But, I thank you, an old soldier is not so simply snared."

"Indeed," said Aquila, "I know not what you mean."

"Oh, but I know it though, and I have a sly glimpse at the inside of your meaning too, fair madam, I promise you; but I have seen too much of the round world to be taken napping.—A Colonel, truly? No less would serve your turn. A pretty moderate premium on rebellion."

"I declare to you," said Aquila, "that you speak to me in riddles. Of what design do you suspect me, or of what snare do you speak?"

"No need to tell you that," replied Kirke; "but this may suffice instead; you are no wife of mine."

"Thou liest, monster, in the sight of the bright day!" Aquila cried aloud with an irrepressible energy that made even the tyrant start. "In the sight of Heaven, thou speakest a falsehood black as night—black as thy wishes were which I resisted in the fear of Heaven. I am thy wedded wife, and thou shalt find it! What! shalt thou say abroad that——Oh, thou art caught in thine own snare, and thou shalt find it if there be a King in England, and if he remember justice."

"So, so," said Kirke, regaining his frigid ruffianism; "I thought we should hear something of the kind."

"Thou shalt hear more of it," exclaimed Aquila. "I tell thee, Kirke, though I abhor the hideous mind which thou revealest—though I would give worlds that we had never met, yet I will faithfully, faithfully, (dost thou hear?) preserve the vow which I have taken to be to thee a true and constant wife. Think it not—hope it not—nothing but death, that sunders every tie, shall sever that which was bound in the sight of Heaven."

"Pish, pish! what signifies thy word?" said Kirke.

"It is good in Heaven at least," replied Aquila.

"You are welcome to your credit there," said the hardened savage: "but here, you are somewhat the worse for lack of witnesses."

"Thou canst not bribe the minister of Heaven," said Aquila. "He will not dare to belie his sacred function."

Kirke burst into a fit of laughter.

"Why," said he, "by the fear of the whip which Stephens shook in his sight, and wondrous promises, we contrived to call up in him a sufficient show of sanity for the occasion; but I doubt if his evidence would be worth much in the judgment of those who are now diverting themselves with his lunatic fancies near the market-cross. And as to the other witnesses you are welcome to their testimony if you can coax them to afford it."

This speech accounted to Aquila for a suspicion which had more than once crossed her mind during the performance of the ceremony on the previous evening, but on which she could not venture to act. She now saw the whole train of the perfidious plot which had been devised by Kirke. It was vain however, now, to speak of it. She had only preserved her own integrity of heart, and her right at least to defend her honest fame.

After a long pause, therefore, she approached the spot where Kirke was standing, and clasping her hands she knelt before him in silence for so long a time that he was compelled to ask her what she sought.

"The fulfilment of your pledge," replied Aquila,—"my brother's freedom."

"Oh, he is free already," answered Kirke.

"Is he out of prison, then?"

"Yes, yes, ere day-dawn."

"I entreat you then," said Aquila, "to tell me where he is, that we may depart for Taunton together."

"Oh, he will not leave Bridgewater to-day," replied Kirke, "nor to-morrow neither. He is, now, I promise you, where he will never plot against King James again."

Aquila looked at him with an inquiring air.

"I entreat you," she said, "to tell me where he is."

"'Tis vain to ask," said Kirke, "for he is not to go the road to Taunton any more."

"Will you break the word you plighted so solemnly?" asked Aquila. "You said you would pardon him and set him free."

"And I have kept my word: I have pardoned him and set him free."

"And yet he must not go the road to Taunton?"

"Didst thou truly think," said Kirke, "that I could keep a treasonous pledge?"

"What treasonous pledge?"

"To screen a rebel—nay, an arch-rebel, detected in the very act of crime, from the avenging sentence of the law?"

"There is some horrid meaning, Kirke," said Aquila, "in thy words, at which I dare not guess. Dost thou truly mean to keep our covenant?"

"What is to be done, is done," replied Kirke, evading her look.

Aquila paused for some moments, in the effort to divine his meaning.

"Thou hast played me fair I am certain," she said, while her limbs began to tremble with fear. "I beseech you, where is Arthur?"

"He is where all should be who followed Monmouth."

"But you said he should be pardoned?"

"In Heaven I meant, for here there was no hope for him."

"Tell me, Kirke," said the wretched girl with a smile of the most pitiable entreaty, "is Arthur my brother, then, after all, to die?"

"No; he is dead already, if the hangman has done his duty."

"Thou triest me?"

"If you think so, step into the next room, where you can question himself if my orders have been obeyed. I doubt much if he will answer you."

Aquila rushed from the room. In a few minutes a shriek was heard of such harrowing anguish, that for a moment even the sallow cheek of the tyrant put on a paler hue, and Stephens, the lady of the house and her daughter, with several other individuals who chanced to be within hearing, came rushing in at different entrances to the room in which Kirke was standing.

"Colonel! what cry was that?"

"Was any one hurt?"

While question followed question, the miserable Aquila re-appeared at the still open door, her frame convulsed as if by the stroke of madness, her features wild with the fury of a thousand passions, the internal agony of which she strove to counteract for some time in silence, by tearing up from its roots the long hair which now hung loose around her figure, and scattering it on the floor. She seemed unable, however, to suppress a low and stifling

sound of exquisite anguish like that of one who is almost crushed to death beneath some overwhelming weight.

"Poor soul," said the hostess, "she has lost her wits!"

"It is the young woman from Taunton, mother," said the girl.

While they whispered thus, Aquila raised her eyes, and casting on Kirke from between her scattered locks a sharp and piercing glance she said in a half-exhausted whisper, with a bitter smile, accompanied by a short hysteric laugh:

"There's a God in Heaven—there is."

Again she clasped her hands, bent down and shivered through all her frame in the intensest anguish; and again a shriek came from her, so heart-splitting and heart-broken, that there was not a countenance present but was altered by the sound. Another followed, and another—and then the poor sufferer remained moaning quietly, bent down half-way to the earth, her arms crossed on her bosom, and her whole frame shaking as if with extreme cold or palsy.

"Take her away!" cried Kirke impatiently.

"Oh, murderer! no!" the wretched girl exclaimed in a tone so mournful that none even of his creatures obeyed the order of Kirke—"not till you have heard me first. Oh, Kirke! inhuman that you are, how could you slay him? What! mocked? What? Arthur, my brother! and have we lost thee after all? Oh, thou false tyrant, thou shalt one day mourn for this!"

Again Kirke made a sign to have her removed, and again he was unheeded.

"Thou thinkest that thou art safe," she said, still smiling bitterly on him, "because thou art surrounded by thy guards and arms, and I am poor and feeble—defenceless—quite defenceless now;—but there's One who heard thy falsehood, and who is stronger than thy

guards. Oh, thou art brave now, and thou fearest nothing; but there's a time to come when thou shalt fear and feel."

"Remove her as I order you, sirrah," cried Kirke to his officer.

"I tell you, there shall be a time," Aquila continued, struggling in the grasp of the officer,—"I pray it not—I wish it not—but it shall surely be——I tell thee," she said, her countenance darkening, her figure becoming rigid, and her whole demeanour assuming an expression that had something terrible—"the time will come when thou wouldst give a million of worlds that thou hadst never planned this horrid mockery! That brittle health in which thou trustest now shall fail thee and thou shalt lie upon thy deathbed with the demons who have been thy masters for thy comforters, and with hell for thy best hope! I wish it not—but it shall surely be. Thou destroyer, thou hast made me wretched; and yet I would not be the thing that thou shalt be, nor feel the pangs that thou shalt feel, to be released from agonies a thousand times more terrible than those that gnaw my wretched bosom now."

"Stephens," said Kirke, "take her quietly from the room."

"Quietly, sayest thou? Ah, slayer of the guiltless! —ah, false traitor to the dearest voice of nature! thou hast laid my quiet in the grave with Arthur. Well, it is over now, and thou hast done thy worst and deadliest; and where is thy triumph? For is not my brother happier in his death than thou in thine accursed and devoted life? I bless Heaven that I never had a brother who could so act by thee as thou hast done by him."

"Come, come, there is enough," said Stephens, endeavouring to force her from the room.

"One moment, sir," she said, "and I will spare you the pains. No, no—I have not lost my wits yet, Kirke!

I have sense enough to feel all my misery, and to foresee a day of punishment for thee. Oh, it will have an end! Day follows day, year creeps by moments after year—but be it long or short, the end will surely come. Thou blood-stained actor, thou revellest in the hideous part thou playest—but it will then be over, and thy borrowed power and tinsel pomp, and thy permitted hour of license shall be ended. Thou hast mocked at my agony—the angels shall mock at thine! Thou hast heard with a hard heart my cry of misery—thou shalt roar thyself for pity one day and thou shalt be unheeded! I tell thee—thou shalt find—thou shalt—that—that——"

She muttered some broken sentences, with her eyes still fixed on Kirke and her hand extended, as if the intensity of feeling had begun already to break in upon and discompose the chain of thought. Her eyes began to glisten with a wavering and uncertain expression, and the vivid meaning, with which they were animated only the preceding moment, fled and returned, and fled and returned again, like the flame of an expiring lamp. It seemed evident to the beholders that her reason was about to suffer. The fingers and sinews of the extended hand worked with a rigid and convulsive action, and a white streak of foam appearing on the purple lips, gave a new horror to the intensely-wrought and livid countenance. Fearful of what might happen, Kirke now silently intimated to the officer to desist from the efforts he was making to remove her from the room, and to prevent her in case she should attempt, herself to leave it.

In the mean time, thoughts of a different kind seemed to mingle in the mind of the sufferer with those of indignation against the author of her misery. They could be clearly traced in her looks and gestures, and sometimes in her words; and she remained muttering to herself incoherent sentences, and striving by the vehemence of

exterior action to escape from the concentration of her internal agony.

"My father—" she said, "and Harry—my poor father!—how shall I face them? how shall I tell him of it? He loved him so—alas! who would not love him? So good, so kind a brother—so brave, so noble hearted!—so generous—and so grateful for our love! But it is over now!—we shall never see him more in this world. I would have gladly given my life to save him—gladly—but now it is all in vain. He can never come back to us now—you say true—he can never go the road to Taunton any more; you say true indeed,—he is at liberty—he is. Poor—poor—poor Arthur! We'll be lonely now for ever in this world. Well, there's another—that's a comfort. Don't cry, father! There—there—I tell you Arthur will soon be home; don't weep so, or you'll break my heart. What is it that keeps him? The night is piercing cold—is it not, father?"

It seemed, as if to complete her wretchedness, the sense of approaching delirium was perceptible even to the unhappy girl herself; for occasionally, when she found herself wandering, she started, sobbed, and trembled, with an expression of terror and distress that was affecting to witness. And then again she would burst forth into menace and anger against Kirke each time with a greater mixture of petulance and imbecility than before, and again her fancy would wander, until, like a person dozing into slumber, the very violence of the aberration would startle her into a momentary return of consciousness.

"Heaven save me! what am I saying?" she said on recovering from one of her wandering fits. "I fear all is not as it should be here," laying her hand on her forehead; "but I'm well enough yet—quite well. Well, who would have thought but Kirke would keep his word?

God help us! one knows not what bad hearts there are in this world. Heaven save us from judging the neighbour! let us keep our eyes on our own consciences, good people, and not play the hypocrite—'tis a bad trade. Ah, Kirke, how couldst thou kill him? How frightful he looks! I never saw Arthur look so terrible—quite dead and pale—and the hand so stiff and cold.—And my father and Tamsen—none of them know a word of it—and they wonder, I suppose, what has become of me.—I know what I'll do," she said, elevating her finger with a maniac smile and whisper: "I'll tell Arthur to go before and tell them all about it; and I'll come after, myself, to put as good a face upon it as I can. He's in the next room—Kirke told me so—I'll go and whisper him. Ah, mercy! See!" she shrieked aloud in terror! "'tis Kirke that stands in the doorway! See there! Look at him! See his troop of fiends! how they grin and jabber and talk of the barrack-room, and point to his dead corpse in mockery! Oh, ministers of hell! have ye done it, then?—Save—save me, Arthur!—They are rushing on me!—My brother! save me!—Stay!—my brother!—stay!"

And in the fit of frenzy, she rushed out at the door where Stephens stood, her hands outstretched as in pursuit of some departing phantom, and her hair dishevelled like that of a bacchanal in her orgies. The officer attempted to obstruct her passage, but madness had given her force beyond her own: she flung him aside with an ease which astonished the beholders, and gaining the crowded street, was soon beyond the outskirts of the town.

A deep and troubled silence fell upon the group she had left behind her. It seemed, to judge from the demeanour of Kirke himself, his pale and embarrassed look and the unusual expression of disturbance which appeared in his eyes, as if he had not expected all he saw, and was

disconcerted by the very completeness of his horrible success. Stephens, his confidant, often afterward declared in private amongst his companions, that if ever he formed the idea of a demon in human shape, it was when he looked on his patron as he stood on the floor while Aquila with delirious eloquence denounced upon him the vengeance of a future life.

His soul was not so fenced in iron but it was penetrated by her words, and for a time a degree of anxiety and self-distrust was visible in his countenance and demeanour. But what grace is there which will strike root in a sear and callous conscience? There is an age, too, we are told, beyond which Heaven ceases to accompany the obdurate heart with its awakening lights, and when its softening dews begin to fall more rarely on the obstinate soil. That period was long passed for Kirke. The business of the day returned, and stifled the faint feelings of remorse which were excited by the transactions of the morning. If they afterwards recurred amid the tumult and bustle of a military life, they were regarded as the emotions of national prejudice, and despised accordingly.

CHAPTER XLVI.

Let us follow the miserable victim. She had left the town far distant, and was already surrounded by the open country, before she abated anything of the terrified speed with which she fled the scene of death. She hurried along, muttering words of apprehension, occasionally striking her breast with her clenched hand, and looking back with a fearful shudder, as if she heard the sounds of pursuit behind. At length the absolute failure

of strength compelled her to give over, and she sat at the foot of a tree which overshaded the road-side, leaning her forehead on her hand, and grasping rather than sighing for air and breath. The approach of passengers again made her start from her resting-place, and turn aside into a green meadow, where she was sheltered from observation by the close hedge that ran between it and the road. Here she cast herself at full length upon the grass, and after a long period found some relief in a mingled burst of prayer and tears. The fit of weeping having passed away, she arose more calm, and with something like a consciousness, though still obscure and troubled, of her situation. She adjusted her hair and dress with some composure, and resumed her journey homeward, avoiding as much as possible the public roads, and occasionally muttering in a hurried whisper :—

"All my fault—all my fault, that forced him to follow Monmouth !"

It was noon when she reached the entrance of the small avenue leading to her father's cottage, and the flowers and shrubs by which the lawn was ornamented were shining in all the gaudy splendour of a July sun. On opening to her knock, the female servant (the only one who had been left to take care of the house) was overwhelmed with surprise and grief at the miserable appearance of her young mistress. Auguring from it, however, nothing more than that her mission to Bridgewater had failed, and that the arm of the law had already done its work on Arthur Fullarton, she forbore to question the unhappy lady, but conducted her with tears and half-stifled sounds of sympathy to the small parlour.

"How far is it to Minehead, Sally ?" was one of the first questions which Aquila asked on entering the room.

"To Minehead, miss ?" Ye dwon't thenk o' gooin' zo

vur awa' to night? I'se oten hired it'll be zeven-an'-twenty mile, or awver."

Aquila said nothing in reply, and the servant left the room in order to procure some refreshment. It would appear, however, as if the loneliness of the place, and the sight of so many subjects associated with the memory of happy days gone by, made it intolerable to the poor sufferer; for towards night-fall, when the servant entered in order to prevail on her to take some necessary rest, she was no-where to be seen. All search was vain around the premises, and the lateness of the hour made it useless to extend it further.

In the mean time, Henry Kingsly, his sister, and old Fullarton were awaiting with increasing anxiety the arrival of Arthur and Aquila in a small house of entertainment in the neighbourhood of Minehead. From the moment when they had lost sight of Taunton, Kingsly delivered himself up to unrestrained and overflowing joy. He even congratulated himself now that the marriage had not taken place a month before, as the delay would procure them the additional satisfaction of having Arthur added to the number of individuals present. He talked, laughed, jested, and wearied himself and his hearers with plans and prospects for the future. His speculations were only interrupted by his occasionally looking to the comfort of his sister and old Gaspar Fullarton, whom he overwhelmed with his attentions.

On arriving at Minehead, after leaving his companions at the small inn already mentioned, which looked out upon the waters of the bay, he hastened to effect all the preparations necessary for the fulfilment of their design. His royal uniform enabled him to make arrangements with greater facility, at the same time that the general partiality of the country people to the cause of Monmouth, even where they had not openly declared in his favour, made them willing, however they suspected

that all was not as it seemed, to forward his project of escape. A neighbouring clergyman, an old acquaintance of his father, to whom he introduced himself soon after his arrival at Minehead, consented to perform the ceremony at whatever time he should be summoned for the purpose. All the legal preliminaries had been completed before the last occasion, when the rite was broken off by the sudden announcement of Monmouth's landing, and nothing now remained to interfere with its completion. Miss Kingsly made all the necessary arrangements which the time and circumstance allowed, in order that the ceremony might proceed with suitable decorum; and the remainder of the day was spent in walking along the shores of the bay, observing the numerous shipping that floated on the Bristol Channel, or conversing with the fishermen who prepared their nets upon the beach.

It did not occasion much uneasiness that the first night fell without bringing news of Aquila and her brother. But when the second evening began to close, their longing gave place to alarm, and it was with the deepest anxiety that young Kingsly saw the sun go down without beholding their approach. The following morning came and brought no tidings. Still Tamsen urged that prudential reasons might have prevented them from leaving Taunton, or even obliged Arthur to resume his close concealment. The roads might be more strictly watched, many circumstances might have occurred, in the interval, to make them defer setting out, without the necessity of supposing any ruinous calamity. The alarm of Kingsly, however, could no longer be appeased. It was true the bridal had been fixed only for the second day after he had left home; but it had likewise been arranged that the brother and sister who were left behind should set out for Minehead so as to arrive early on the following day, and the third night was now about to fall without sign of either. Kingsly could not feel otherwise

than fearful ; but he was pursuaded to let the night pass and suffer all the preparation which had been made for the intended ceremony to remain undisturbed, before he should yield to his anxieties and retrace his steps to Taunton. It was not wonderful that something should have occurred to prevent their setting out the first night after they parted ; and whenever a night was lost, they must needs have suffered the ensuing day to pass, as it was only after sunset that it would be safe for Arthur to venture out upon the public road.

Accordingly all was made ready. The small fishing lugger which was to convey them from the English coast, immediately after the performance of the ceremony, was lying off-shore, and ready at a moment's warning to hoist sail and run for the coast of Ireland or of Spain, as should be deemed most advisable. The voyage in such a vessel was hazardous, no doubt ; but the necessity which prompted it was still more desperate. In the little inn in which the scanty bridal party at present tarried, all things awaited the coming of the bride. The landlord, a timid West-countryman, once, like nearly all of his rank in those counties, at heart a partisan of Monmouth, was, like too many amongst the followers of the party, considerably altered in his sentiments by the failure of the invader's arms. Though holding no more than a suspicion of the real character of his present guests, and the real object of their visit to Minehead, he murmured so much about the danger of entertaining rebels and traitors to the state, that it was necessary to keep him in good humour by a more than necessary degree of expenditure, and some plain intimations that he should be nothing the worse in pocket for any extra assistance or accommodation which he might choose to afford. As their stay became protracted, however, his alarm augmented his impatience, and his fears became too potent to be suppressed even by the hope of gain.

"Look yzee," he said, as Kingsly prayed him patience, "nif thee bee'st a King's man, as thee zay'st, it may be all very well for thee, and very easy to get thy head out o' the nooze that's oten tied enough vor poorer vawk; bit 'ch'ave nothin' bit my carreter to trust to, zo it behooves un to look to bizzel. A-ma-be there's reasons vor thezamy vawk not comin' to their mote that ye'll niver learn till ye zeek vor'n in the gaol o' Bedgwater."

This was a suspicion that had more than once crossed the mind of Kingsly himself, and he was not gratified to find that he had not been singular in entertaining it. While he deliberated on what should be done to end their uncertainty, a figure was seen running hastily towards the shore along a by-road at a considerable distance. There was something in the manner or the appearance of the stranger that instantly arrested the attention of Kingsly. He darted from the house and hastened across the fields to meet the fugitive. He was not mistaken in the instinctive surmise; it was indeed the unhappy and now quite demented bride. Most piteous was the appearance she presented as Kingsly hastened towards her; her features pale, her figure soiled and wasted from fatigue, united to the want of food and sleep, her attire and her abundant hair completely covered by the dust of the summer roads. The first feeling which occurred to Kingsly as he looked upon this mournful and appalling spectacle was a stroke of agonising self-reproach at his having ever consented to leave Aquila after him.

The unfortunate bride was still hurrying along the road, muttering broken sentences of terror and of lamentation, and occasionally casting behind her a bewildered and affrighted glance, as if some deadly enemy were close upon the track behind. When Kingsly sprang from the hedge and ran to meet her, she stopped short

for a moment, and remained putting back the hair from her eyes, and gazing on him with an inquisitive look.

"Aquila!—Oh, Aquila, is it you?—is it possible? What is the cause of this? Where's Arthur?"

"What! Harry Kingsly? Ah, I thought I knew you," she said with an unmeaning laugh: "I am glad I have met you, for I was grown quite weary. All the long night I ran from that terrible monster on horseback that pursued me—one of Kirke's lambs, I believe—but thou wilt save me from him, Harry, wilt thou not? I am very tired—take me somewhere that I may sit down, and I'll tell all about it. But that's true," she added, putting him from her for an instant; "thou art on t'other side. Thou wear'st King James's coat;—I remember long ago I used to call him the Duke of York while Monmouth lived; but that's all over now: misfortune changes people's minds, thou knowest;—I thought much of those things once, but it was folly—'tis all one in the grave. Well surely, Kirke is as great a villain as ever——— But I leave all that to Heaven."

Struck to the heart at what he saw, and yet ignorant how to draw from the poor maniac the detail of the misfortune to which she darkly alluded, the miserable bridegroom for a time could only listen with an anguished heart and anxious ear, and endeavour from her broken sentences to collect the information he desired.

"Come with me, Aquila," he said, gently drawing her along, "and we will find a place to rest in."

"Let us go to Minehead," said she with a restless and uneasy air, "for that is the way I want. I want to see my father, and Tamsen, and poor Harry, and to tell them all——Begone, fiend, go—I'll not curse Kirke for thee———Well, Heaven forgive us all!—Where's Arthur, did you say? Oh, we never will see Arthur any more in this world: Arthur is in a better, I trust

in heaven. Let us all be ready, for we know not the day nor the hour."

"Did not Arthur come with you, Aquila?" said Kingsly, tenderly.

"Oh no—I tell you he couldn't. I once had a brother of that name, but he was hanged long ago at Bridgewater for taking arms in the cause of Monmouth. I have something more to say about that, but it must be some other time.—Where's my father? I want to see my father!"

"We shall see him soon," said Kingsly, endeavouring, in consideration of the unhappy patient, to repress the expression of his agony at the afflicting tidings which he could too plainly gather from her words.

"That's true!" she said hastily; "the wedding waits for me—but it cannot be now, for you know the law is against it. Didn't you hear that I was married since?"

"Married, Aquila?" Henry exclaimed involuntarily.

"Yes—yes, and in form too," she added hurriedly, "whatever they may say of it. Don't ask me who is my husband, though, for I could hardly name him without saying something wicked, and I promised Arthur the night before he died that I would do all I could to forgive my enemies. He was right enough; you know we say it every morning and evening in our prayers, and 'twould be shocking, you know, to say it and not to do it. So I promised Arthur faithfully that I'd do all I could, and you see I'm doing it too."

Here Kingsly could hear her several times repeating to herself in a rapid whisper that portion to which she alluded of the universal prayer of Christendom.

"I'm Kirke's wife now," said Aquila suddenly; "don't believe any one that tells you otherwise—they are liars, every one. He said the man was mad that married us; but what matter for that? the marriage was just as good in the sight of Heaven, and man too. A man may be

mad and have an honest heart at bottom—or a woman either; Kirke is not mad, and what is he the better for it? For my part, I tell you the honest truth: I am beginning to think mad people are not so bad as folks would have you believe. Although you may say," she added with a smile that brought tears into Kingsly's eyes, "that I'm a party concerned there; for indeed, to be plain with you, since this wretched business I feel as if all here—you know—" tapping her forehead with the same mournful smile "were not—you know—you know ——as long ago, when we lived in Taunton Dene."

Torn by a thousand conflicting emotions at what he saw and heard, Kingsly could only continue to assist Aquila toward the house, and master his feelings as he might.

"Poor Harry," Aquila continued, observing his tears, "thou were always kinder to me than I merited. Well, I preferred my own counsel to yours, and see the end of it!—But don't let them persuade you, for all that, that I did anything that should make my friends ashamed of me. I was only a fool to think that Kirke would keep his word,—but an honest fool for all that, if it were any good for me, from first to last. I thought I might be honest and happy too; but that would be too much to expect in this world. We must all expect affliction, rich and poor. 'Tis a bad world, Harry—the best thing in it is patience. If we keep the conscience clean, that's all.—Ha! there again! See there now! there's a fiend that says, 'Curse Kirke!' but I say, 'Forgive him Heaven!' I don't want to curse any one—I only want a place to die in."

With such piteous conversation they reached the house, where the sight of Aquila in her present condition soon changed the uncertainty of hope into the gloom of lasting sorrow. During the course of the ensuing night, Aquila, whose recollection was in some degree

restored by the sight of her father, and by the floods of tears which she had wept upon his neck, regained a sufficient mastery over her own mind to make them acquainted with all the sorrowful detail of the calamity that had taken place. She had recovered also a sufficient degree of rationality to combat the almost frantic mixture of grief and indignation that had seized upon the heart of Kingsly, and to beseech him, if he wished to restore any portion of her peace of mind, instead of indulging in fruitless anger against a man whose power seemed to place him almost beyond the reach of punishment, to hasten to London and endeavour by every means in his power to get the King to put a period to the tyranny that was enacted in his name.

CHAPTER XLVII.

As soon as was consistent with the immediate duty of providing for their safety, Kingsly complied with her desire. Historians inform us that the appeal was not made in vain, and that a royal order put a period to the cruelties complained of as soon as they were made known at court.

The Fullartons were then enabled to resume their former dwelling in the Dene, and old Gaspar returned, though with an altered heart, to the accustomed occupations of his farm. But the blow which Aquila had received was too severe to be remediable. Her vigorous health enabled her to survive the shock, and to receive for a long time after the tender and affectionate attentions of her friends and relatives, but all efforts were vain to restore the "sweet bells" of reason to their former harmony. She remained a gentle but a confirmed

maniac, often speaking to herself of Monmouth, of her brother—rarely of Kirke, and generally concluding her soliloquies by some sentiment of resignation or of patience, or giving advice at other times to those who heard her to avoid rashness and the putting trust in human promises.

The lapse of a few years confirmed the wisdom of the counsel given by Fletcher at the meeting of the exiles in Rotterdam, that the Duke of Monmouth should suspend his invasion until the reigning monarch had prepared the way to its success by some act of weakness or self-will which could endanger his present popularity. An historian tells us that the cruelties exercised on this occasion in the West of England were a principal cause of the downfall of the monarch by whose accredited servants they were perpetrated. Without pretending to exculpate the unfortunate James from all the evil that has been spoken of him, it is but candour to acknowledge that other writers give a different view of his motives and conduct from that which is found in many of the popular histories. The blame of his precipitation and imprudence is attributed to the craft of Sunderland, who sought to ingratiate himself into the favour of James by affecting to become a Catholic, by impressing him with exaggerated ideas of his power, and who afterwards, it is said, boasted that he had ruined his benefactor by his imprudent counsels. Let it never be forgotten, too, in these days of universal toleration, that the struggle of James was to obtain freedom for all denominations of Christians, while his opponents sought to secure the ascendancy of one. There exists no kind of proof that he ever aimed at more, and long after his fall he continued to aver that he had no design of subverting the Established Church. It seems difficult to palliate his imprudence, or to acquit him of a constitutional temerity and want of judgment, so similar to those evinced by his

unhappy parent in dealing with his sectarian subjects that they would seem hereditary; but when one hears him accused of tyranny who was only arbitrary towards the intolerant and the monopolizing—him charged with cowardice in whom the great De Ruyter found his most determined foe, it is impossible to avoid revolting from the common cry, and refusing to join the crowd who heap unmerited obloquy upon the memory of a fallen monarch. Historical monuments exist to show that James was not cognizant of the atrocities which followed the defeat of Monmouth, and that he took care to put an end to them as soon as they became known to him. Nor let it be forgotten by those who, going still farther, either from prejudice or interest, would visit the errors of the monarch upon his religion, that neither his ministers, his judges, nor his generals, by whom those deeds were done, were sharers in his faith.

Time passed away, and William, a craftier expectant than Monmouth, struck at a more judicious time a more successful blow. The history of the civil war in Ireland which followed his invasion offers to our view a glimpse of the detestable Kirke in arms against and a traitor to that very sovereign in whose name he had played the tyrant in the West of England.

The streets of Taunton on the accession of William presented a spectacle widely different from that which filled them on the defeat of Monmouth.

The portrait of King James had once more vanished from the sign-board of the Three Crowns, and the knot of rustic politicians were more noisy than ever at their conclave in the little sanded parlour. Godfrey Bunn was as loud in defence of the house and its privileges as ever he had been in insisting on the doctrine of passive obedience and the act of '74; Master Grimes was acknowledged on all hands, to "ha' zeen zummat at the bottom of the whole business; while Master Smallwood

the grazier, still wisely bearing in mind the uncertainty of all human affairs, persisted in maintaining his character of strict neutrality, "as having to commune in the way of his vocation with persons of ivery——" an apology, however, which those who knew him never allowed him to bring to a conclusion.

Within a few weeks after the occurrence detailed in the last chapter, an accident took place in the city of Bruges, in Flanders, which the reader may possibly deem to have some connexion with our narrative. About noon, an Oratorian friar, whose tall and wasted figure and coarse attire bore all the appearance of the poverty and austerity professed by his order, approached the gate of a Benedictine nunnery, (still, we believe, in its practice esteemed amongst the severest of the institute,) and desired to see the abbess. The aged *religieuse* who filled that office soon made her appearance in the reception-room, which was ornamented with some portraits of the saints, a small crucifix, a Madonna and Child, with a few other paintings in plain unguilded frames. The friar made known the object of his visit, which was to solicit the reception of a *postulante*.

On the following afternoon, a close carriage drove to the gate of the convent, in which was seated the same friar who had visited there the day before, together with a lady in deep mourning, and a gentleman whose dress and appearance bespoke the Englishman of rank, and who seemed minute but respectful in his attentions to the lady. The countenance of the latter was pale and thin, but the forehead and features had already something of the smoothness and serenity of religious resignation—something of that angelic light which genuine piety alone diffuses in the countenance, and compared with which the tranquillity of philosophic selfishness, and even the short-lived gleams of natural good feeling, are but as meteors of the swamp and marsh.

"Yet once more," the gentleman exclaimed, in a remonstratory tone, as the carriage drew up before the gate of the building,—"let me entreat of you once more to consider the nature of the step you are about to take. Once taken, it is past remedy, and you may repent it when it is too late."

"You speak to one," replied the lady, "who knows too well the value of what she leaves, to incur any risk of ever looking back to it with regret. Experience, the surest teacher, has convinced me but too thoroughly of its utter worthlessness. I have weighed it all, and I know that nothing save what I seek within these walls is worth a moments care."

"Still," said her friend, "is there not even a kind of selfishness in this? If not for your own sake, yet for that of others ought you not to pause before you do that which must for ever exclude you from the opportunity of practical usefulness in the concerns of life?"

"Remember," replied the lady, "that you speak to a conscience burthened with offence. For those by whom the perilous sea of life is yet untried, or who have successfully steered their course amid its storms and quicksands, your argument might have some weight. But for the careless and unskilful pilot whose wretched bark has been already shattered on a thousand rocks, there is no safety left except in running for the harbour. And, believe me, the mind that is bent upon the study of itself and its eternal destinies will find occupation in solitude, compared with which the weightiest concerns of a momentary existence are but as the silly cares of childhood. All—all are phantoms!—all but this are sure to leave the hands empty at the close.—Gold, pleasure, honour, friendship, fame, love—all beside are hollow—mere painted, vain illusions,—and, oh, worse than vain in the corruption which they often leave behind them. Talk not then, my friend, of the possibility that I may ever

regret what I resign : I do it with a mind too thoroughly awake—with too clear a sense, too sure a knowledge of its vanity, to fear that danger. I will bring neither of you farther," she added, when they had alighted from the carriage and the convent-door stood open to receive them. "Good friend, farewell ! you have been a generous and forgiving friend to me ; I hope you will be rewarded for it. To you, father, I owe a still more precious gift—some little beginning of self-knowledge. Farewell to both ! I remember the time when I would have shuddered at the seeming gloom of this retreat and the silence that reigns within ; but now all seems most precious in my eyes that can most effectually withdraw my thoughts from this life and fix them on another. Farewell, false world, in whose service I have learned at least one useful lesson,—the knowledge of my own frailty. Pleasures that were my bane, affections that betrayed me, here at this threshold I leave you all behind. A weary and consuming burthen have you been to me, and with a willing heart I lay you aside for ever."

She entered the gate, and turning, as it was about to close behind her, renewed her farewell with a slight motion of the hand and a smile which reminded her companion of that which she had worn in her days of early innocence.

It was on an Easter eve, closely following the date of that memorable siege which obtained for Limerick an immortal place in history, that two men dressed in the civil attire of the period, but manifesting in their gait and accent the habits of a military life, were seen pacing leisurely along one of the hilly roads which led westward from the city above named to the remotest borders of the county of which it was the capital. Monuments of the civil contest which now for many years had devastated the country were visible at every step as they proceeded ; nor, to judge by their discourse, were they in-

different to the wreck which they beheld. The morning sun cast its light on many a dismantled fortress and many a shattered tower which the travellers had left behind them standing erect in the pride of their embattled strength, but now encumbering the plain in broken masses. Groan after groan, and one exclamation of grief following another, broke alternately from the lips of either traveller as they recognised upon their onward route the disastrous changes time had wrought in scenes which they remembered so well in youth. At length one of the two seemed unable any longer to restrain the expression of his feelings.

"Well, Shamus, look at that!" he exclaimed, with a mingled burst of sorrow and indignation; "Carigoguniel gone like the rest!"

"You don't say so?"

"Can't you look there, an' see if it's a lie I'm tellin'?"

He pointed to a picturesque and lofty fortress, seated on the brow of a rocky beetling height, from which, like another Ehrenbreitstein, it had a few months before the termination of the siege overlooked the "spacious Shannon," within some miles of the, "city of the broken treaty." Its ruins now disfigure the summit of the eminence which it had so long defended.

"'Tis an admiration," continued the traveller, "that they left the hill itself there. There's no use in talkin', Shamus, but these English is makin' a hand of us intirely. There's Castle-Connel batthered to bits, an' Castle-Throy knocked to tatthers; an' not a spot that we remember far or near, that was ever good for anything; but what's in *smithereens*. I don't know, from Adam, what 'll be the end of it."

"Ah, man," said his companion, "if you were to be frettin' yourself that way about everything conthrairy that happens in the world, you never would have a day's pace or quit'ness. Sure, how can we help it

if they're batthered itself? Sure tisn't we could keep 'em up."

"Thrue for you. Well, 'tis aisier to knock 'em down than it was to build 'em, that's one thing. During duration, people will be fightin'; an' them that has the upper-hand, they'll use it, let people say what they will; so there's no use in talkin' nonsense. Well, when they're tired, there's hopes they'll stop. At any rate, I'm not one bit sorry to be quit o' the ould Curnel, an' his regiment also."

"Nor I neither—you may mark that down likewise. 'Twas a clane riddance."

"I never relished his company since that business at Bridgewater. He had no sort o' conscience at all. 'Twas badly done o' you an' me, Shamus, that we didn't find some mains or another o' preventin' that business. But we can all see the harm afther it is too late to mend it."

"Did you ever hear the Curnel spake of it at all?"

"Never, although I watched him close. Oych, the ould thief—not he! You might as well expect feelin' from a dog that 'ud be afther tearin' you. Still an' all, I used to think sometimes, when I'd see him alone at night, an' when 'd think nobody would be lookin' at him, he 'd have that appearance as if he knew what he done. But an hour afther, the misforthinate wretch would be just as if nothin' ever happened out o' the common coorse. What a surprise it 'll be to him, whatever time he 'll die!"

"Oych, I believe it's little *that* throubles him."

"So much the worse. If it did, he 'd have a better chance. Well, Shamus, I'd rather be scourin' a musket any day, than ridin' o' horseback at the head of a regiment, an' to have such an account as that to settle in the long-run."

With such conversation they beguiled the time until

they reached the district from which both had long been exiled. They beheld it now by the light of a verral sunset, and the mellow beauty of the evening hour was aided in its effect by the very wildness of the remote and solitary region on which the day was shedding its departing smile. Everything around them seemed to harmonise with the lonely twilight scene. The waters of the broad Shannon murmured with a dying sound amid the winding creeks and inlets by which the shores were indented far and near. From space to space the wide and shining surface of the water was graced by a green islet, looking fertile with early tillage, or rich with the dark foliage of the evergreen fir and yew. Wide plains diversified only by the barren crag or lowly shieling of the kern, hills crowned by the dismantled fortress, and glens in which the sheltered castle of the chieftain still invited the weary traveller to refreshment and repose; such were the leading features of the scene which lay before them, and on which they gazed with all the delight of old acquaintance.

"There it is, all for you, Shamus—Foynes Island, an' ould Shanid, an' the whole of 'em. Well, I can die aisy now since I seen the ould spot once more. There's Robertstown batthered too, an' Corgrig;—there's no use in talkin', but the whole place is one ruin from 'em. I wondher did they lave Ballyhahill itself without a touch. I suppose they'll be lookin' out for us by this time—eh, Shamus?"

"Indeed, I suppose they are. But there's one thing, Morty, that I had to mention to you."

"What's that?"

"Why, you know, comin' near our own place, 'tis fit we should make some appearance. I don't like to hear you callin' me Shamus, Shamus, that way, at every hand's turn, just as if it was only yestherday we started."

"An' what else am I to call you?"

"Captain Delany. Although being a private in the Curnel's corps, still I had a commission from the Duke; an' twasn't my fault that he didn't gain the day. When once you make a man a captain, the world couldn't make him less afther. 'Tis like the growth o' the body, or ould age, or like a cloak that you'd got dyed—when you make a man a captain, he's a captain through an' through, an' he couldn't be otherwise even if he was to wish it himself ever so much. So don't call me out o' my title, especially now when we're nearin' home."

"Wisha, I never doubted you!—I'm sure I might aisy tell what it was you were going to say: I believe you never 'ill get a morsel o' sense, the longest day you live. Captain Delaney, inagh!"

"Well, don't why!—Sure there's no one forcin' you. If you don't like to do it, isn't it aisy to let it alone."

In the mean time it happened that a merry Easter party was assembled around the hearth in a small cottage in the ancient village of Ballyhahill, in the west of the county above named. It was composed of the surviving members of a once numerous family, who had separated in youth to seek a livelihood, and the remnant of which was now re-united, the greater portion having had more or less of average success in accomplishing their object. The attire of the company, and the appearance of the cottage in which they sat, bore testimony to the comfort of the inmates. A cheerful fire was blazing on the hearth, and all the materials necessary for an abundant though rustic banquet were hoarded in various quarters of the dwelling in preparation of the ensuing day. Two individuals yet were wanting to complete the number; and these two, while their absence was still the subject of speculation and surmise, made their appearance at the open door in the persons of our travellers, and were received with all the tumultuous delight which might be expected on such an occasion.

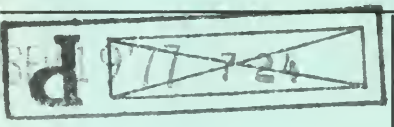
After refreshments had been provided and partaken of, the whole company seated themselves around the blazing hearth, and all tongues were set at liberty, one after another. Story after story was related by the adventurers of the manner in which each had fared in the interval, until one of the most loquacious of the group exclaimed:

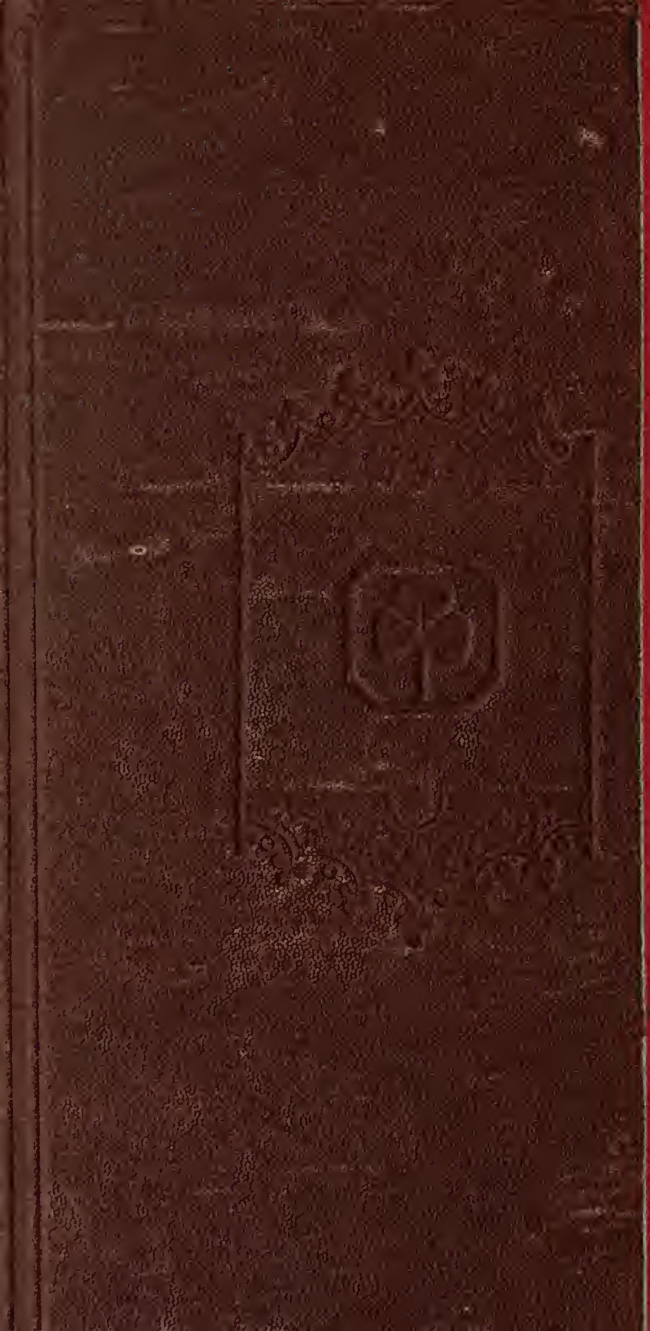
"Now, Morty, we're waitin' for you an' Shamus. Since ye wint together, ye can make the one story of it."

Morty complied, and, occasionally prompted by Shamus, related to the company the only portion of his tale which he considered worth narrating at any length. It was that which comprised the history of THE DUKE OF MONMOUTH.

THE LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Santa Barbara

THIS BOOK IS DUE ON THE LAST DATE
STAMPED BELOW.



3 1205 02043 2108

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
A A 001 396 949 8